George Kendall

A

COLLECTION

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

CONTAINING THE POETICAL WORKS OF

POPE.	SHENSTON.
DRYDEN.	POMFRET.
SWIFT.	GRAY & LITTLETON.
PRIOR.	THOMSON.
GAY.	YOUNG.

IN TWENTY VOLUMES.

VOLUME X.

ABERDEEN.
PRINTED FOR, AND SOLD BY J. BOYLE.
M. DCC. LXXVI.

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13 FEB 1912

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL

OCCASIONS;

BY

MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq.

VOL. II.

ABERDEEN:

PRINTED FOR, AND SOLD BY J. BOYLE.

M. DCC. LXXVI.

AN

ODE

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE

QUEEN,

ON THE

GLORIOUS SUCCESS

OF

HER MAJESTY's ARMS,

M.DCC.VI.

Written in imitation of SPENCER's ſtyle.

Te uon paventis funera Galliae,
Duraeque tellus audit Iberiae:
Te caede gaudentes Sicambri
Compoſitis venerantur armis.

THE PREFACE.

WHEN I firſt thought of writing upon this occaſion, I found the ideas ſo great and numerous, that I judged them more proper for the warmth of an ode, than for any other ſort of poetry: I therefore ſet Horace before me for a pattern, and particularly his famous ode, the fourth of the fourth book,

Qualem miniſtrum fulminis alitem, &c.

which he wrote in praiſe of Druſus after his expedition into Germany and of Auguſtus upon his happy choice of that general. And in the following poem, tho' I have endeavoured to imitate all the great ſtrokes of that ode, I have taken the liberty to go off from it, and to add variouſly as the ſubject and my own imagination carry'd me. As to the ſtyle, the choice I made of following the ode in latin, determined me in English to the ſtanza; and herein it was impoſſible not to have a mind to follow our great countryman Spencer; which I have done (as well at leaſt as I could) in the manner of my expreſſion, and the turn of my numbers: having only added one verſe to his ſtanza, which I thought made the number more harmonious; and avoided ſuch of his words, as I found too obſolete. I have however retained ſome few of them, to make the colouring look more

like Spencer. *Behest*, command; *band*, army; *prowess*, ſtrength; I *weet*, I know; I *ween*, I think; *whilom*, heretofore; and two or three more of that kind, which I hope the ladies will pardon me, and not judge my muſe leſs handſome, though for once ſhe appears in a farthingale. I have alſo in Spencer's manner, uſed *Ceſar* for the Emperor, *Boya* for Bavaria, *Bavar* for that prince, *Iſter* for Danube, *Iberia* for Spain, &c.

That noble part of the ode which I juſt now mentioned,

> Gens, quae cremato fortis ab Ilio
> Jactata Tuſcis aequoribus, &c.

where Horace praiſes the Romans, as being deſcended from Æneas, I have turned to the honour of the Britiſh nation, deſcended from Brute, likewiſe a Trojan. That this Brute, fourth or fifth from Æneas, ſettled in England, and built London, which he called Troja Nova, or Troynovante, is a ſtory which (I think) owes its original if not to Geofiry of Monmouth, at leaſt to the Monkiſh writers, yet is not rejected by our great Camden, and is told by Milton, as if (at leaſt) he was pleaſed with it; though poſſibly he does not believe it: however it carries a poetical authority, which is ſufficient for our porpoſe. It is as certain that Brute came into England, as that Æneas went into Italy: and upon the ſuppoſition of theſe facts, Virgil wrote the beſt poem that the world ever read, and Spencer paid queen Elizabeth the greateſt compliment.

I need not obviate one piece of criticiſm, that I bring my heroe

From burning Troy and Xanthus red with blood:

whereas he was not born, when that city was deſtroyed. Virgil, in the caſe of his own Æneas relating to Dido, will ſtand as a ſufficient proof, that a man in his poetical capacity is not accountable for a little fault in chronology.

My two great examples, Horace and Spencer, in many things reſemble each other: both have a height of imagination, and a majeſty of expreſſion in deſcribing the ſublime; and both know to temper thoſe talents, and ſweeten the deſcription, ſo as to make it lovely as well as pompous: both have equally that agreeable manner of mixing morality with their ſtory, and that *curioſa felicitas* in the choice of their diction, which every writer aims at, and ſo very few have reached: both are particularly fine in their images, and knowing in their numbers. Leaving therefore our two maſters to the conſideration and ſtudy of thoſe who deſign to excel in poetry, I only beg leave to add, that it is long ſince I have (or at leaſt ought to have) quitted Parnaſſus, and all the flowery roads on that ſide the country tho' I thought myſelf indiſpenſably obliged, upon the preſent occaſion, to take a little journey into thoſe parts.

AN ODE,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE

QUEEN.

I.

WHEN great Auguſtus govern'd ancient Rome,
And ſent his conqu'ring bands to foreign wars;
Abroad when dreaded, and belov'd at home;
He ſaw his fame increaſing with his years;
Horace, great bard (ſo fate ordain'd) aroſe;
And bold, as were his country-men in fight.
Snatch'd their fair actions from degrading proſe,
And ſet their battles in eternal light:
High as their trumpets tune his lyre he ſtrung;
And with his prince's arms he moraliz'd his ſong.

II.

When bright Eliza rul'd Britannia's ſtate,
Widely diſtributing her high commands;
And boldly wiſe, and fortunately great,
Freed the glad nations from tyrannic bands;
An equal genius was in Spenſer found:
To the high theme he match'd his noble lays:
He travell'd England o'er on fairy ground,
In myſtic notes to ſing his monarch's praiſe:
Reciting wondrous truths in pleaſing dreams,
He deck'd Eliza's head with Gloriana's beams.

III.

But, greateſt Anna! while thy arms purſue
Paths of renown, and climb aſcents of fame,
Which nor Auguſtus, nor Eliza knew;
What poet ſhall be found to ſing thy name?
What numbers ſhall record, what tongue ſhall ſay
Thy wars on land, thy triumphs on the main?
O faireſt model of imperial ſway!
What equal pen ſhall write thy wond'rous reign?
Who ſhall attempts and feats of arms rehearſe,
Nor yet by ſtory told, nor parallel'd by verſe?

IV.

Me all too mean for ſuch a taſk I weet:
Yet if the ſov'reign lady deigns to ſmile,
I'll follow Horace with impetuous heat,
And cloath the verſe in Spencer's native ſtyle.
By theſe examples rightly taught to ſing,
And ſmit with pleaſure of my country's praiſe,
Stretching the plumes of an uncommon wing,
High as Olympus I my flight will raiſe:
And lateſt times ſhall in my numbers read
Anna's immortal fame, and Marlbro's hardy deed.

V.

As the ſtrong eagle in the ſilent wood,
Mindleſs of warlike rage, and hoſtile care,
Plays round the rocky cliff, or cryſtal flood;
'Till by Jove's high beheſts call'd out to war,
And charg'd with thunder of his angry king,
His boſom with the vengeful meſſage glows:
Upward the noble bird directs his wing;

And tow'ring round his maſter's earth-born foes,
Swift he collects his fatal ſtock of ire;
Lifts his fierce talon high, and darts the forked fire.

VI

Sedate and calm thus victor Marlbro ſate,
Shaded with laurels, in his native land;
'Till Anna calls him from his ſoft retreat,
And gives her ſecond thunder to his hand.
Then leaving ſweet repoſe, and gentle eaſe,
With ardent ſpeed he ſeeks the diſtant foe:
Marching o'er hills and vales, o'er rocks and ſeas,
He meditates, and ſtrikes the wond'rous blow.
Our thought flies ſlower than our gen'ral's fame:
Graſps he the bolt? (we aſk) when he has hurl'd the [flame.

VII.

When fierce Bavar on Judoign's ſpacious plain
Did from afar the Britiſh chief behold;
Betwixt deſpair, and rage, and hope, and pain,
Something within his warring boſom roll'd:
He views that fav'rite of indulgent fame,
Whom whilom he had met on Iſter's ſhore:
Too well, alas! the man he knows the ſame,
Whoſe prowеſs there repell'd the Boyan power;
And ſent them trembling thro' the frighted lands,
Swift as the whirlwind drives Arabia's ſcatter'd ſands.

VIII.

His former loſſes he forgets to grieve;
Abſolves his fate, if with a kinder ray
It now would ſhine, and only give him leave
To balance the account of Blenheim's day.

So the fell lion in the lonely glade,
His ſide ſtill ſmarting with the hunter's ſpear,
Tho' deeply wounded, no way yet diſmay'd,
Roars terrible, and meditates new war;
In ſullen fury traverſes the plain,
To find the vent'rous foe, and battle him again.

IX.

Miſguided prince! no longer urge thy fate,
Nor tempt the hero to unequal war;
Fam'd in misfortune, and in ruin great,
Confeſs the force of Marlbro's ſtronger ſtar.
Thoſe laurel groves (the merits of thy youth)
Which thou from Mahomet didſt greatly gain,
While bold aſſertor of reſiſtleſs truth,
Thy ſword did godlike liberty maintain,
Muſt from thy brow their falling honours ſhade;
And their tranſplanted wreaths muſt deck a worthier head.

X.

Yet ceaſe the ways of Providence to blame,
And human faults with human grief confeſs:
'Tis thou art chang'd; while heaven is ſtill the ſame:
From thy ill councils date thy ill ſucceſs.
Impartial juſtice holds her equal ſcales:
'Till ſtronger virtue does the weight incline:
If over thee thy glorious foe prevails;
He now defends the cauſe, that once was thine.
Righteous the war! the champion ſhall ſubdue;
For Jove's great handmaid Power, muſt Jove's decrees purſue.

XI.

Hark! the dire trumpets ſound their ſhrill alarms:
Auverquerque, brand'd from the renown'd Naſſaus,
Hoary in war, and bent beneath his arms,
His glorious ſword with dauntleſs courage draws:
When anxious Britain mourn'd her parting lord,
And all of William that was mortal dy'd;
The faithful hero had receiv'd the ſword
From his expiring maſter's much-lov'd ſide.
Oft from its fatal ire has Louis flown,
Where-e'er great William led, or Maeſe and Sambre [run.

XII.

But brandiſh'd high, in an ill-omen'd hour
To thee, proud Gaul, behold the juſteſt fear,
The maſter ſword, diſpoſer of thy power:
'Tis that which Caeſar gave the Britiſh peer.
He took the gift: nor ever will I ſheath
This ſteel (ſo Anna's high beheſts ordain)
The general ſaid, unleſs by glorious death
Abſolv'd, 'till conqueſt has confirm'd your reign.
Returns like theſe our miſtreſs bids us make,
When from a foreign prince a gift her Britons take.

XIII.

And now fierce Gallia ruſhes on her foes,
Her force augmented by the Boyan bands:
So Volga's ſtream, increas'd by mountain ſnows,
Rolls with new fury down thro' Ruſſia's lands.
Like two great rocks againſt the raging tide
(If virtue's force with nature's we compare)
Unmov'd the two united chiefs abide,

Suſtain'd the impulſe, and receive the war.
Round their firm ſides in vain the tempeſt beats;
And ſtill the foaming wave with leſſen'd power retreats.

XIV.

The rage diſper'd, the glorious pair advance,
With mingled anger and collected might,
To turn the war, and tell aggreſſing France,
How Britain's ſons, and Britain's friends can fight.
On conqueſt fix'd, and covetous of fame,
Behold them ruſhing thro' the Gallic hoſt.
Thro' ſtanding corn ſo runs the ſudden flame,
Or eaſtern winds along Sicilia's coaſt.
They deal their terrors to the adverſe nation:
Pale death attends their arms, and ghaſtly deſolation.

XV.

But while with fierceſt ire Bellona glows;
And Europe rather hopes than fears her fate;
While Britain preſſes her afflicted foes;
What horror damps the ſtrong, and quells the great?
Whence look the ſoldiers cheeks diſmay'd and pale?
Erſt ever dreadful, know they now to dread?
The hoſtile troops, I ween almoſt prevail;
And the purſuers only not recede.
Alas! their leſſen'd rage proclaims their grief!
For anxious, lo! they croud around their falling chief.

XVI.

I thank thee, fate, exclaims the fierce Bavar;
Let Boya's trumpet grateful Io's ſound:
I ſaw him fall, their thunderbolt of war:——
Ever to vengeance ſacred be the ground——

Vain wiſh! ſhort joy! the hero mounts again
In greater glory, and with fulier light:
The ev'ning ſtar ſo falls into the main,
To riſe at morn more prevalently bright.
He riſes ſafe, but near too near his ſide,
A good man's grievous loſs, a faithful ſervant dy'd.

XVII.

Propitious Mars! the battle is regain'd:
The foe with leſſen'd wrath diſputes the field:
The Briton fights, by fav'ring gods ſuſtain'd:
Freedom muſt live; and lawleſs power muſt yield.
Vain now the tales which fabling poets tell,
That wav'ring conqueſt ſtill deſires to rove!
In Marlbro's camp the goddeſs knows to dwell:
Long as the hero's life remains her love.
Again France flies: again the Duke purſues:
And on Ramilia's plains he Blenheim's fame renews.

XVIII.

Great thanks, O captain great in arms! receive
From thy triumphant country's public voice:
Thy country greater thanks can only give
To Anne, to her who made thoſe arms her choice.
Recording Schellenberg's, and Blenheim's toils,
We dreaded leſt thou ſhouldſt thoſe toils repeat:
We view'd the palace charg'd with Gallic ſpoils;
And in thoſe ſpoils we thought thy praiſe compleat:
For never Greek, we deem'd nor Roman knight,
In characters like theſe did e'er his acts indite.

XIX.

Yet mindleſs ſtill of eaſe, thy virtue flies
A pitch to old and modern times unknown:
Thoſe goodly deeds which we ſo highly prize,
Imperfect ſeem, great chief, to thee alone. [ſtaid,
Thoſe heights, where William's virtue might have
And on the ſubject world look'd ſafely down,
By Marlbro paſs'd, the props and ſteps were made,
Sublimer yet to raiſe his queens renown:
Still gaining more, ſtill ſlighting what he gain'd,
Nought done the hero deem'd, while ought undone re-

XX. [main'd.

When ſwift-wing'd Rumour told the mighty Gaul,
How leſſen'd from the field Bavar was fled;
He wept the ſwiftneſs of the champion's fall;
And this the royal treaty-breaker ſaid:
And lives he yet, the great, the loſt Bavar,
Ruin to Gallia, in the name of friend?
Tell me, how far has fortune been ſevere?
Has the foes glory, or our grief an end?
Remains there, of the fifty thouſand loſt,
To ſave our threaten'd realm, or guard our ſhatter'd

XXI. [coaſt?

To the cloſe rocks the frighted raven flies,
Soon as the riſing eagle cut the air:
The ſhaggy wolf unſeen and trembling lies,
When the hoarſe roar proclaim the lion near,
Ill-ſtarr'd did we our forts and lines forſake,
To dare our britiſh foes to open fight;
Our conqueſt we by ſtratagem ſhould make:

Our triumph had been founded in our flight.
'Tis ours, by craft and by ſurprize to gain:
'Tis theirs, to meet in arms, and battle in the plain.

XXII.

The ancient father of this hoſtile brood,
Their boaſted Brute, undaunted ſnatch'd his gods
From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood,
And fix'd on ſilver Thames his dire abodes;
And this be Troynovante, he ſaid, the ſeat
By heav'n ordain'd, my ſons, your laſting place:
Superior here to all the bolts of fate
Live, mindful of the author of your race,
Whom neither Greece, nor war, nor want, nor flame,
Nor great Peleides' arm, nor Juno's rage could tame.

XXIII.

Their Tudors hence, and Stuart's off-ſpring flow:
Hence Edward, dreadful with his ſable ſhield,
Talbot to Gallia's pow'r eternal foe,
And Seymour, fam'd in council, or in field:
Hence Nevil, great to ſettle or dethrone,
And Drake, and Ca'ndiſh, terrors of the ſea:
Hence Butler's ſons, o'er land and ocean known,
Herbert's and Churchill's warring progeny:
Hence the long roll which Gallia ſhould conceal:
For oh! who, vanquiſh'd, loves the victor's fame to tell?

XXIV.

Envy'd Britannia, ſturdy as the oak,
Which on her mountain-top ſhe proudly bears,
Eludes the ax, and ſprouts againſt the ſtroke;
Strong from her wounds, and greater by her wars.

And as thoſe teeth, which Cadmus ſow'd in earth,
Produc'd new youth, and furniſh'd freſh ſupplies:
So with young vigour, and ſucceeding birth,
Her loſſes more than recompens'd ariſe;
And ev'ry age, ſhe with a race is crown'd,
For letters more polite, in battles more renown'd.

XXV.

Obſtinate pow'r, whom nothing can repel;
Nor the fierce Saxon, nor the Dane,
Nor deep impreſſion of the Norman ſteel,
Nor Europe's force amaſs'd by envious Spain,
Nor France on univerſal ſway intent,
Of breaking leagues, and oft renewing wars,
Nor (frequent bane of weaken'd government)
Their own inteſtine feuds, and mutual jars;
Thoſe feuds and jars, in which I truſted more,
Than in my troops, and fleets, and all the Gallic pow'r.

XXVI.

To fruitful Rheims, or fair Luteria's gate
What tidings ſhall the meſſenger convey?
Shall the loud herald our ſucceſs relate,
Or mitred prieſt appoint the ſolemn day?
Alas! my praiſes they no more muſt ſing;
They to my ſtatue now muſt bow no more:
Broken, repuls'd is their immortal king:
Fall'n, fall'n for ever is the Gallic pow'r—
The woman chief is maſter of the war:
Earth ſhe has freed by arms, and vanquiſh'd heav'n by pray'r.

XXVII.

While thus the ruin'd foe's deſpair commends
Thy council and thy deed victorious queen,
What ſhall thy ſubjects ſay, and what thy friends?
How ſhall thy triumphs in our joy be ſeen?
Oh! deign to let the eldeſt of the Nine
Recite Britannia great and Gallia free:
Oh! with her ſiſter Sculpture let her join
To raiſe, great Anne, the monument to thee;
To thee, of all our good the ſacred ſpring;
To thee, our deareſt dread; to thee, our ſofter King.

XXVIII.

Let Europe ſav'd the column high erect,
Than Trajan's higher, or than Antonine's;
Where reſembling art may carve the fair effect,
And full atchievement of thy great deſigns.
In a calm heav'n, and a ſerener air,
Sublime the queen ſhall on the ſummit ſtand,
From danger far, as far remov'd from fear,
And pointing down to earth her dread commad.
All winds, all ſtorms that threaten human woe,
Shall ſink beneath their feet, and ſpread their rage below.

XXIX.

Their fleets ſhall ſtrive by winds and waters toſt;
'Till the young Auſtrian on Iberia's ſtrand,
Great as Æneas on the Latian coaſt,
Shall fix his foot: and this, be this the land,
Great Jove, where I for ever will remain
(The empire's other hope ſhall ſay) and here
Vanquiſh'd, intomb'd I'll lie; or crown'd, I'll reign—

O virtue, to thy Britiſh mother dear!
Like the fam'd Trojan ſuffer and abide;
For Anne is thine, I ween, as Venus was his guide.

XXX.

There, in eternal characters engrav'd,
Vigo, and Gibraltar, and Barcelone,
Their force deſtroy'd, their priveleges ſav'd,
Shall Anna's terrors and her mercies own:
Spain, from th' uſurper Bourbon's arms retriev'd,
Shall with new life and grateful joy appear,
Numb'ring the wonders which that youth atchiev'd,
Whom Anna clad in arms, and ſent to war;
Whom Anna ſent to claim Iberia's throne:
And made him more than king, in calling him her ſon.

XXXI.

There Iſter pleas'd, by Blenheim's glorious field
Rolling ſhall bid his caſtern waves declare
Germania ſav'd by Britain's ample ſhield,
And bleeding Gaul afflicted by her ſpear:
Shall bid him mention Marlbro, on the ſhore
Leading his iſlanders renown'd in arms,
Thro' climes, where never Britiſh chief before
Or pitch'd his camp, or founded his alarms:
Shall bid them bleſs the Queen, who made his ſtreams
Glorious as thoſe of Boyn, and ſafe as thoſe of Thames.

XXXII.

Brabantia, clad with fields, and crown'd with tow'rs,
With decent joy ſhall her deliv'rer meet;
Shall own thy arms, great Queen, and bleſs thy pow'rs,
Laying the keys beneath thy ſubject's feet.

Flandria, by plenty made the home of war,
Shall weep her crime, and bow to Charles reſtor'd;
With double vows ſhall bleſs thy happy care,
In having drawn, and having ſheath'd the ſword.
From theſe their ſiſter provinces ſhall know,
How Anne ſupports a friend, and how forgives a foe.

XXXIII.

Bright ſwords, and creſted helms, and pointed ſpears
In artful piles around the work ſhall lie;
And ſhields indented deep in ancient wars,
Blazon'd with ſigns of Gallic heraldry;
And ſtandards with diſtinguiſh'd honours bright,
Marks of high pow'r and national command,
Which Valois' ſons, and Bourbon's bore in fight,
Or gave to Foix', or to Montmorancy's hand:
Great ſpoils, which Gallia muſt to Britain yield,
From Creſſy's battle ſav'd, to grace Ramilia's field.

XXXIV.

And as fine art the ſpaces may diſpoſe,
The knowing thought and curious eye ſhall ſee
Thy emblem, gracious Queen, the Britiſh roſe,
Type of ſweet rule, and gentle majeſty:
The Northern thiſtle, whom no hoſtile hand
Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween;
Hibernia's harp, device of her command,
And parent of her mirth, ſhall there be ſeen:
Thy vanquiſh'd lillies, France, decay'd and torn,
Shall with diſorder'd pomp the laſting work adorn.

XXXV.

Beneath, great Queen, oh! very far beneath,
Near to the ground, and on the humble baſe,

To ſave herſelf from darkneſs, and from death,
That muſe deſires the laſt, the loweſt place;
Who tho' unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling ſtring;
For the fair fame of Anne, and Albion's land,
Who durſt of war and martial fury ſing:
And when thy will, and when thy ſubject's hand
Had quell'd thoſe wars, and bid that fury ceaſe;
Hangs up her grateful harp to conqueſt, and to peace.

CANTATA.

Set by Monſieur GALLIARD.

RECIT.

BENEATH a verdant laurel's ample ſhade,
His lyre to mournful numbers ſtrung,
Horace, immortal bard, ſupinely laid,
To Venus thus addreſs'd the ſong:
Ten thouſand little loves around
Liſt'ning, dwelt on ev'ry ſound.

ARIET.

Potent Venus, bid thy ſon
Sound no more his dire alarms.
Youth in ſilent wings is flown:
Graver years come rolling on.
Spare my age, unfit for arms:
Safe and humble let me reſt,
From all am'rous care releas'd.
Potent Venus, bid thy ſon
Sound no more his dire alarms.

RECIT.

Yet, Venus, why do I each morn prepare
The fragrant wreath for Cloe's hair?
Why do I all day lament and ſigh,
Unleſs the beauteous maid be nigh?
And why all night purſue her in my dreams,
Thro' flow'ry meads, and cryſtal ſtreams?

RECIT.

Thus ſung the bard; and thus the goddeſs ſpoke:
Submiſſive bow to love's imperious yoke:
Ev'ry ſtate, and ev'ry age
Shall own my rule, and fear my rage:
Compell'd by me thy muſe ſhall prove,
That all the world was born to love.

ARIET.

Bid thy deſtin'd lyre diſcover
Soft deſire, and gentle pain:
Often praiſe, and always love her:
Thro' her ear her heart obtain.
Verſe ſhall pleaſe, and ſighs ſhall move her:
Cupid does with Phoebus reign.

HER RIGHT NAME.

AS Nancy at her toilet ſat,
Admiring this, and blaming that;
Tell me, ſhe ſaid, but tell me true;
The nymph who cou'd your heart ſubdue,
What ſort of charms does ſhe poſſeſs?
Abſolve me, fair one, I'll confeſs;

With pleaſure I reply'd. Her hair,
In ringlets rather dark than fair,
Does down her iv'ry boſom roll,
And hiding half, adorns the whole.
In her high forehead's fair half-round
Love ſits in open triumph crown'd;
He in the dimple of her chin,
In private ſtate, by friends is ſeen.
Her eyes are neither black, nor gray;
Nor fierce, nor feeble is their ray:
Their dubious luſtre ſeems to ſhow
Something that ſpeaks, nor yes, nor no.
Her lips no living bard, I weet,
May ſay, how red, how round, how ſweet:
Old Homer only cou'd indite
Their vagrant grace, and ſoft delight:
They ſtand recorded in his book,
When Helen ſmil'd, and Hebe ſpoke——
The gipſy turning to her glaſs,
Too plainly ſhow'd, ſhe knew the face:
And which am I moſt like, ſhe ſaid,
Your Cloe, or your Nut-brown Maid?

Written in OVID.

OVID is the ſureſt guide,
You can name, to ſhow the way
To any woman, maid, or bride,
Who reſolves to go aſtray.

A True Maid.

NO, no; for my virginity,
When I loſe that, ſays Roſe, I'll die:
Behind the elms, laſt night, cry'd Dick,
Roſe were you not extremely ſick?

ANOTHER.

TEN months after Florimel happen'd to wed,
And was brought in a laudable manner to bed:
She warbled her groans with ſo charming a voice,
That one half of the pariſh was ſtun'd with the noiſe.
But when Florimel deign'd to lye privately in,
Ten months before ſhe and her ſpouſe were a-kin;
She choſe with ſuch prudence her pangs to conceal,
That her nurſe, nay her midwife, ſcarce heard her once ſqueal.
Learn, huſbands, from hence, for the peace of your lives,
That maids make not half ſuch a tumult, as wives.

A Reasonable Affliction.

ON his death-bed poor Lubin lies;
His ſpouſe is in deſpair:
With frequent ſobs, and mutual cries,
They both expreſs their care.

A diff'rent cauſe, ſays parſon Sly,
The ſame effect may give:
Poor Lubin fears, that he ſhall die;
His wife, that he may live.

ANOTHER REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

FROM her own native France as old Aliſon paſt,
She reproach'd Engliſh Nell with neglect or with malice,
That the ſlattern had left in the hurry and haſte,
Her lady's complexion, and eye-brows at Calais.

ANOTHER.

HER eye-brow-box one morning loſt,
(The beſt of folks are oft'neſt croſt)
Sad Helen thus to Jenny ſaid,
Her careleſs but afflicted maid?
Put me to bed then, wretched Jane;
Alas! when ſhall I riſe again?
I can behold no mortal now:
For what's an eye without a brow?

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

IN a dark corner of the houſe
Poor Helen ſits, and ſobs and cries:
She will not ſee her loving ſpouſe,
Nor her more dear piquet-allies:
Unleſs ſhe finds her eye-brows
She'll e'en weep out her eyes.

ON THE SAME.

HELEN was juſt ſlipt into bed:
Her eye-brows on the toilet lay:
Away the kitten with them fled,
As fees belonging to her prey.

For this misfortune careleſs Jane,
Aſſure you well was loudly rated:
And madam getting up again,
With her own hand the mouſe-trap baited.

On little things, as ſages write,
Depends our human joy, or ſorrow:
If we don't catch a mouſe to-night,
Alas! no eye-brows for to-morrow.

PHYLLIS'S AGE.

HOW old may Phyllis be, you aſk,
Whoſe beauty thus all hearts engages?
To anſwer is no eaſy taſk:
For ſhe has really two ages.

Stiff in brocard, and pinch'd in ſtays,
Her patches, paint, and jewels on;
All day let envy view her face;
And Phyllis is but twenty-one.

Paint, patches, jewels laid aſide,
At night aſtronomers agree,
The evening has the day bely'd;
And Phyllis is ſome forty-three.

Forma bonum fragile:

WHAT a frail thing is beauty, ſays Baron le Cras,
Perceiving his miſtreſs had one eye of glaſs:
And ſcarcely had he ſpoke it;
When ſhe more confus'd, as more angry ſhe grew,
By a negligent rage prov'd the maxim too true:
She dropt the eye, and broke it.

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

HOW capricious were nature and art to poor Nell?
She was painting her cheeks at the time her noſe fell.

AN EPIGRAM.

Written to the Duke de NOAILLES.

VAIN the concern which you expreſs,
That uncall'd Alard will poſſeſs
Your houſe and coach, both day and night,
And that Mackbeth was haunted leſs
By Banquo's reſtleſs ſpright.

With fifteen thouſand pound a-year,
Do you complain, you cannot bear
An ill, you may ſoon retrieve?
Good Alard, faith, is modeſter
By much, than you believe.

Lend him but fifty Lowis'd' or;
And you ſhall never ſee him more:
Take the advice; *probatum eſt.*
Why do the gods indulge our ſtore,
But to ſecure our reſt?

EPILOGUE to PHAEDRA.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD, who acted ISMENA.

LADIES, to-night your pity I implore
For one, who never troubled you before:
An Oxford man, extremely read in Greek
Who from Euripides makes Phaedra ſpeak;
And comes to town, to let us moderns know,
How women lov'd two thouſand years ago.
If that be all, ſaid I, e'en burn your play:
I'gad! we know all that, as well as they:
Show us the youthful, handſome charioteer,
Firm in his ſeat, and running his career;
Our ſouls would kindle with as gen'rous flames,
As e'er inſpir'd the antient Grecian dames:
Ev'ry Iſmena would reſign her breaſt;
And ev'ry dear Hippolytus be bleſt.
But, as it is, ſix flouncing Flanders mares
Are e'en as good, as any two of theirs:
And if Hippolytus can but contrive
To buy the gilded chariot; John can drive.

PHAEDRA and HIPPOLYTUS, a Tragedy, written by Mr. EDMUND SMITH.

Now of the buſtle you have ſeen to-day,
And Phædra's morals in this ſcholar's play,
Something at leaſt in juſtice ſhould be ſaid:
But this Hippolytus ſo fills one's head——
Well! Phædra liv'd as chaſtly, as ſhe cou'd;
For ſhe was father Jove's own fleſh and blood.
Her aukward love indeed was odly fated:
She and her Poly were too near related:
And yet that ſcruple had been laid aſide,
If honeſt Theſeus had but fairly dy'd:
But when he came, what needed he to know,
But that all matters ſtood in *ſtatu quo?*
There was no harm, you ſee, or grant there were,
She might want conduct; but he wanted care.
'Twas in a huſband little leſs than rude,
Upon his wife's retirement to intrude——
He ſhould have ſent a night or two before,
That he would come exact at ſuch an hour:
Then he had turn'd all tragedy to jeſt;
Found ev'ry thing contribute to his reſt;
The picquet friend diſmiſs'd, the coaſt all clear,
And ſpouſe alone impatient for her dear.

But if theſe gay reflections come too late,
To keep the guilty Phædra from her fate;
If your more ſerious judgment muſt condemn
The dire effects of her unhappy flame:
Yet, ye chaſte matrons, and ye tender fair,
Let love and innocence engage your care:
My ſpotleſs flames to your protection take;
And ſpare poor Phædra for Iſmena's ſake.

EPILOGUE to LUCIUS.

Spoken by Mrs. Horton.

THE female author who recites to-day,
Truſts to her ſex the merit of her play.
Like father Bayes ſecurely ſhe ſits down:
Pit, box and gallery, Gad! all's our own.
In ancient Greece, ſhe ſays, When Sappho writ,
By their applauſe the critics ſhow'd their wit,
They tun'd their voices to her Lyric ſtring;
Tho' they cou'd all do ſomething more than ſing.
But one exception to this fact we find;
That booby Phaon only was unkind,
An ill-bred boat-man, rough as waves and wind.
From Sappho down to all ſucceeding ages,
And now on French, or on Italian ſtages,
Rough ſatyrs, ſly remarks, ill natur'd ſpeeches
Are always aim'd at poets that wear breeches.
Arm'd with Longinus, or with Rapin, no man
Drew a ſharp pen upon a naked woman.
The bluſt'ring bully in our neighb'ring ſtreets
Scorns to attack the female that he meets:
Fearleſs the petticoat contemns his frowns;
The hoop ſecures whatever it ſurrounds.
The many-colour'd gentry there above,
By turns are rul'd by tumult, and by love:

Lucius, the firſt Chriſtian king of Britain. A tragedy, written by Mrs. Manley.

And while their ſweet-hearts their attention fix,
Suſpend the din of their damn'd clatt'ring ſticks.
Now, Sirs——
To you our author makes her ſoft requeſt,
Who ſpeak the kindeſt, and who write the beſt.
Your ſympathetic hearts ſhe hopes to move,
From tender friendſhip, and endearing love.
If Petrarch's muſe did Laura's wit rehearſe;
And Cowley flatter'd dear Orinda's verſe;
She hopes from you—pox take her hopes and fears;
I plead her ſex's claim: what matters her's?
By our full pow'r of beauty we think fit,
To damn this Salique law impos'd on wit:
We'll try the empire you ſo long have boaſted;
And if we are not prais'd, we'll not be toaſted.
Approve what one of us preſents to-night;
Or ev'ry mortal woman here ſhall write:
Rural, pathetic, narrative, ſublime,
We'll write to you, and make you write in rhime;
Female remarks ſhall take up all your time.
Your time, poor ſouls! we'll take your very money;
Female third days will come ſo thick upon you.
As long as we have eyes, or hands, or breath,
We'll look, or write, or talk you all to death.
Unleſs ye yield for better and for worſe:
Then the ſhe-Pegaſus ſhall gain the courſe;
And the grey mare will prove the better horſe.

The THIEF and the CORDELIER, a BALLAD.

To the tune of King JOHN, and the ABBOT of CANTERBURY.

WHO has e'er been at Paris, muſt needs know the Greve,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave:
Where honour and juſtice moſt odly contribute,
To eaſe hero's pains by a halter and gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the ſhackles, which force had put on,
And the hangman compleats, what the judge but begun:
There the 'ſquire of the pad, and the knight of the poſt,
Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes no more croſt.
Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great ſecrets are known
And the king, and the law, and the thief has his own;
But my hearers cry out; what a duce doſt thou ail
Cut off thy reflections; and give us thy tale.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil reſpect to harſh laws,
And for want of falſe witneſs, to back a bad cauſe,
A Norman, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear:
And who to aſſiſt, but a grave Cordelier?
Derry down, &c.

The 'ſquire, whoſe good grace was to open the ſcene,
Seem'd not in great haſte that the ſhow ſhould begin:
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart;
And often took leave; but was loth to depart.
Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my ſon? ſays the prieſt:
You murder'd, are ſorry, and have been confeſt.
O father! my ſorrow will ſcarce ſave my bacon:
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.
Derry down, &c.

Pough! pr'thee ne'er trouble thy head with ſuch [fancies:
Rely on the aid ye ſhall have from Saint Francis:
If the money you promis'd be brought to the cheſt;
You have only to die: let the church do the reſt.
Derry down, &c.

And what will folks ſay, if they ſee you afraid:
It reflects upon me; as I knew not my trade:
Courage, friend; to day is your period of ſorrow?
And things will go better, believe me to-morrow.
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow? our hero reply'd in a fright: [night.
He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of to-
Tell you beads, quoth the prieſt, and be fairly truſs'd
For you ſurely to-night ſhall in Paradiſe ſup. [up.
Derry down, &c.

Alas: quoth the ſquire, howe'er ſumptuous the treat;
Parblew, I ſhall have little ſtomach to eat:
I ſhould therefore eſteem it great favour and grace;
Would you be ſo kind, as to go in my place.
Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the father, and thank you to boot;
But our actions, you know, with our duty muſt ſuit.
The feaſt, I propos'd to you, I cannot taſte:
For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a faſt.
Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the hangman, he ſaid;
Diſpatch me, I pry'thee, this troubleſome blade:
For thy cord, and my cord both equally tie;
And we live by the gold for which other men die.
Drry down, &c.

AN EPITAPH.

Stet quicunque volet potens
Aulae culmine lubrico, &c. Senec.

INTER'D beneath this marble ſtone,
Lie ſaunt'ring Jack, and idle Joan.
While rolling threeſcore years and one
Did round this globe their courſes run;
If human things went ill or well;
If changing empires roſe or fell;
The morning paſt, the evening came,
And found this couple ſtill the ſame.

They walk and eat, good folks: what then?
Why then they walk'd and eat again:
They ſoundly ſlept the night away:
They juſt did nothing all the day:
And having bury'd children four,
Would not take pains to try for more:
No ſiſter either had, nor brother;
They ſeem'd juſt tally'd for each other.
Their moral and oeconomy
Moſt perfectly they made agree:
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor treſpaſs'd on the other's ground.
Nor fame, nor cenſure they regarded:
They neither puniſh'd, nor rewarded.
He car'd not what the footmen did:
Her maids ſhe neither prais'd, nor chid:
So ev'ry ſervant took his courſe
And bad at firſt they all grew worſe.
Slothful diſorder fill'd his ſtable;
And ſluttiſh plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was ſtrong; their wine was Port;
Their meal was large their grace was ſhort.
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Juſt when it grew not fit to eat.
They paid the church and pariſh rate;
And took but read not the receit:
For which they claim their Sunday's due,
Of ſlumb'ring in an upper pew.
No man's defects ſought they to know;
So never made themſelves a foe.

No man's good deeds did they commend;
So never rais'd themſelves a friend.
Nor cheriſh'd they relations poor:
That might decreaſe their preſent ſtore:
Nor barn nor houſe did they repair:
That might oblige their future heir.
They neither added, nor confounded:
They neither wanted, nor abounded.
Each Chriſtmas they accounts did clear;
And wound their bottom round the year.
Nor tear, nor ſmile did they imploy
At news of public grief, or joy.
When bells were rung, and bonefires made;
If aſk'd, they ne'er deny'd their aid:
Their jugg was to the ringers carry'd;
Whoever either dy'd, or marry'd.
Their billet at the fire was found;
Whoever was depos'd, or crown'd.
Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wiſe;
They would not learn, nor could adviſe:
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were:
Nor wiſh'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cry'd:
And ſo they liv'd, and ſo they dy'd.

HORACE, Lib. I. Epiſt. IX.

Septimius, Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus,
Quanti me facias: &c.

IMITATED.

To the right honourable Mr. HARLEY,

DEAR Dick, howe'er it comes into his head,
Believes as firmly as he does his creed,
That you and I, Sir, are extremely great;
Tho' I plain Mat, you miniſter of ſtate.
One word from me, without all doubt he ſays,
Would fix his fortune in ſome little place.
Thus better than myſelf, it ſeems he knows,
How far my intereſt with my patron goes;
And anſwering all objections I can make,
Still plunges deeper in his dear miſtake.
From this wild fancy, Sir, there may proceed
One wilder yet, which I foreſee, and dread;
That I, in fact a real intereſt have,
Which to my own advantage I would ſave,
And, with the uſual courtier's trick, intend
To ſerve myſelf, forgetful of my friend.
To ſhun this cenſure, I all ſhame lay by;
And make my reaſon with his will comply;
Hoping for my excuſe, 'twill be confeſt,
That of two evils I have choſe the leaſt.

So, Sir' with this epiſtolary ſcroll,
Receive the partner of my inmoſt ſoul:
Him you will find in letters, and in laws
Not unexpert, firm to his country's cauſe,
Warm in the glorious intereſt you purſue,
And in one word a good man and a true.

To Mr. HARLEY, wounded by GUISCARD, 1711.

——ab ipſo
Ducit opes animumque ferro. HOR.

I.

IN one great now, ſuperior to an age,
The full extreme of nature's force we find:
How heav'nly virtue can exalt; or rage
Infernal how degrade the human mind.

II.

While the fierce monk does at his trial ſtand;
He chews revenge, abjuring his offence:
Guile in his tongue, and murther in his hand,
He ſtabs his judge to prove his innocence.

III.

The guilty ſtroke and torture of the ſteel
Infix'd our dauntleſs Briton ſcarce perceives:
The wounds his country from his death muſt feel,
The Patriot views; for thoſe alone he grieves.

IV.

The barb'rous rage that durſt attempt thy life,
Hareley, great counſellor, extends thy fame:

And the ſharp point of cruel Guiſcard's knife,
In braſs and marble carves thy deathleſs name.

V

Faithful aſſertor of thy country's cauſe,
Britain with tears ſhall bathe thy glorious wound:
She for thy ſafety ſhall enlarge her laws;
And in her ſtatutes ſhall thy worth be found.

VI.

Yet 'midſt her ſighs ſhe triumphs, on the hand
Reflecting, that diffus'd the public woe;
A ſtranger to her altars, and her land:
No ſon of hers could meditate this blow.

VII.

Meantime thy pain is gracious Anna's care
Our queen, our ſaint, with ſacrificing breath
Softens thy anguiſh: in her powerful pray'r
She pleads thy ſervice, and forbids thy death.

VIII.

Great as thou art, thou canſt demand no more
O breaſt bewail'd by earth, preſerv'd by heav'n?
No higher can aſpiring virtue ſoar:
Enough to thee of grief, and fame is giv'n.

An EXTEMPORE INVITATION to the EARL of OXFORD, LORD HIGH TREASURER, M.DCC.XII.

MY LORD,

OUR weekly friends to-morrow meet
At Matthew's palace, in Duke-ſtreet,

To try for once, if they can dine
On bacon ham, and mutton chine:
If weary'd with the great affairs,
Which Britain truſts to Harley's cares,
Thou, humble ſtateſman, may'ſt deſcend,
Thy mind one moment to unbend;
To ſee thy ſervant from his ſoul
Crown with thy health the ſprightly bowl:
Among thy gueſts, which e'er my houſe
Receiv'd, it never can produce
Of honour a more glorious proof ——
Tho' Dorſet us'd to bleſs the roof.

ERLE ROBERT'S MICE.
In CHAUCER's Stile.

TWAY mice, full blythe and amicable,
Eatten beſide Erle Robert's table.
Lies there ne trap their necks to catch,
Ne old black cat their ſteps to watch.
Their fill they eat of fowl and fiſh;
Feaſt-lyche as heart of mouſe mote wiſh.
As gueſts ſat jovial at the board,
Forth leap'd our mice: eftſoons the Lord
Of Boling, whilome John the Saint,
Who maketh oft propos full queint,
Laugh'd jocund, and aloud he cry'd,
To Matthew ſeated on t'oth' ſide;
To thee, lean bard, it doth partain
To underſtand theſe creatures tweine.

Come frame us now ſome clean device,
Or playſant rhime on yonder mice:
They ſeem, God ſhield me, Mat. and Charles.
Bad as Sir Topas, or Squire Quarles
(Matthew did for the nonce reply)
At emblem, or device am I:
But could I chaunt, or rhyme, pardie,
Clear as Dan Chaucer, or as thee:
Ne verſe from me (ſo God me ſhrive)
On mouſe, or other beaſt alive.
Certes, I have theſe many days
Sent myne poetic herd to graze.
Ne armed knight ydrad in war
With lyon fierce will I compare:
Ne judge unjuſt, with furred fox,
Harming in ſecret guiſe the flocks:
Ne prieſt unworth of goddeſs coat,
To ſwine ydrunk, or filthy ſtoat.
Elk ſimilè farewell for aye,
From elephant, I trow, to flea.
Reply'd the friendlike peer, I weene,
Matthew is angred on the ſpleen.
Ne ſo, quoth Mat. ne ſhall be e'er,
With wit that falleth all ſo fair:
Eftſoons, well weet ye, mine intent
Boweth to your commandement.
If by theſe creatures ye have ſeen,
Pourtrayed Charles and Matthew been;
Behoveth neet to wreck my brain,
The reſt in order to explain.

That cup-board, where the mice diſport,
I liken to St. Stephen's court *:
Therein is ſpace enough, I trow,
For elke comrade to come and goe:
And therein eke may both be fed
With ſhiver of the wheaten bread.
And when, as theſe mine eyen ſurvey,
They ceaſe to ſkip, and ſqueak and play;
Return they may to diff'rent cells,
Auditing one, whilſt t'other *tells*.
Dear Robert, quoth the Saint, whoſe mind,
In bounteous deed no mean can bind;
Now as I hope to grow devout,
I deem this matter well made out.
Laugh I, whilſt thus I ſerious pray?
Let that be wrought which Mat. doth ſay:
Yea, quoth the Erle, but not to-day.

In the ſame Style.

FULL oft doth Mat. with Topaz dine,
Eateth bak'd meats, drinketh Greek wine;
But Topaz his own werk rehearſeth;
And Mat. mote praiſe what Topaz verſeth.
Now ſure as prieſt did e'er ſhrive ſinner,
Full hardly earneth Mat. his dinner.

In the ſame Style.

FAIR Suſan did her wife-hede well menteine,
Algates aſſaulted ſore by letchours tweine:

* The Exchequer.

Now, and I read aright that auncient ſong,
Olde were the paramours, the dame full young.
Had thilke ſame tale in other guiſe been tolde;
Had they been young (pardie) and ſhe been olde:
That, by St. Kit, had wrought much ſorer tryal;
Full mërveillous, I wote, were ſwilk denyal.

A FLOWER painted by SIMON VARELST.

WHEN fam'd Varelſt this little wonder drew;
Flora vouchſaf'd the growing work to view:
Finding the painter's ſcience at a ſtand,
The goddeſs ſnatch'd the pencil from his hand;
And finiſhing the piece, ſhe ſmiling ſaid:
Behold one work of mine, that ne'er ſhall fade.

To the Lady ELIZABETH HARLEY, ſince Marchioneſs of CARMARTHEN, on a Column of her drawing.

WHEN future ages ſhall with wonder view
Theſe glorious lines, which Harley's daughter drew;
They ſhall confeſs that Britain could not raiſe
A fairer column to the father's praiſe.

PROTOGENES and APELLES.

WHEN poets wrote, and painters drew,
As nature pointed out the view:
Ere Gothic forms were known in Greece,
To ſpoil the well-proportion'd piece:
And in our verſe ere monkiſh rhimes
Had jangl'd their fantaſtic chimes:

Ere on the flow'ry lands of Rhodes
Thoſe knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
Who knew not much to paint or write,
Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight:
Protogenes, hiſtorians note,
Liv'd there a burgeſs ſcot and lot;
And, as old Pliny's writings ſhow,
Apelles did the ſame at Co.
Agreed theſe points of time and place,
Proceed we in the preſent caſe.

Picqu'd by Protogenes's fame,
From Co to Rhodes Apelles came;
To ſee a rival and a friend,
Prepar'd to cenſure, or commend,
Here to abſolve, and there object,
As art with candour might direct.
He ſails, he lands, he comes, he rings;
His ſervants follow with the things:
Appears the governante of th' houſe;
For ſuch in Greece were much in uſe:
If young or handſome, yea or no,
Concerns not me, or thee to know.

Does ſquire Protogenes live here?
Yes, ſir, ſays ſhe with gracious air,
And court'ſy low; but juſt call'd out
By lords peculiarly devout;
Who came on purpoſe, ſir, to borrow
Our Venus, for the feaſt to-morrow,
To grace the church: 'tis Venus' day:
I hope, ſir, you intend to ſtay.

To ſee our Venus: 'tis the piece
The moſt renown'd throughout all Greece,
So like th' original, they ſay:
But I have no great ſkill that way.
But, Sir, at ſix ('tis now paſt three)
Dromo muſt make my maſter's tea:
At ſix, Sir, if you pleaſe to come,
You'll find my maſter, Sir, at home.

Tea, ſays a critic big with laughter,
Was found ſome twenty ages after;
Authors, before they write, ſhould read.
'Tis very true; but we'll proceed.

And, Sir, at preſent would you pleaſe
To leave your name —— fair maiden, yes.
Reach me that board. No ſooner ſpoke
But done. With one judicious ſtroke,
On the plain ground Apelles drew
A circle regularly true;
And will you pleaſe, ſweet heart, ſaid he,
To ſhew your maſter this from me?
By it he preſently will know,
How painters write their names at Co.

He gave the pannel to the maid.
Smiling and curt'ſing, Sir, ſhe ſaid,
I ſhall not fail to tell my maſter:
And, Sir, for fear of all diſaſter,
I'll keep it my own ſelf: ſafe bind,
Says the old proverb, and ſafe find.
So, Sir, as ſure as key or lock ——
Your ſervant Sir —— at ſix a clock.

Again at ſix Apelles came;
Found the ſame prating civil dame.
Sir, that my maſter has been here,
Will by the board itſelf appear.
If from the perfect line he found,
He has preſum'd to ſwell the round,
Or colours on the draught to lay;
'Tis thus (he order'd me to ſay)
Thus write the painters of this iſle:
Let thoſe of Co remark the ſtyle.
She ſaid; and to his hand reſtor'd
The rival pledge, the miſſive board.
Upon the happy line were laid
Such obvious light and eaſy ſhade;
That Paris' apple ſtood confeſt,
Or Leda's egg, or Cloe's breaſt.
Apelles view'd the finiſh'd piece;
And live, ſaid he, the arts of Greece!
Howe'er Protogenes and I
May in our rival talents vie;
Howe'er our works may have expreſs'd,
Who trueſt drew, or colour'd beſt;
When he beheld my flowing line;
He found at leaſt I could deſign:
And from his artful round, I grant,
That he with perfect ſkill can paint.
The dulleſt genius cannot fail
To find the moral of my tale:
That the diſtinguiſh'd part of men,
With compaſs, pencil, ſword, or pen,

Should in life's viſit leave their name,
In characters, which may proclaim,
That they with ardor ſtrove to raiſe
At once their arts, and country's praiſe;
And in their working took great care,
That all was full, and round, and fair.

Democritus and Heraclitus.

DEmocritus, dear droll, reviſit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth:
Sad Heraclitus, ſerious wretch, return,
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
Between you both I unconcern'd ſtand by:
Hurt, can I laugh? and honeſt, need I cry?

For my own Tombſtone.

TO me 'twas giv'n to die: to thee 'tis giv'n
To live: alas! one moment ſets us ev'n.
Mark! how impartial is the will of heav'n?

Gualterus Danistonus ad amicos.

DUM ſtudeo fungi fallentis munere vitae,
Adfectoque viam ſedibus Elyſiis,
Arctoa florens ſophiâ, Samiiſque ſuperbus
Diſcipulis, animas morte carere cano.
Has ego corporibus profugas ad ſidera mitto;
Sideraque ingreſſis otia blanda dico;
Qualia conveniunt divis, queis fata volebant
Vitäi faciles molliter ire vias:
Vinaque coelicolis media inter gaudia libo;

Et me quid majus ſuſpicor eſſe viro.
Sed fuerint nulli forſan, quos ſpondeo, coeli;
Nullaque ſint Ditis numina, nulla Jovis.
Fabula ſit terris agitur quae vita relictis:
Quique ſuperſtes, homo; qui nihil, eſto deus.
Attamen eſſe hilares, et inanes mittere curas
Proderit, ac vitae commoditate frui,
Et feſtos agitâſſe dies, aevique fugacis
Tempora perpetuis detinuiſſe jocis.
His me parentem praeceptis occupet orcus,
Et mors; ſeu divum, ſeu nihil eſſe velit:
Nam ſophia ars illa eſt, quae fallere ſuaviter horas
Admonet, atque orci non timuiſſe minas.

IMITATED.

STUDIOUS the buſy moments to deceive,
That fleet between the cradle and the grave,
I credit what the Grecian dictates ſay,
And Samian ſounds o'er Scotia's hills convey.
When mortal man reſigns his tranſient breath;
The body only I give o'er to death,
The parts diſſolv'd, and broken frame I mourn:
What came from earth, I ſee to earth return.
The immaterial part, th' aethereal ſoul,
Nor can change vanquiſh, nor can death controul.
Glad I releaſe it from its partner's cares;
And bid good angels waft it to the ſtars.
Then in the flowing bowl I drown thoſe ſighs,
Which, ſpight of wiſdom, from our weakneſs riſe,
The draught to the dead's mem'ry I commend,
And offer to the now immortal friend.

But if oppos'd to what my thoughts approve,
Nor Pluto's rage there be, nor pow'r of Jove;
On its dark ſide if thou the proſpect take;
Grant all forgot beyond black Lethe's lake:
In total death ſuppoſe the mortal lie,
No new hereafter nor a future ſky:
Yet bear thy lot content; yet ceaſe to grieve:
Why, ere death comes, doſt thou forbear to live?
The little time thou haſt, 'twixt inſtant now
And fate's approach, is all the gods allow:
And of this little haſt thou ought to ſpare
To ſad reflection, and corroding care?
The moments paſt, if thou art wiſe, retrieve
With pleaſant mem'ry of the bliſs they gave.
The pleaſant hours in preſent mirth imploy,
And bribe the future with the hopes of joy,
The future (few or more, howe'er they be)
Were deſtin'd erſt; nor can by fates decree
Be now cut off, betwixt the grave and thee.

The firſt HYMN of CALLIMACHUS to JUPITER.

WHILE we to Jove ſelect the holy victim,
Whom after ſhall we ſing, than Jove himſelf,
The God for ever great, for ever king;
Who ſew the earth-born race, and meaſures right
To heav'n's great habitants? Dictæan hear'ſt thou
More joyful, or Lycæan, long diſpute
And various thought has trac'd. On Ida's mount,
Or Dicte, ſtudious of his country's praiſe,

The Cretan boaſts thy natal place: but oft
He meets reproof deſerv'd: for he preſumptuous
Has built a tomb for thee, who never know'ſt
To die, but liv'ſt the ſame to-day and ever.
Arcadian therefore be thy birth: great Rhea
Pregnant to high Parrhaſia's cliffs retir'd,
And wild Lycaeus, black with ſhading pines:
Holy retreat! Sith thence no female hither,
Conſcious of ſocial love and nature's rites,
Muſt dare aproach, from the inferior reptile
To woman, form divine. There the bleſt parent
Ungirt her ſpacious boſom, and diſcharg'd
The pond'rous birth: ſhe ſought the neighb'ring ſpring
To waſh the recent babe: in vain: Arcadia,
(However ſtreamy,) now aduſt and dry,
Deny'd the goddeſs water: where deep Melas,
And rocky Cratis flow, the chariot ſmoak'd
Obſcure with riſing duſt: the thrifty trav'ler
In vain requir'd the current, then impriſon'd
In ſubterraneous caverns: foreſts grew
Upon the barren hollows, high o'erſhading
The haunts of ſavage beaſts, where now Iaon,
And Erimanth incline their friendly urns.
Thou too, O earth, great Rhea ſaid, bring forth;
And ſhort ſhall be thy pangs: ſhe ſaid; and high
She rear'd her arm, and with her ſceptre ſtruck
The yawning cliff: from its diſparted height
Adown the mount the guſhing torrent ran,
And chear'd the vallies: there the heav'nly mother
Bath'd, mighty king, thy tender limbs: ſhe wrapt them

In purple bands: ſhe gave the precious pledge
To prudent Neda, charging her to guard thee,
Careful and ſecret: Neda, of the nymphs
That tended the great birth, next Philyre
And Styx, the eldeſt, Smiling ſhe receiv'd thee,
And conſcious of the grace, abſolv'd her truſt:
Not unrewarded; ſince the river bore
The fav'rite virgin's name: fair Neda rowls
By Læprion's ancient walls, a fruitful ſtream.
Faſt by her flow'ry bank the ſons of Arcas,
Fav'rites of heav'n, with happy care protect
Their fleecy charge; and joyous drink her wave.
Thee, God, to Cnoſſus Neda brought: the nymphs
And Corybantes thee their ſacred charge
Receiv'd: Adraſte rock'd thy golden cradle:
The goat, now bright amidſt her fellow ſtars,
Kind Almathea, reach'd her teat diſtent
With milk, thy early food: the ſedulous bee
Diſtill'd her honey on thy purple lips.
Around, the fierce Curetes (order ſolemn
To thy foreknowing mother!) trod tumultuous
Their myſtic dance, and clang'd their ſounding arms;
Induſtrious with the warlike din to quell
Thy infant cries, and mock the ear of Saturn.
Swift growth and wond'rous grace, O heav'nly Jove,
Waited thy blooming years: inventive wit,
And perfect judgment crown'd thy youthful act.
That Saturn's ſons receiv'd the three fold empire
Of heav'n, and of ocean, and deep hell beneath,
As the dark urn and chance of lot determin'd,

Old poets mention, fabling. Things of moment
Well nigh equivalent and neighb'ring value
By lot are parted: but high Heav'n, thy ſhare,
In equal balance laid 'gainſt ſea or hell,
Flings up the adverſe ſcale, and ſhuns proportion.
Wherefore not chance, but pow'r, above thy brethren
Exalted thee, their king. When thy great will
Commands thy chariot forth, impetuous ſtrength,
And fiery ſwiftneſs wing the rapid wheels,
Inceſſant: high the eagle flies before thee.
And oh! as I and mine conſult thy augur,
Grant thy glad omen; let thy fav'rite riſe
Propitious, ever ſoaring from the right.
Thou to the leſſer gods haſt well aſſign'd
Their proper ſhares of pow'r: thy own, great Jove,
Boundleſs and univerſal. Thoſe who labour
The ſweaty forge, who edge the crooked ſcythe,
Bend ſtubborn ſteel, and harden gleaning armour,
Acknowledge Vulcan's aid. The early hunter
Bleſſes Diana's hand, who leads him ſafe
O'er hanging cliffs, who ſpreads his net ſucceſsful,
And guides the arrow through the panther's heart.
The ſoldier from ſucceſsful camps returning,
With laurel wreath'd, and rich with hoſtile ſpoil,
Severs the bull to Mars. The ſkilful bard,
Striking the Thracian harp, invokes Apollo,
To make his hero and himſelf immortal.
Thoſe, mighty Jove, meantime, thy glorious care,
Who model nations, publiſh laws, announce
Or life or death, and found or change the empire.

Man owns the pow'r of kings; and kings of Jove.
And as their actions tend ſubordinate
To what thy will deſigns, thou giv'ſt the means
Proportion'd to the work; thou ſeeſt impartial,
How they thoſe means employ. Each monarch rules
His different realm, accountable to thee,
Great ruler of the world: theſe only have
To ſpeak and be obey'd; to thoſe are giv'n
Aſſiſtant days to ripen the deſign;
To ſome whole months: revolving years to ſome:
Others, ill-fated are condemn'd to toil
Their tedious life, and mourn their purpoſe blaſted
With fruitleſs act, and impotence of council.
Hail! greateſt ſon of Saturn, wiſe diſpoſer
Of ev'ry good; thy praiſe what man yet born
Has ſung? or who that may be born ſhall ſing?
Again, and often hail! indulge our prayer,
Great father! grant us virtue, grant us wealth:
For without virtue, wealth to man avails not;
And virtue without wealth exerts leſs pow'r,
And leſs diffuſes good. Then grant us, gracious,
Virtue and wealth; for both are of thy gift.

The ſecond HYMN of CALLIMACHUS to APOLLO.

HAH! how the laurel, great Apollo's tree,
And all the cavern ſhakes! far off, far off,
The man that is unhallow'd: for the God,
The God approaches. Hark! he knocks; the gates

Feel the glad impulſe, and the ſever'd bars
Submiſſive clink againſt their brazen portals.
Why do the Delian palms incline their boughs,
Self-mov'd: and hov'ring ſwans, their throats releas'd
From native ſilence, carol ſounds harmonious?
Begin, young men, the hymn: let all your harps
Break their inglorious ſilence in the dance,
In myſtic numbers trod, explain the muſic.
But firſt by ardent pray'r, and clear luſtration
Purge the contagious ſpots of human weakneſs:
Impure no mortal can behold Apollo.
So may ye flouriſh favour'd by the god,
In youth with happy nuptials, and in age
With ſilver hairs, and fair deſcent of children;
So lay foundations for aſpiring cities,
And bleſs your ſpreading colonies' encreaſe.
Pay ſacred rev'rence to Apollo's ſong:
Leſt wrathful the far-ſhooting god emit
His fatal arrow, Silent nature ſtands;
And ſeas ſubſide, obedient to the ſound
Of Io, Io Pean! nor dares Thetis
Longer bewail her lov'd Achilles' death:
For Phoebus was his foe. Nor muſt ſad Niobe
In fruitleſs ſorrow perſevere, or weep
Ev'n thro' the Phrygian marble. Hapleſs mother!
Whoſe fondneſs could compare her mortal offspring
To thoſe which fair Latona bore to Jove.
Io! again repeat ye, Io Pean!
Againſt the Deity 'tis hard to ſtrive.
He that reſiſts the pow'r of Ptolemy,

Reſiſts the pow'r of heav'n: for pow'r from heav'n
Derives; and monarchs rule by gods appointed.
Recite Apollo' praiſe, till night draws on,
The ditty ſtill unfiniſh'd, and the day
Unequal to the Godhead's attributes
Various, and matter copious of your ſongs.
Sublime at Jove's right hand Apollo ſits,
And thence diſtributes honour, gracious king,
And theme of verſe perpetual. From his robe
Flows light ineffable: his harp, his quiver,
And Lictian bow are gold: with golden ſandals
His feet are ſhod, how rich! how beautiful!
Beneath his ſteps the yellow min'ral riſes;
And earth reveals her treaſures. Youth and beauty
Eternal deck his cheek: from his fair head
Perfumes diſtill their ſweets; and chearful Health,
His duteous handmaid, thro' the air improv'd,
With laviſh hand diffuſes ſcents ambroſial.
The ſpear-man's arm by thee, great God, directed,
Sends forth a certain wound. The laurel'd bard,
Inſpir'd by thee, compoſes verſe immortal.
Taught by thy art divine, the ſage phyſician
Eludes the urn; and chains, or exiles death.
Thee Nomian we adore; for that from heav'n
Deſcending thou to fair Amphryſus' banks
Didſt guard Admetus' herds. Sith thence the cow
Produc'd an ampler ſtore of milk; the ſhe-goat
Not without pain dragg'd her diſtended udder;
And ews, that erſt brought forth but ſingle lambs,
Now dropp'd their two-fold burdens. Bleſt the cattle,

On which Apollo caſt his fav'ring eye!
But, Phœbus, thou to man beneficent,
Delight'ſt in building cities. Bright Diana,
Kind ſiſter to thy infant-deity
New-wean'd, and juſt ariſing from the cradle,
Brought hunted wild goats-heads, and branching antlers
Of ſtags, the fruit and honour of her toil:
Theſe with diſcerning hand thou knew'ſt to range,
(Young as thou waſt) and in the well-fram'd models,
With emblematic ſkill, and myſtic order,
Thou ſhew'dſt, where tow'rs or battlements ſhould riſe:
Where gates ſhould open; and where walls ſhould com-
While from thy childiſh paſtime man receiv'd [paſs:
The future ſtrength, and ornament of nations.
Battus, our great progenitor, now touch'd
The Lybian ſtrand; when the foreboding crew
Flew on the right before the people, marking
The country deſtin'd the auſpicious ſeat
Of future kings, and favour of that god,
Whoſe oath is ſure, and promiſe ſtands eternal.
Or Boedromian hear'ſt thou pleas'd, or Clarian,
Phœbus, great king? for diff'rent are thy names,
As thy kind hand has founded many cities,
Or dealt benign thy various gifts to man.
Carnean let me call thee; for my country
Calls thee Carnean: the fair colony
Thrice by thy gracious guidance was tranſported,
Ere ſettl'd in Cyrene; there w' appointed
Thy annual feaſts, kind god, and bleſs thy altars
Smoaking with hecatombs of ſlaughter'd bulls;

As Carnus, thy high prieſt and favour'd friend,
Had erſt ordain'd, and with myſterous rites,
Our great forefathers taught their ſons to worſhip.
Io Carnean Phœbus! Io Pean!
The yellow Crocus there, and fair Narciſſus
Reſerve the honours of their winter ſtore,
To deck thy temple; 'till returning ſpring
Diffuſes nature's various pride; and flow'rs
Innumerable, by the ſoft ſouth-weſt
Open'd, and gather'd by religious hands,
Rebound their ſweets from th' odoriferous pavement.
Perpetual fires ſhine hallow'd on thy altars,
When annual the Carnean feaſt is held:
The warlike Libyans clad in armour, lead
The dance: with clanging ſwords and ſhields they beat
The dreadful meaſure: in the chorus join
Their women, brown but beautiful: ſuch rites
To thee well pleaſing. Nor had yet thy votaries.
From Greece tranſplanted, touch'd Cyrene's banks,
And lands determin'd for their laſt abodes;
But wander'd thro' Azilis' horrid foreſt
Diſpers'd; when from Myrtuſa's craggy brow,
Fond of the maid, auſpicious to the city,
Which muſt hereafter bear her favour'd name,
Thou gracious deign'ſt to let the fair one view
Her typic people; thou with pleaſure taught'ſt her
To draw the bow, to ſlay the ſhaggy lion,
And ſtop the ſpreading ruin of the plains.
Happy the nymph who honour'd by thy paſſion,
Was aided by thy pow'r! the monſtrous Python

Durſt tempt thy wrath in vain: for dead he fell,
To thy great ſtrength, and golden arms unequal.
Io! while thy unerring hand elanc'd
Another, and another dart; the people
Joyful repeated Io! Io Pean!
Elance the dart, Apollo: for the ſafety,
And health of man, gracious thy mother bore thee.
Envy thy lateſt foe ſuggeſted thus:
Like thee I am a pow'r immortal; therefore
To thee dare ſpeak. How canſt thou favour partial
Thoſe poets who write little? vaſt and great
Is what I love: the far-extended ocean
To a ſmall riv'let I prefer. Apollo
Spurn'd Envy with his foot; and thus the god;
Daemon, the head-long current of Euphrates,
Aſſyrian river, copious runs, but muddy;
And carries forward with his ſtupid force
Polluting dirt; his torrent ſtill augmenting,
His wave ſtill more defil'd: mean while the nymphs
Meliſſan, ſacred and recluſe to Ceres,
Studious to have their off'rings well receiv'd,
And fit for heav'nly uſe, from little urns
Pour ſtreams ſelect, and purity of waters.
Io! Apollo, mighty king, let Envy
Ill-judging and verboſe, from Lethe's lake,
Draw tuns unmeaſurable; while thy favour
Adminiſters to my ambitious thirſt
The wholeſome draught from Aganippe's ſpring
Genuine, and with ſoft murmurs gently rilling
Adown the mountains where thy daughters haunt.

CHARITY.

A PARAPHRASE on the thirteenth CHAPTER of the firſt EPISTLE to the CORINTHIANS.

DID ſweeter ſounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounc'd, or angel ſung:
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or ſcience can define;
And had I pow'r to give that knowledge birth,
In all the ſpeeches of the babling earth:
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breaſt inſpire,
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
Or had I faith like that which Iſrael ſaw,
When Moſes gave them miracles, and law:
Yet gracious Charity, indulgent gueſt,
Were not thy pow'r exerted in my breaſt;
Thoſe ſpeeches would ſend up unheeded pray'r:
That ſcorn of life would be but wild deſpair:
A cymbal's ſound were better than my voice:
My faith were form: my eloquence were noiſe.
Charity, decent, modeſt, eaſy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;
Knows with juſt reins, and gentle hand to guide,
Betwixt vile ſhame and arbitrary pride.
Not ſoon provok'd, ſhe eaſily forgives;
And much ſhe ſuffers, as ſhe much believes.
Soft peace ſhe brings where-ever ſhe arrives:
She builds our quiet, as ſhe forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peeviſh nature ev'n;

And opens in each heart a little Heav'n.
Each other gift, which God on man beſtows,
Its proper bounds, and due reſtriction knows;
To one fix'd purpoſe dedicates its power;
And finiſhing its act, exiſts no more.
Thus, in obedience to what heav'n decrees,
Knowledge ſhall fail, and propheſy ſhall ceaſe:
But laſting Charity's more ample ſway,
Nor bound by time, nor ſubject to decay,
In happy triumph ſhall for ever live,
And endleſs good diffuſe, and endleſs praiſe receive.
As thro' the artiſt's interveening glaſs,
Our eye obſerves the diſtant planets paſs;
A little we diſcover; but allow,
That more remains unſeen, than art can ſhow:
So whilſt our mind its knowledge would improve
(Its feeble eye intent on things above)
High as we may, we lift our reaſon up,
By faith directed, and confirm'd by hope:
Yet are we able only to ſurvey
Dawnings of beams, and promiſes of day.
Heav'n's fuller effluence mocks our dazzl'd ſight;
Too great its ſwiftneſs, and too ſtrong its light.
But ſoon the mediate clouds ſhall be diſpell'd:
The ſun ſhall ſoon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated ſublime on his meridian throne.
Then conſtant faith, and holy hope ſhall die,
One loſt in certainty, and one in joy:
Whilſt thou, more happy pow'r, fair Charity,

Triumphant ſiſter, greateſt of the three,
Thy office, and thy nature ſtill the ſame,
Laſting thy lamp, and unconſum'd thy flame,
Shalt ſtill ſurvive——
Shalt ſtand before the hoſt of heav'n confeſt,
For ever bleſſing, and for ever bleſt.

Engraven on a COLUMN in the church of HALSTEAD in ESSEX. The ſpire of which, burnt down by lightning, was rebuilt at the expence of Mr. SAMUEL FISKE, 1717.

VIEW not this ſpire by meaſure giv'n
To buildings rais'd by common hands:
That fabric riſes high as heav'n,
Whoſe baſis on devotion ſtands.

While yet we draw this vital breath,
We can our faith and hope declare:
But Charity beyond our death
Will ever in our works appear.

Bleſt be he call'd among good men,
Who to his God this column rais'd:
Tho' lightning ſtrike the dome again;
The man, who built it, ſhall be prais'd.

Yet ſpires and tow'rs in duſt ſhall lie,
The weak efforts of human pains:
And Faith, and Hope themſelves ſhall die;
While deathleſs Charity remains.

Written in MONTAIGNE's Eſſays, given to the duke of SHREWSBURY in FRANCE, after the peace, 1713

DICTATE, O mighty judge, what thou haſt ſeen
Of cities, and of courts, of books, and men;
And deign to let thy ſervant hold the pen.

Thro' ages thus I may preſume to live;
And from the tranſcript of thy proſe receive,
What my own ſhort-liv'd verſe can never give.

Thus ſhall fair Britain with a gracious ſmile
Accept the work; and the inſtructed iſle,
Far more than treaties made, ſhall bleſs my toil.

Nor longer hence the Gallic ſtyle preferr'd,
Wiſdom in Engliſh idiom ſhall be heard;
While Talbot tells the world, where Montaigne err'd.

AN EPISTLE,

Deſiring the QUEEN's picture. Written at Paris, 1714. But left unfiniſhed, by the ſudden news of her MAJESTY's death.

THE train of equipage and pomp of ſtate,
The ſhining ſide-board, and the burniſh'd plate
Let other miniſters, great Anne, require;
And partial fall thy gift to their deſire.
To the fair portrait of my ſov'reign dame,
To that alone, eternal be my claim.

My bright defender, and my dread delight,
If ever I found favour in thy ſight;
If all the pains that for thy Britain's ſake
My paſt has took, or future life may take,
Be grateful to my Queen: permit my pray'r,
And with this gift reward my total care.
Will thy indulgent hand, fair ſaint, allow
The boon? and will thy ear accept the vow?
That in deſpite of age, of impious flame,
And eating time, thy picture like thy fame
Entire may laſt; that as their eyes ſurvey
The ſemblant ſhade, men yet unborn may ſay,
Thus great, thus gracious look'd Britannia's queen;
Her brow thus ſmooth, her look was thus ſerene;
When to a low, but to a loyal hand
The mighty empreſs gave her high command,
That he to hoſtile camps, and kings ſhou'd haſte,
To ſpeak her vengeance, as their danger, paſt;
To ſay, ſhe wills deteſted wars to ceaſe;
She checks her conqueſt, for her ſubjects eaſe;
And bids the world attend her terms of peace.
Thee, gracious Anne, thee preſent I adore,
Thee, Queen of peace—if time and fate have power
Higher to raiſe the glories of thy reign;
In words ſublimer, and a nobler ſtrain,
May future bards the mighty theme rehearſe,
Here, Stator Jove, and Phoebus king of verſe,
The votive tablet I ſuſpend****

ALMA:

OR, THE

PROGRESS

OF THE

MIND.

IN

THREE CANTOS.

Πανῖα γελως, ϗ πανῖα κονις, ϗ πανῖα το μηδεν·
Πανῖα γαρ ιξ αλογων ϵϛι γιγνομενα.

Incert, ap. Stobæum.

FIRST CANTO.

MATTHEW met Richard, when or where
From ſtory is not mighty clear:
Of many knotty points they ſpoke;
And pro and con by turns they took.
Rats half the manuſcript have eat:
Dire hunger! which we ſtill regret:
O! may they ne'er again digeſt
The horrors of ſo ſad a feaſt.
Yet leſs our grief, if what remains,
Dear Jacob, by thy care and pains
Shall be to future times convey'd.
It thus begins:
****Here Matthew ſaid:
Alma in verſe; in proſe, the mind,
By Ariſtotle's pen defin'd,
Throughout the body ſquat or tall,
Is *bona fide* all in all.
And yet, ſlap daſh, is all again
In ev'ry ſinew, nerve, and vein:
Runs here and there, like Hamlet's ghoſt;
While every where ſhe rules the roaſt.
This Syſtem, Richard, we are told,
The men of Oxford firmly hold.
The Cambridge wits, you know, deny
With *ipſe dixit* to comply.

They ſay (for in good truth they ſpeak
With ſmall reſpect of that old Greek)
That, putting all his words together,
'Tis three blue beans in one blue bladder.
Alma they ſtrenuouſly maintain,
'Sits cock-horſe on her throne the brain;
And from that ſeat of thought diſpenſes
Her ſov'reign pleaſure to the ſenſes,
Two optic nerves, they ſay, ſhe ties,
Like ſpectacles, a-croſs the eyes;
By which the ſpirits bring her word,
Whene'er the balls are fix'd, or ſtirr'd;
How quick at park and play they ſtrike;
The Duke they court: the toaſt they like:
And at St. James's turn their grace
From former friends, now out of place.
Without thoſe aids, to be more ſerious,
Her pow'r, they hold, had been precarious:
The eyes might have conſpir'd her ruin;
And ſhe not known, what they were doing.
Fooliſh it had been, and unkind,
That they ſhould ſee, and ſhe be blind.
Wiſe nature likewiſe, they ſuppoſe,
Has drawn two conduits down our noſe:
Cou'd Alma elſe with judgment tell,
When cabbage ſtinks, or roſes ſmell?
Or who would aſk for her opinion
Between an oyſter and an onion?
For from moſt bodies, Dick, you know,
Some little bits aſk leave to flow;

And, as thro' theſe canals they roll,
Bring up a ſample of the whole.
Like footmen running before coaches,
To tell the inn, what lord approaches.
By nerves about our palate plac'd,
She likewiſes judges of the taſte.
Elſe (diſmal thought!) our warlike men
Might drink thick Port, for fine Champagne;
And our ill-judging wives and daughters
Miſtake ſmall-beer for Citron waters.
Hence too, that ſhe might better hear,
She ſets a drum at either ear;
And loud or gentle, harſh or ſweet,
Are but th' Alarums which they beat.
Laſt to enjoy her ſenſe of feeling
(A thing ſhe much delights to deal in)
A thouſand little nerves ſhe ſends
Quite to our toes and fingers' ends;
And theſe in gratitude again
Return their ſpirits to the brain;
In which their figure being printed
(As juſt before, I think, I hinted)
Alma inform'd can try the caſe,
As ſhe had been upon the place.
Thus, while the judge gives diff'rent journeys
To country counſel, and attornies;
He on the bench in quiet ſits,
Deciding, as they bring the writs.
The Pope thus prays and ſleeps at Rome,
And very ſeldom ſtirs from home;

Yet ſending forth his holy ſpies,
And having heard what they adviſe,
He rules the church's bleſt dominions,
And ſets men's faith by his opinions.
The ſcholars of the Stagyrite,
Who for the old opinion fight,
Would make their modern friends confeſs,
The diff'rence but from more to leſs
The Mind, ſay they, while you ſuſtain
To hold her ſtation in the brain;
You grant, at leaſt, ſhe is extended:
Ergo the whole diſpute is ended.
For 'till to-morrow ſhou'd you plead
From form and ſtructure of the head;
The Mind as viſibly is ſeen
Extended thro' the whole Machine.
Why ſhould all honour then be ta'en
From lower parts to load the brain;
When other limbs we plainly ſee,
Each in his way, as briſk as he?
For muſic, grant the head receives it;
It is the artiſt's hand that gives it.
And tho' the ſcull may wear the laurel;
The ſoldier's hand ſuſtains the quarrel.
Beſides, the noſtrils, ears, and eyes
Are not his parts, but his allies.
Ev'n what you hear the tongue proclaim,
Comes *ab origine* from them.
What could the head perform alone,
If all their friendly aids were gone?

A fooliſh figure he muſt make;
Do nothing elſe, but ſleep and ake.
Nor matters it, that you can ſhow,
How to the head the ſpirits go.
Thoſe ſpirits ſtarted from ſome goal,
Before they thro' the veins cou'd roll
Now we ſhould hold them much to blame,
If they went back, before they came.
If therefore, as we muſt ſuppoſe,
They came from fingers, and from toes;
Or toes, or fingers in this caſe,
Of Num-ſcull's ſelf ſhould take the place.
Diſputing fair, you grant thus much,
That all ſenſation is but touch.
Dip but your toes into cold water,
Their correſpondent teeth will chatter:
And ſtrike the bottom of your feet
You ſet your head into a heat.
The bully beat, and happy lover
Confeſs, that feeling lies all over.
Note here, Lucretius dares to teach
(As all our youth may learn from Creech)
That eyes were made but could not view;
Nor hands embrace, nor feet purſue:
But heedleſs nature did produce
The members firſt, and then the uſe.
What each muſt act, was yet unknown,
'Till all is mov'd by chance alone.
A man firſt builds a country ſeat:
Then finds the walls not good to eat.

Another plants, and wond'ring ſees
Nor books, nor medals on his trees.
Yet poet and philoſopher
Was he, who durſt ſuch whims aver.
Bleſt, for his ſake, be human reaſon,
That came at all, tho' late, in ſeaſon.
But no man ſure ere left his houſe,
And ſaddl'd Ball with thoughts ſo wild,
To bring a midwife to his ſpouſe,
Before he knew ſhe was with child.
And no man ever reapt his corn,
Or from the oven drew his bread,
Ere hinds and bakers yet were born,
That taught them both to ſow and knead.
Before they're aſk'd, can maids refuſe?
Can—Pray, ſays Dick, hold in your muſe,
While you Pindaric truths rehearſe;
She hobbles in alternate verſe,
Verſe? Mat. reply'd: is that my care?
Go on, quoth Richard, ſoft and fair.
This looks, friend Dick, as nature had
But exercis'd the ſaleſman's trade:
As if ſhe haply had ſat down,
And cut out cloaths for all the town:
Then ſent them out to Monmouth ſtreet,
To try what perſons they would fit.
But ev'ry free and licenc'd taylor
Would in this theſis find a failure.
Should whims like theſe his head perplex,
How could he work for either ſex?

His cloaths, as atoms might prevail,
Might fit a piſmire, or a whale.
No, no: he views with ſtudious pleaſure
Your ſhape, before he takes your meaſure.
For real Kate he made the boddice,
And not for an ideal goddeſs.
No error near his ſhop-board lurk'd:
He knew the folks for whom he work'd.
Still to their ſize he aim'd his ſkill:
Elſe, pr'ythee, who would pay his bill?
Next, Dick, if Chance herſelf ſhould vary;
Obſerve, how matters would miſcarry:
Acroſs your eyes, friend, place your ſhoes;
Your ſpectacles upon your toes;
Then you and Memmius ſhall agree,
How nicely men would walk, or ſee.
But wiſdom, peeviſh and croſs-grain'd,
Muſt be oppos'd, to be ſuſtain'd.
And ſtill your knowledge will increaſe,
As you make other people's leſs.
In arms and ſcience 'tis the ſame:
Our rival's hurts create our fame.
At Faubert's if diſputes ariſe
Among the champions for the prize;
To prove, who gave the fairer butt,
John ſhews the chalk on Robert's coat.
So, for the honour of your book,
It tells, where other folks miſtook:
And, as their notions you confound,
Thoſe you invent get farther ground.

The commentators on old Ariſtotle ('tis urg'd) in judgment vary:
They to their own conceits have brought
The image of his general thought.
Juſt as the melancholic eye
Sees fleets and armies in the ſky;
And to the poor apprentice ear
The bells ſound Whittington Lord May'r.
The conj'rer thus explains his ſcheme:
Thus ſpirits walk, and prophets dream;
North-Britons thus have ſecond ſight;
And Germans free from gun-ſhot fight.
Theodoret, and Origen,
And fifty other learned men
Atteſt, that if their comments find
The traces of their maſter's mind;
Alma can ne'er decay nor die:
This flatly t'other ſect deny,
Simplicius, Theophraſt, Durand;
Great names, but hard in verſe to ſtand.
They wonder men ſhould have miſtook
The tenets of their maſter's book:
And hold, that Alma yields her breath,
O'ercome by age, and ſeiz'd by death.
Now which were wiſe? and which were fools?
Poor Alma ſits between two ſtools:
The more ſhe reads, the more perplext;
The comment ruining the text:
Now fears, now hopes her dou'tful fate:
But Richard, let her look to that——

our own affairs purſue.
different ſyſtems, old or new,
with half an eye may ſee,
only found to diſagree.
Now to bring things to fair concluſion,
And ſave much Chriſtian ink's effuſion;
Let me propoſe a healing ſcheme,
And ſail along the middle ſtream:
For, Dick, if we could reconcile
Old Ariſtotle with Gaſſendus
How many would admire our toil?
And yet how few would comprehend us?
Here, Richard, let my ſcheme commence,
Oh! may my words be loſt in ſenſe;
While pleas'd Thalia deigns to write
The ſlips and bounds of Alma's flight.
My ſimple ſyſtem ſhall ſuppoſe
That Alma enters at the toes;
That then ſhe mounts by juſt degrees
Up to the ancles, legs, and knees;
Next as the ſap of life does riſe,
She lends her vigour to the thighs;
And all theſe under regions paſt,
She neſtles ſomewhere near the waſte:
Gives pain or pleaſure, grief or laughter;
As we ſhall ſhow at large hereafter.
Mature, if not improv'd by time
Up to the heart ſhe loves to climb:
From thence, compell'd by craft and age,
She made the head her lateſt ſtage.

From the feet upward to the head;
Pithy, and ſhort, ſays Dick: proceed.
Dick, this is not an idle notion:
Obſerve the progreſs of the motion:
Firſt I demonſtratively prove,
That feet were only made to move;
And legs deſire to come and go:
For they have nothing elſe to do.
Hence, long before the child can crawl,
He learns to kick, and wince, and ſprawl:
To hinder which, your midwife knows
To bind thoſe parts extremely cloſe;
Leſt Alma newly enter'd in,
And ſtunn'd at her own chriſt'ning's din,
Fearful of future grief and pain,
Should ſilently ſneak out again.
Full piteous ſeems young Alma's caſe:
As in a luckleſs gameſter's place,
She would not play, yet muſt not paſs.
Again as ſhe grows ſomething ſtronger,
And maſter's feet are ſwath'd no longer,
If in the night too oft he kicks,
Or ſhows his loco-motive tricks;
Theſe firſt aſſaults fat Kate repays him.
When half-aſleep ſhe overlays him.
Now mark, dear Richard, from the age,
That children tread this worldly ſtage,
Broom-ſtaff or pocker they beſtride,
And round the parlour love to ride;

'Till thoughtful father's pious care
Provides his brood, next Smithfield fair,
With ſupplemental hobby horſes;
And happy be their infant courſes!
Hence for ſome years they ne'er ſtand ſtill:
Their legs, you ſee, direct their will.
From opening morn till ſetting ſun,
Around the fields and woods they run:
They friſk, and dance, and leap, and play;
Nor heed, what Friend or Snape can ſay.
To her next ſtage as Alma flies,
And likes, as I have ſaid the thighs:
With ſympathetic pow'r ſhe warms
Their good allies and friends, the arms.
While Betty dances on the green,
And Suſan is at ſtool ball ſeen:
While John for nine-pins does declare;
And Roger loves to pitch the bar;
Both legs and arms ſpontaneous move:
Which was the thing I meant to prove.
Another motion now ſhe makes:
O need I name the ſeat ſhe takes?
His thought quit chang'd the ſtripling finds;
The ſport and race no more he minds:
Neglected Tray and Pointer lie:
And covies unmoleſted fly.
Sudden the jocund plain he leaves;
And for the nymph in ſecret grieves.
In dying accents he complains
Of cruel fires, and raging pains.

The nymph too longs to be alone;
Leaves all the ſwains and ſighs for one.
The nymph is warm'd with young deſire;
And feels, and dies to quench his fire.
They meet each evening in the grove:
Their parley but augments their love.
So to the prieſt their caſe they tell:
He ties the knot; and all goes well.

But, O my muſe, juſt diſtance keep:
Thou art a maid, and muſt not peep.
In nine months time the boddice looſe,
And petticoats too ſhort diſcloſe,
That at this age the active mind
About the waſte lies moſt confin'd;
And that young life, and quick'ning ſenſe
Spring from his influence darted thence.
So from the middle of the world
The ſun's prolific rays are hurl'd:
'Tis from that ſeat he darts thoſe beams,
Which quicken earth with genial flames.

Dick, who thus long had paſſive ſat,
Here ſtroak'd his chin, and cock'd his hat;
Then ſlapp'd his hand upon the board;
And thus the youth put in his word.
Love's advocates, ſweet ſir, would find him
A higer place than you aſſign'd him.
Love's advocates. Dick, who are thoſe?
The poets, you may well ſuppoſe.
I'm ſorry, ſir, you have diſcarded
The men, with whom till now you herded.

Proſe-men alone for private ends,
I thought, forſook their ancient friends.
In cor ſtillavit, cries Lucretius;
If he may be allow'd to teach us.
The ſelf-ſame thing ſoft Ovid ſays,
(A proper judge in ſuch a caſe.)
Horace his phraſe is *torret jecur*;
And happy was that curious ſpeaker.
Here Virgil too has plac'd his paſſion:
What ſignifies too long quotation?
In ode and epic plain the caſe is,
That love holds one of theſe two places.
Dick, without paſſion or reflection,
I'll ſtraight demolish this objection.
Firſt poets, all the world agrees,
Write half to profit, half to pleaſe.
Matter and figure they produce:
For garniſh this, and that for uſe;
And, in the ſtructure of their feaſts,
They ſeek to feed, and pleaſe their gueſts;
But one may balk this good intent,
And take things otherwiſe than meant.
Thus, if you dine with my Lord May'r,
Roaſt-beef and ven'ſon is your fare:
Thence you proceed to ſwan and buſtard,
And perſevere in tart, and cuſtard:
But tulip-leaves, and lemon-peel
Help only to adorn the meal:
And painted flags, ſuperb and neat,
Proclaim you welcome to the treat.

The man of ſenſe his meat devours;
But only ſmells the peel, and flow'rs:
And he muſt be an idle dreamer,
Who leaves the pie, and gnaws the ſtreamer.

That Cupid goes with bow and arrows,
And Venus keeps her coach and ſparrows,
Is all but emblem to acquaint one,
The ſon is ſharp, the mother wanton.
Such images have ſometimes ſhown
A myſtic ſenſe, but oftner none.
For who conceives, what bards deviſe,
That heav'n is plac'd in Celia's eyes,
Or where's the ſenſe, direct or moral,
That teeth are pearl, or lips are coral?
Your Horace owns, he various writ,
As wild, or ſober maggots bit:
And, where too much the poet ranted,
The ſage philoſopher recanted.
His grave Epiſtles may diſprove
The wanton Odes he made to Love.

Lucretius keeps a mighty pother
With Cupid, and his fancy'd mother:
Calls her great queen of earth and air;
Declares, that winds and ſeas obey her;
And, while her honour he rehearſes,
Implores her to inſpire his verſes.

Yet, free from this poetic madneſs,
Next page he ſays in ſober ſadneſs,
That ſhe and all her fellow-gods
Sit idling in their high abodes,

Regardleſs of this world below,
Our health or hanging, well or woe;
Nor once diſturb their heav'nly ſpirits
With Scapin's cheats, or Caeſar's merits.
Nor e'er can Latin poets prove,
Where lies the real ſeat of love.
Jecur they burn, and Cor they pierce,
As either beſt ſupplies their verſe:
And, if folks aſk the reaſon for't,
Say, one was long, and t'other ſhort.
Thus, I preſume, the Britiſh muſe,
May take the freedom ſtrangers uſe.
In proſe our property is greater:
Why ſhould it then be leſs in metre?
If Cupid throws a ſingle dart;
We make him wound the lover's heart:
But if he takes his bow, and quiver;
'Tis ſure he muſt transfix the liver:
For rhime with reaſon may diſpenſe:
And ſound has right to govern ſenſe.
But let you friends in verſe ſuppoſe,
What ne'er ſhall be allow'd in proſe;
Anatomiſts can make it clear,
The Liver minds his own affair:
Kindly ſupplies our public uſes;
And parts and ſtrains the vital juices;
Still lays ſome uſeful bile aſide,
To tinge the chyle's inſipid tide:
Elſe we ſhould want both gibe and ſatyr;
And all be burſt with pure good nature.

Now gall is bitter with a witneſs;
And love is all delight and ſweetneſs:
My logic then has loſt its aim,
If ſweet and bitter be the ſame:
And, he, methinks, is no great ſcholar,
Who can miſtake deſire for choler.
The like may of the heart be ſaid;
Courage and terror there are bred.
All thoſe, whoſe hearts are looſe and low,
Start, if they hear but the tattoo:
And mighty phyſical their fear is,
For, ſoon as noiſe of combat near is,
Their heart, deſcending to their breeches,
Muſt give their ſtomach cruel twitches.
But heroes who o'ercome or die,
Have their hearts hung extremely high:
The ſtrings of which, in battle's heat,
Againſt their very corſlets beat;
Keep time with their own trumpet's meaſure;
And yield 'em moſt exceſſive pleaſure.
Now if 'tis chiefly in the heart,
That courage does itſelf exert;
'Twill be prodigious hard to prove,
That this is eke the throne of love.
Would nature make one place the ſeat
Of fond deſire, and fell debate?
Moſt people only take delight in
Thoſe hours, when they are tir'd with fighting?
And has no man, but who has kill'd
A father, right to get a child?

Theſe notions then I think but idle:
And love ſhall ſtill poſſeſs the middle.
This truth more plainly to diſcover,
Suppoſe your hero were a lover.
Tho' he before had gall and rage,
Which death, or conqueſt muſt aſſwage;
He grows diſpirited and low:
He hates the fight, and ſhuns the foe.
In ſcornful ſloth Achilles ſlept;
And for his wench, like Tall-boy, wept:
Nor would return to war and ſlaughter;
'Till they brought back the parſon's daughter.
Antonius fled from Actium's coaſt,
Auguſtus preſſing, Aſia loſt:
His ſails by Cupid's hand unfurl'd,
To keep the fair, he gave the world.
Edward our fourth, rever'd and crown'd,
Vig'rous in youth, in arms renown'd;
While England's voice, and Warwick's care
Deſign'd him Gallia's beauteous heir;
Chang'd peace and pow'r for rage and wars,
Only to dry one widow's tears.
France's fourth Henry we may ſee,
A ſervant to the fair d'Eſtree;
When quitting Coutras proſp'rous field,
And fortune taught at length to yield,
He from his guards and midnight tent,
Diſguis'd o'er hills and vallies went,
To wanton with the ſprightly dame;
And in his pleaſure loſt his fame.

Bold is the critic, who dares prove,
Theſe heroes were no friends to love;
And bolder he, who dares aver,
That they were enemies to war.
Yet, when their thoughts ſhould, now or never,
Have rais'd their Heart, or fir'd their Liver;
Fond Alma to thoſe parts was gone,
Which Love more juſtly calls his own.
Examples I could cite you more;
But be contented with theſe four:
For when one's proofs are aptly choſen;
Four are as valid as four dozen.
One came from Greece, and one from Rome;
The other two grew nearer home.
For ſome in ancient books delight,
Others prefer what moderns write;
Now I ſhould be extremely loth,
Not to be thought expert in both.

THE SECOND CANTO.

BUT ſhall we take the muſe abroad,
To drop her idly on the road?
And leave our ſubject in the middle,
As Butler did his bear and fiddle?
Yet he, conſummate maſter, knew
When to recede, and where purſue:
His noble negligences teach,
What others toils deſpair to reach.

He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope,
And balances your fear and hope:
If after ſome diſtinguiſh'd leap,
He drops his pole, and ſeems to ſlip;
Straight gath'ring all his active ſtrength,
He riſes higher half his length.
With wonder you approve his flight;
And owe your pleaſure to your fright.
But like poor Andrew, I advance,
Falſe mimic of my maſter's dance:
Around the cord a while I ſprawl;
And thence, tho' low, in earneſt fall.
My preface tells you, I digreſs'd:
He's half abſolv'd who has confeſs'd.
I like, quoth Dick, your ſimile;
And in return, take two from me.
As maſters in the Clare obſcure,
With various light your eyes allure:
A flaming yellow here they ſpread;
Draw off in blue, or charge in red:
Yet from theſe colours oddly mix'd,
Your ſight upon the whole is fix'd.
Or as, again, your courtly dames
(Whoſe cloaths returning birth-day claims)
By arts improve the ſtuffs they vary;
And things are beſt as moſt contrary.
The gown with ſtiff embroid'ry ſhining,
Looks charming with a ſlighter lining:
The out, if Indian figures ſtain;
The in-ſide muſt be rich and plain.

So you, great authors, have thought fit,
To make digreſſion temper wit:
When arguments too fiercely glare,
You calm 'em with a milder air:
To break their points, you turn their force;
And furbelow the plain diſcourſe.
Richard, quoth Mat, theſe words of thine
Speak ſomething ſly, and ſomething fine:
But I ſhall e'en reſume my theme;
However thou may'ſt praiſe, or blame.
As people marry now, and ſettle;
Fierce love abates his uſual mettle:
Worldly deſires, and houſehold cares
Diſturb the godhead's ſoft affairs:
So now, as health or temper changes,
In larger compaſs Alma ranges,
This day below, the next above;
As light or ſolid whimſies move.
So merchant has his houſe in town,
And country ſeat near Bonſted down:
From one he dates his foreign letters,
Sends out his goods, and duns his debtors:
In t'other, at his hours of leiſure,
He ſmoaks his pipe, and takes his pleaſure.
And now your matrimonial Cupid,
Laſh'd on by time, grows tir'd and ſtupid.
For ſtory and experience tell us,
That man grows cold, and woman jealous.
Both would their little ends ſecure:
He ſighs for freedom, ſhe for pow'r.

His wishes tend abroad to roam;
And hers, to domineer at home.
Thus passion flags by slow degrees;
And ruffled more, delighted less,
The busy mind does seldom go
To those once charming seats below:
But in the breast incamp'd, prepares
For well-bred feints, and future wars.
The man suspects his lady's crying
(When he last autumn lay a-dying)
Was but to gain him to appoint her
By codicil a larger jointure.
The woman finds it all a trick,
That he could swoon, when she was sick;
And knows, that in that grief he reckon'd
On black-ey'd Susan for his second.

Thus having strove some tedious years
With feign'd desires, and real fears;
And tir'd with answers and replies,
Of John affirms, and Martha lies;
Leaving this endless altercation,
The mind affects a higher station.

Poltis, that gen'rous king of Thrace,
I think, was in this very case.
All Asia now was by the ears:
And gods beat up for volunteers
To Greece and Troy; while Poltis sat
In quiet, governing his state.
And whence, said the pacific king,
Does all this noise and discord spring?

Why, Paris took Atrides' wife——
With eaſe I could compoſe this ſtrife:
The injur'd hero ſhould not loſe,
Nor the young lover want a ſpouſe:
But Helen chang'd her firſt condition,
Without her huſband's juſt permiſſion.
What from the dame can Paris hope?
She may as well from him elope.
Again, how can her old good-man
With honour take her back again?
From hence I logically gather
The woman cannot live with either.
Now I have two right honeſt wives,
For whoſe poſſeſſion no man ſtrives:
One to Atrides I will ſend;
And t'other to my Trojan friend.
Each prince ſhall thus with honour have,
What both ſo warmly ſeem to crave:
The wrath of gods and man ſhall ceaſe;
And Poltis live and die in peace.
Dick, if this ſtory pleaſeth thee,
Pray thank Dan Pope, who told it me.
Howe'er ſwift Alma's flight may vary,
(Take this by way of corollary:)
Some limbs ſhe finds the very ſame,
In place, and dignity, and name:
Theſe dwell at ſuch convenient diſtance,
That each may give his friend aſſiſtance.
Thus he who runs or dances, begs
The equal vigour of two legs;

So much to both does Alma truſt,
She ne'er regards, which goes the firſt.
Teague could make neither of them ſtay,
When with himſelf he ran away.
The man who ſtruggles in the fight,
Fatigues left arm as well as right:
For whilſt one hand exalts the blow,
And on the earth extends the foe;
T'other would take it wond'rous ill,
If in your pocket he lay ſtill.
And when you ſhoot, and ſhut one eye,
You cannot think, he would deny
To lend the t'other friendly aid,
Or wink, as coward, and afraid.
No, Sir; whilſt he withdraws his flame;
His comrade takes the ſurer aim.
One moment of his beams recede;
As ſoon as e'er the bird is dead,
Opening again, he lays his claim
To half the profit, half the fame;
And helps to pocket up the game.
'Tis thus one tradeſman ſlips away,
To give his partner fairer play.

Some limbs again in bulk or ſtature
Unlike, and not a-kin by nature,
In concert act, like modern friends;
Becauſe one ſerves the t'other's ends.
The arm thus waits upon the heart,
So quick to take the bully's part;

That one, though one, decides more ſlow
Than t'other executes the blow.
A ſtander-by may chance to have it,
Ere Hack himſelf perceives he gave it.
The am'rous eyes thus always go
A-ſtrolling for their friends below:
For long before the 'ſquire and dame
Have *tete a tete* reliev'd their flame;
Ere viſits yet are brought about,
The eye by ſympathy looks out:
Knows Florimel, and longs to meet her:
And, if he ſees, is ſure to greet her,
Tho' at ſaſh window, on the ſtairs,
At court, nay (authors ſay) at pray'rs——
The funeral of ſome valiant knight
May give this thing its proper light.
View his two gantlets: theſe declare
That both his hands were us'd to war.
And from his two gilt ſpurs 'tis learn'd,
His feet were equally concern'd.
But have you not with thought beheld
The ſword hang dangling o'er the ſheild?
Which ſhows the breaſt, that plate was us'd to,
Had an ally right arm to truſt to:
And by the peep-holes in his creſt,
Is it not virtually confeſt,
That there his eyes took diſtant aim,
And glanc'd reſpect to that bright dame,
In whoſe delight his hope was center'd,
And for whoſe glove his life he ventur'd?

Objections to my general ſyſtem
May riſe perhaps; and I have miſt them:
But I can call to my aſſiſtance
Proximity (mark that!) and diſtance:
Can prove, that all things, on occaſion,
Love union, and deſire adheſion;
That Alma merely is a ſcale;
And motives, like the weights prevail.
If neither ſide turn down or up,
With loſs or gain, with fear or hope;
The balance always would hang ev'n,
Like Mah'met's tomb, 'twixt earth and heav'n.
This, Richard, is a curious caſe:
Suppoſe your eyes ſet equal rays,
Upon two diſtant pots of ale,
Not knowing, which was mild or ſtale:
In this ſad ſtate your doubtful choice
Would never have the caſting voice:
Which beſt or worſt, you could not think;
And die you muſt for want of drink;
Unleſs ſome chance inclines your ſight,
Setting one pot in fairer light;
Then you prefer or A, or B,
As lines and angels beſt agree:
Your ſenſe reſolv'd impells your will:
She guides your hand,——So drink your fill.
Have you not ſeen a baker's maid
Between two equal panniers ſway'd?
Her tallies uſeleſs lie, and idle,
If plac'd exactly in the middle:

But forc'd from this unactive ſtate,
By virtue of ſome caſual weight;
On either ſide ye hear 'em clatter,
And judge of right and left hand matter.
Now, Richard, this coercive force,
Without your choice, muſt take its courſe,
Great kings to wars are pointed forth,
Like loaded needles to the north.
And thou and I, by pow'r unſeen,
Are barely paſſive, and ſuck'd in
To Henault's vaults, or Celia's chamber,
As ſtraw and paper are by amber.
If we ſit down to play or ſet
(Suppoſe at Ombre or Baſſet)
Let people call us cheats or fools;
Our cards and we are equal tools.
We ſure in vain the cards condemn:
Ourſelves both cut and ſhuffl'd them.
In vain on fortune's aid rely:
She only is a ſtander by.
Poor men! poor papers! we and they
Do ſome impulſive force obey;
And are but play'd with—Do not play.
But ſpace and matter we ſhould blame;
They palm'd the trick that loſt the game.
Thus to ſave further contradiction,
Againſt what you may think but fiction:
I for attraction, Dick, declare:
Deny it thoſe bold men that dare.

As well your motion, as your thought
Is all by hidden impulſe wrought:
Ev'n ſaying, that you think or walk,
How like a country 'ſquire you talk?
Mark then;—where fancy or deſire
Collects the beams of vital fire;
Into that limb fair Alma ſlides,
And there, *pro tempore*, reſides.
She dwells in Nicholini's tongue,
When Pyrrhus chants the heav'nly ſong:
When Pedro does the lute command,
She guides the cunning artiſt's hand.
Thro' Macer's gullet ſhe runs down,
When the vile glutton dines alone.
And void of modeſty and thought,
She follows Bibo's endleſs draught.
Thro' the ſoft ſex again ſhe ranges;
As youth, caprice, or faſhion changes.
Fair Alma careleſs and ſerene,
In Fanny's ſprightly eyes is ſeen;
While they diffuſe their infant beams,
Themſelves not conſcious of their flames.
Again fair Alma ſits confeſt,
On Florimel's experter breaſt;
When ſhe the riſing ſigh conſtrains,
And by concealing ſpeaks her pains.
In Cynthia's neck fair Alma glows,
When the vain thing her jewels ſhows:
When Jenny's ſtays are newly lac'd,
Fair Alma plays about her waſte;

And when the ſwelling hoop ſuſtains
The rich brocade, fair Alma deigns
Into that lower ſpace to enter
Of the large round, herſelf the centre.
Again: that ſingle limb or feature
(Such is the cogent force of nature)
Which moſt did Alma's paſſion move,
In the firſt object of her love,
For ever will be found conceſt,
And printed on the am'rous breaſt.
O Abelard, ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will juſtify this truth:
But well I weet thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's ſong.
Dan Pope for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern, and ſkill has weav'd
A ſilken web; and ne'er ſhall fade
Its colours gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy ſad diſtreſs:
And Venus ſhall the texture bleſs.
He o'er the weeping nun has drawn
Such artful folds of ſacred lawn;
That love with equal grief and pride,
Shall ſee the crime, he ſtrives to hide:
And ſoftly drawing back the veil,
The god ſhall to his vot'ries tell
Each conſcious tear, each bluſhing grace,
That deck'd dear Eloiſa's face.
Happy the poet, bleſt the lays,
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praiſe.

Next Dick, as youth and habits ſways,
A hundred gambols Alma plays.
If, whilſt a boy, Jack ran from ſchool,
Fond of his hunting-horn, and pole;
Tho' gout and age his ſpeed detain,
Old John halloos his hounds again:
By his fire-ſide he ſtarts the hare;
And turns her in his wicker chair:
His feet, however lame, you find,
Have got the better of his mind.
If while the mind was in her leg,
The dance affected nimble Peg;
Old Madge, bewitch'd at ſixty one,
Calls for Green Sleeves, and Jumping Joan.
In public maſk, or private ball,
From Lincoln's-Inn, to Goldſmith's-Hall,
All Chriſtmas long away ſhe trudges;
Trips it with prentices and judges:
In vain her children urge her ſtay;
And age or palſy bar the way.
But if thoſe images prevail,
Which whilom did affect the tail;
She ſtill reviews the ancient ſcene;
Forgets the forty years between:
Awkwardly gay, and oddly merry,
Her ſcarf pale pink, her head-knot cherry:
O'er-heated with ideal rage,
She cheats her ſon, to wed her page.
If Alma, whilſt the man was young,
Slipp'd up too ſoon into his tongue:

Pleas'd with his own fantaſtic ſkill,
He lets that weapon ne'er lie ſtill.
On any point if you diſpute;
Depend upon it, he'll confute:
Change ſides; and you increaſe your pain:
For he'll confute you back again.
For one may ſpeak with Tully's tongue;
Yet all the while be in the wrong.
And 'tis remarkable, that they
Talk moſt, who have the leaſt to ſay.
Your dainty ſpeakers have the curſe,
To plead bad cauſes down to worſe:
As dames, who native beauty want,
Still uglier look, the more they paint.
Again: if in the female ſex,
Alma ſhould on this member fix;
(A cruel and a deſp'rate caſe,
From which heav'n ſhield my lovely laſs!)
For evermore all care is vain,
That would bring Alma down again.
As in habitual gout, or ſtone,
The only thing that can be done,
Is to correct your drink, and diet,
And keep the inward foe in quiet:
So, if for any ſins of ours,
Or our forefathers, higher powers,
Severe tho' juſt, afflict our life
With that prime ill, a talking wife;
'Till death ſhall bring the kind relief:
We muſt be patient, or be deaf.

You know, a certain lady, Dick,
Who ſaw me when I laſt was ſick:
She kindly talk'd, at leaſt three hours,
Of plaſtic forms, and mental pow'rs:
Deſcrib'd our pre-exiſting ſtation,
Before this vile terrene creation:
And leaſt I ſhould be weary'd, Madam,
To cut things ſhort, came down to Adam;
From whence, as faſt as ſhe was able,
She drowns the world, and builds up Babel:
Thro' Syria, Perſia, Greece ſhe goes;
And takes the Romans in the cloſe.
But we'll deſcant on gen'ral nature:
This is a ſyſtem, not a ſatyr.
Turn we this globe; and let us ſee,
How diff'rent nations diſagree,
In what we wear, or eat and drink;
Nay, Dick, perhaps in what we think.
In water as yon ſmell and taſte
The ſoils, thro' which it roſe and paſt;
In Alma's manners you may read
The place where ſhe was born and bred.
One people from their ſwaddling bands
Releas'd their infants feet and hands:
Here Alma to theſe limbs was brought;
And Sparta's offspring kick'd and fought.
Another taught their babes to talk,
Ere they cou'd yet in goe-carts walk:
There Alma ſettl'd in the tongue;
And orators from Athens ſprung.

Obſerve but in theſe neighb'ring lands,
The diff'rent uſe of mouths and hands:
As men repos'd their various hopes,
In battles theſe, and thoſe in tropes.
In Britain's iſles, as Heylin notes,
The ladies trip in petticoats:
Which, for the honour of their nation,
They quit but on ſome great occaſion.
Men there in breeches clad you view:
They claim that garment, as their due.
In Turkey the reverſe appears:
Long coats the haughty huſband wears:
And greets his wife with angry ſpeeches;
If ſhe be ſeen without her breeches.
In our fantaſtic climes the fair
With cleanly powder dry their hair:
And round their lovely breaſt and head
Freſh flowers their mingl'd odours ſhed.
Your nicer Hotentotes think meet,
With guts and tripe to deck their feet:
With down-caſt looks on Totta's legs,
The ogling youth moſt humbly begs,
She would not from his hopes remove
At once his breakfaſt, and his love:
And if the ſkittiſh nymph ſhould fly,
He in a double ſenſe muſt die.
We ſimple Toaſters take delight
To ſee our women's teeth look white,
And ev'ry ſaucy ill-bred fellow
Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow.

In China none hold women ſweet,
Except their ſnags are black as jet.
King Chihu put nine queens to death,
Convict on ſtatute, Iv'ry teeth.
At Tonquin if a prince ſhould die
(As Jeſuits write, who never lie)
The wife, and counſellor, and prieſt,
Who ſerv'd him moſt, and lov'd him beſt;
Prepare, and light his fun'ral fire,
And chearful on the pile expire.
In Europe 'twould be hard to find
In each degree one half ſo kind.
Now turn we to the fartheſt eaſt,
And there obſerve the gentry dreſt;
Prince Giolo, and his royal ſiſters,
Scar'd with ten thouſand comely bliſters;
The marks remaining on the ſkin,
To tell the quality within.
Diſtinguiſh'd ſlaſhes deck the great:
As each excels in birth, or ſtate;
His oylet-holes are more, and ampler:
The king's own body was a ſampler.
Happy the climate, where the beau
Wears the ſame ſuit for uſe, and ſhow:
And at a ſmall expence your wife,
If once well pink'd, is cloath'd for life.
Weſtward again the Indian fair
Is nicely ſmear'd with fat of bear:
Before you ſee, you ſmell your toaſt:
And ſweeteſt ſhe, who ſtinks the moſt.

The fineſt ſparks, and cleaneſt beaux,
Drip from the ſhoulders to the toes.
How ſleek their ſkins! their joints how eaſy!
There ſlovens only are not greaſy.
I mention'd diff'rent ways of breeding:
Begin we in our children's reading.
To Maſter John the Engliſh maid
A horn-book gives of ginger-bread:
And that the child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the letter:
Proceeding thus with vaſt delight,
He ſpells, and gnaws, from left to right.
But ſhew a Hebrew's hopeful ſon,
Where we ſuppoſe the book begun?
The child would thank you for your kindneſs,
And read quit backward from our Finis,
Devour he learning ne'er ſo faſt,
Great A would be reſerv'd the laſt.
An equal inſtance of this matter,
Is in the manners of a daughter.
In Europe, if a harmleſs maid,
By nature and by love betray'd,
Should ere a wife become a nurſe;
Her friends would look on her the worſe.
In China, Dampier's travels tell ye;
(Look in the index for Pagelli:)
Soon as the Britiſh ſhips unmoore,
And jolly long-boat rows to ſhore;
Down come the nobles of the land:
Each brings his daughter in his hand,

Beſeeching the imperious tar
To make her but one hour his care.
The tender mother ſtands affrighted,
Leſt her dear daughter ſhould be ſlighted:
And poor Miſs Yaya dreads the ſhame
Of going back the maid ſhe came.
Obſerve how cuſtom, Dick, compels
The lady that in Europe dwells:
After her tea ſhe ſlips away;
And what to do, one need not ſay.
Now ſee how great Pomonque's queen
Behav'd herſelf amongſt the men;
Pleas'd with her punch, the gallant ſoul
Firſt drank, then water'd in the bowl;
And ſprinkl'd in the Captain's face
The marks of her peculiar grace——
To cloſe this point, we need not roam
For inſtances ſo far from home.
What parts gay France from ſober Spain?
A little riſing rocky chain.
Of men born ſouth or north o'th'hill,
Thoſe ſeldom move; theſe ne'er ſtand ſtill.
Dick, you love maps, and may perceive
Rome not far diſtant from Geneve.
If the good Pope remains at home,
He's the firſt prince in Chriſtendom.
Chooſe then, good Pope, at home to ſtay:
Nor weſtward curious take thy way.
Thy way unhappy ſhould'ſt thou take
From Tiber's bank to Leman-lake;

Thou art an aged prieſt no more,
But a young flaring painted whore:
Thy ſex is loſt: thy town is gone,
No longer Rome, But Babylon.
That ſome few leagues ſhould make this change,
To men unlearn'd ſeems mighty ſtrange.
But need we, friend, inſiſt on this?
Since in the very Cantons Swiſs,
All your philoſophers agree,
And prove it plain, that one may be
A heretic, or true believer,
On this, or t'other ſide a river.
Here with an artful ſmile, quoth Dick,
Your proofs come mighty full and thick—
The bard on this extenſive chapter,
Wound up into poetic rapture,
Coutinu'd: Richard, caſt your eye
By night upon a winter ſky:
Caſt it by day-light on the ſtrand
Which compaſſes fair Albion's land:
If you can count the ſtars that glow
Above, or ſands that lie below;
Into theſe common places look,
Which from great authors I have took:
And count the proofs I have collected,
To have my writings well protected.
Theſe I lay by for time of need;
And thou may at thy leiſure read.
For ſtanding every critic's rage,
I fafely will to future age

My Syſtem, as a gift, bequeath,
Victorious over ſpight, and death.

THE THIRD CANTO.

RICHARD, who now was half a-ſleep,
Rous'd; nor would longer ſilence keep:
And ſenſe like this, in vocal breath
Broke from his twofold hedge of teeth.
Now if this phraſe too harſh be thought;
Pope, tell the world, 'tis not my fault.
Old Homer taught us thus to ſpeak;
If 'tis not ſenſe, at leaſt 'tis Greek.
As folks, quoth Richard, prone to leaſing
Say things at firſt, becauſe they're pleaſing;
Then prove what they have long aſſerted;
Nor care to have their lie deſerted:
'Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em;
And oft repeating, they believe 'em;
Or as again thoſe am'rous blades,
Who trifle with their mother's maids;
Tho' at the firſt their wild deſire,
Was but to quench a preſent fire:
Yet if the object of their love
Chance by Lucina's aid to prove;
They ſeldom let the bantling roar
In baſket, at a neighbour's door:
But by the flatt'ring glaſs of nature,
Viewing themſelves in Cake-bread's feature;

Wth ſcrious thought and care ſupport,
What only was begun in ſport.
Juſt ſo with you, my friend, it fares,
Who deal in philoſophic wares;
Atoms you cut; and forms you meaſure,
To gratify your private pleaſure;
'Till airy ſeeds of caſual wit
Do ſome fantaſtic birth beget:
And pleas'd to find your ſyſtem mended,
Beyond what you at firſt intended,
The happy whimſey you purſue;
'Till you at length believe it true.
Taught by your own deluſive art,
You fancy firſt, and then aſſert.
Quoth Matthew: Friend, as far as I
Thro' art or nature caſt my eye,
This axiom clearly I diſcern,
That one muſt teach, and t'other learn.
No fool Pythagoras was thought:
Whilſt he his weighty doctrines taught;
He made his liſt'ing ſcholars ſtand,
Their mouth ſtill cover'd with their hand;
Elſe, may be, ſome odd-thinking youth,
Leſs friend to doctrine than to truth,
Might have refus'd to let his ears
Attend the muſic of the ſpheres;
Deny'd all tranſmigrating ſcenes,
And introduc'd the uſe of beans.
From great Lucretius take his void;
And all the world is quite deſtroy'd.

Deny Des-Cart his ſubtil matter;
You leave him neither fire, nor water.
How oddly would Sir Iſaac look,
If you, in anſwer to his book,
Say in the front of your diſcourſe,
That things have no elaſtic force?
How could our chemic friends go on,
To find the philoſophic ſtone;
If you more pow'rful reaſons bring,
To prove, that there is no ſuch thing.
Your chiefs in ſciences and arts,
Have great contempt of Alma's parts.
They find, ſhe giddy is, or dull;
She doubts if things are void, or full:
And who ſhould be preſum'd to tell,
What ſhe herſelf ſhould ſee, or feel?
She doubts if two and two make four,
Tho' ſhe has told 'em ten times o'er.
It can't ——it may be ——and it muſt:
To which of theſe muſt Alma truſt?
Nay further yet they make her go,
In doubting, if ſhe doubts, or no.
Can ſyllogiſm ſet things right;
No: majors ſoon with minors fight:
Or, both in friendly conſort join'd,
The conſequence limps falſe behind.
So to ſome cunning-man ſhe goes,
And aſks of him, how much ſhe knows.
With patience grave he hears her ſpeak;
And from his ſhort notes, gives her back

What from her tale he comprehended:
Thus the diſpute is wiſely ended.
From the account the loſer brings,
The conj'rer knows, who ſtole the things.
'Squire (interrupted Dick) ſince when
Were you amongſt theſe cunning-men?
Dear Dick, quoth Mat, let not thy force
Of eloquence ſpoil my diſcourſe.
I tell thee, this is Alma's caſe,
Still aſking, what ſome wiſe-man ſays,
Who does his mind in words reveal,
Which all muſt grant; tho' few can ſpell.
You tell your doctor, that y'are ill:
And what does he, but write a bill,
Of which you need not read one letter?
The worſe the ſcrawl, the doſe the better.
For if you knew but what you take;
Tho' you recover, he muſt break.
Ideas, forms, and intellects
Have furniſh'd out three different ſects.
Subſtance, or accidents divides
All Europe into adverſe ſides.
Now, as engag'd in arms or laws,
You muſt have friends to back your cauſe:
In philoſophic matters ſo
Your judgment muſt with others go.
For as in ſenates, ſo in ſchools,
Majority of voices rules.
Poor Alma, like a lonely deer,
O'er hills and dales does doubtful err:

With panting haſte, and quick ſurpriſe,
From ev'ry leaf that ſtirs, ſhe flies;
'Till mingl'd with the neighb'ring herd,
She ſlights what erſt ſhe ſingly fear'd,
And now, exempt from doubt and dread,
She dares purſue; if they dare lead:
As their example ſtill prevails;
She tempts the ſtream, or leaps the pales.
He then, quoth Dick, who by your rule
Thinks for himſelf, becomes a fool.
As party-man, who leaves the reſt,
Is call'd but whimſical at beſt.
Now, by your favour, maſter Mat,
Like Ralpho, here I ſmell a rat.
I muſt be liſted in your ſect;
Who, tho' they teach not, can protect.
Right, Richard, Mat in triumph cry'd:
So put off all miſtruſt and pride.
And while my principles I beg;
Pray anſwer only with your leg.
Believe what friendly I adviſe:
Be firſt ſecure; and then be wiſe.
The man within the coach that ſits,
And to another's ſkill ſubmits,
Is ſafer much (whate'er arrives)
And warmer too, than he that drives.
So, Dick adept, tuck back thy hair;
And I will pour into thy ear
Remarks, which none did e'er diſcloſe,
In ſmooth-pac'd verſe, or hobbling proſe.

Attend, dear Dick; but don't reply:
And thou may'ſt prove as wiſe as I.
When Alma now in diff'rent ages,
Has finiſh'd her aſcending ſtages;
Into the head at length ſhe gets,
And there in public grandeur ſits,
To judge of things, and cenſure wits.
Here, Richard, who could I explain,
The various lab'rinths of the brain?
Surpriſe my readers, whilſt I tell 'em
Of *cerebrum*, and *cerebellum*?
How could I play the commentator,
On *dura*, and on *pia-mater*?
Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,
Strive each the other's place to get;
And with inceſſant toil and ſtrife,
Would keep poſſeſſion during life.
I could demonſtrate every pore,
Where mem'ry lays up all her ſtore;
And to an inch compute the ſtation,
'Twixt judgment and imagination.
O friend! I could diſplay much learning,
At leaſt to men of ſmall diſcerning.
The brain contains ten thouſand cells:
In each ſome active fancy dwells;
Which always is at work, and framing
The ſeveral follies I was naming.
As in a hive's vimineous dome,
Ten thouſand bees enjoy their home;

Each does her ſtudious action vary,
To go and come, to fetch and carry:
Each ſtill renews her little labour;
Nor juſtles her aſſiduous neighbour:
Each——whilſt this theſis I maintain;
I fancy Dick, I know thy brain.
O with the mighty theme affected,
Could I but ſee thy head diſſected!
My head, quoth Dick, to ſerve your whim?
Spare that, and take ſome other limb.
Sir, in your nice affairs of ſyſtem,
Wiſe men propoſe: but fools aſſiſt 'em.
Says Matthew: Richard keep thy head,
And hold thy peace; and I'll proceed.
Proceed? quoth Dick: Sir, I aver,
You have already gone too far
When people once are in the wrong;
Each line they add, is much too long.
Who faſteſt walks, but walks aſtray,
Is only furtheſt from his way.
Bleſs your conceits! muſt I believe,
Howe'er abſurd, what you conceive:
And, for your friendſhip, live and die
A papiſt in philoſophy?
I ſay, whatever you maintain
Of Alma in the heart or brain;
The plaineſt man alive may tell ye,
Her ſeat of empire, is the belly:
From hence ſhe ſends out thoſe ſupplies,
Which makes us either ſtout or wiſe:

The ſtrength of ev'ry other member,
Is founded on your belly timber:
The qualms or raptures of your blood
Riſe in proportion to your food:
And if you wou'd improve your thought:
You muſt be fed as well as taught.
Your ſtomach makes your fabric roll;
Juſt as the biaſs rules the bowl.
That great Achilles might employ
The ſtrength, deſign'd to ruin Troy:
He din'd on lion's marrow, ſpread
On toaſts of ammunition bread:
But by his mother ſent away,
Amongſt the Thracian girls to play,
Effeminate he ſat, and quiet;
Strange product of a cheeſe-cake diet!
Now give my argument fair play;
And take the thing the other way:
The youngſter, who at nine and three
Drinks with his ſiſters milk and tea,
From break-faſt reads 'till twelve o'clock,
Burnet and Heylin, Hobbes and Locke;
He pays due viſits after noon
To couſin Alice, and uncle John:
At ten from coffee-houſe or play
Returning, finiſhes the day.
But give him Port, and potent ſack;
From Milk-ſop he ſtarts up mohack:
Holds that the happy know no hours;
So through the ſtreet at midnight ſcours:

Breaks watch-men's heads, and chair-men's glaſſes;
And thence proceeds to nicking ſaſhes:
'Till by ſome tougher hand o'ercome,
And firſt knock'd down and then led home;
He damns the footman, ſtrikes the maid,
And decently reels up to bed.
Obſerve the various operations
Of food, and drink in ſeveral nations.
Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel,
Upon the ſtrength of water-gruel?
But who ſhall ſtand his rage and force;
If firſt he rides, then eats his horſe?
Sallads, and eggs, and lighter fare
Tune the Italian ſpark's guitar.
And, if I take Dan Congreve right;
Pudding and beef make Britons fight.
Tokay and coffee cauſe this work,
Between the German and the Turk:
And both, as they proviſions want,
Chicane, avoid, retire, and faint.
  Hunger and thirſt, or guns and ſwords
Give the ſame death in diff'rent words.
To puſh this argument on further;
To ſtarve a man, in law, is murder.
  As in a watch's fine machine,
Tho' many artful ſprings are ſeen;
The added movements which declare
How full the moon, how old the year,
Derive their ſecondary pow'r
From that, which ſimply points the hour.

For, tho' theſe gim-cracks were away
(Quare would not ſwear; but Quare would ſay)
However more reduc'd and plain,
The watch would ſtill a watch remain:
But if the horal orbit ceaſes;
The whole ſtands ſtill, or breaks to pieces:
Is now no longer what it was;
And you may e'en go ſell the caſe:
So if unprejudic'd you ſcan
The goings of this clock-work, man;
You find a hundred movements made
By fine devices in his head:
But 'tis the ſtomach's ſolid ſtroke,
That tells his being, what's o'clock.
If you take off his rhet'ric-trigger;
He talks no more in mode and figure:
Or clog his mathematic-wheel;
His buildings fall; his ſhip ſtands ſtill.
Or laſtly, break his politic-weight;
His voice no longer rules the ſtate.
Yet if theſe finer whims were gone;
Your clock, tho' plain, would ſtill go on,
But ſpoil the engine of digeſtion;
And you entirely change the queſtion.
Alma's affairs no power can mend;
The jeſt alas! is at an end:
Soon ceaſes all this worldly buſtle;
And you conſign the corps to Ruſſel.
Now make your Alma come or go
From leg to hand, from top to toe;

Your ſyſtem, without my addition,
Is in a very ſad condition.
So Harlequin extoll'd his horſe,
Fit for the war. or road, or courſe;
His mouth was ſoft his eye was good:
His foot was ſure as ever trod:
One fault he had, a fault indeed;
And what was that? the horſe was dead.
Dick, from theſe inſtances and ſetches,
Thou mak'ſt of horſes, clocks, and watches,
Quoth Mat, to me thou ſeem'ſt to mean,
That Alma is a mere machine:
That telling others what's a clock,
She knows not what herſelf has ſtruck;
But leaves to ſtanders by the trial,
Of what is mark'd upon her dial.
Here hold a blow, good friend, quoth Dick
And rais'd his voice exceeding quick:
Fight fair, Sir: what I never meant
Don't you infer. In argument
Similies are like ſongs in love:
They much deſcribe; they nothing prove.
Mat, who was here a little gravell'd;
Toſt up his noſe, and would have cavil'd
But, calling Hermes to his aid,
Half pleas'd, half angry, thus he ſaid:
Where mind ('tis for the author's fame)
That Matthew call'd, and Hermes came
In danger heroes, and in doubt
Poets find gods to help them out.

Friend Richard, I begin to ſee,
That you and I ſhall ſcarce agree.
Obſerve how oddly you behave:
The more I grant the more you crave.
But, comrade, as I ſaid juſt now,
I ſhould affirm, and you allow.
We ſyſtem-makers can ſuſtain
The theſis, which you grant was plain;
And with remarks and comments teaze ye;
In caſe the thing before was eaſy.
But in a point obſcure and dark,
We fight as Leibnitz did with Clarke;
And when no reaſon we can ſhow,
Why matters this or that way go,
The ſhorteſt way the thing we try,
And what we know not, we deny:
True to our own o'erbearing pride,
And falſe to all the world beſide.
That old philoſopher grew croſs,
Who could not tell what motion was:
Becauſe he walk'd againſt his will;
He fac'd men down, that he ſtood ſtill.
And he who reading on the heart
(When all his *quodlibets* of art
Could not expound its pulſe and heat)
Swore, he had never felt it beat.
Chryſippus, foil'd by Epicurus,
Makes bold (Jove bleſs him!) to aſſure us,
That all things which our mind can view,
May be at once both falſe, and true.

And Malebranche has an odd conceit,
As ever enter'd Frenchman's pate:
Says he, ſo little can our mind
Of matter, or of ſpirit find,
That we, by gueſs, at leaſt, may gather
Something, which may be both, or neither.
Faith, Dick, I muſt confeſs, 'tis true
(But this is only *entre nous*)
That many knotty points there are,
Which all diſcuſs, but few can clear.
As nature ſtily had thought fit,
For ſome by-ends, to croſs-bite wit.
Circles to ſquare, and cubes to double,
Would give a man exceſſive trouble:
The longitude uncertain roams,
In ſpite of Whiſton and his bombs.
What ſyſtem, Dick, has right aver'd
The cauſe, why woman has no beard;
Or why, as years, our frame attack,
Our hair grows white, our teeth grow black?
In points like theſe, we muſt agree,
Our barber knows as much as we.
Yet ſtill unable to explain,
We muſt perſiſt the beſt we can;
With care our ſyſtems ſtill renew,
And prove things likely, tho' not true.
I could, thou ſeeſt, in quaint diſpute,
By dint of logic ſtrike thee mute;
With learned ſkill, now puſh, now parry,
From Darii to Bocardo vary,

And never yield, or what is worſt,
Never conclude the point diſcours'd.
Yet, that you *hic et nunc* may know,
How much you to my candor owe;
I'll from the diſputant deſcend,
To ſhow thee, I aſſume the friend:
I'll take thy notion for my own ——
(So moſt philoſophers have done)
It makes my ſyſtem more compleat:
Dick, can it have a nobler fate?
Take what thou wilt, ſaid Dick, dear friend;
But bring thy matters to an end.

I find, quoth Mat, reproof is vain:
Who firſt offend will firſt complain.
Thou wiſheſt. I would make to ſhore;
Yet ſtill put'ſt in thy thwarting oar.
What I have told thee fifty times
In proſe, receive for once in rhimes:
A huge fat man in country-fair,
Or city-church (no matter where)
Labour'd and puſh'd amidſt the croud,
Still bauling out extremely loud;
Lord ſave us! why do people preſs!
Another marking his diſtreſs,
Friendly reply'd; plump gentleman,
Get out as faſt as e'er you can:
Or ceaſe to puſh, or to exclaim:
You make the very croud you blame.

Says Dick, your moral does not need
The leaſt return; ſo e'en proceed:

Your tale, howe'er apply'd was ſhort;
So far at leaſt, I thank you for't
Mat took his thanks, and in a tone
More magiſterial, thus went on.
Now Alma ſettles in the head:
As has before been ſung, or ſaid:
And here begins this farce of life;
Enter revenge, ambition, ſtrife:
Behold on both ſides men advance,
To form in earneſt Bays's dance.
L'Avare not uſing half his ſtore,
Still grumbles, that he has no more;
Strikes not the preſent tun, for fear
The vintage ſhould be had next year:
And eats to-day with inward ſorrow,
And dread of fancy'd want to-morrow.
Abroad if the Sur-tout you wear
Repells the rigour of the air;
Would you be warmer, if at home
You had the fabric, and the loom?
And if two boots keep out the weather;
What need you have two hides of leather?
Could Pedro, think you, make no trial
Of a Sonata on his viol,
Unleſs he had the total gut,
Whence every ſtring at firſt was cut?
When Rarus ſhows you his carton;
He always tells you with a groan,
Where two of that ſame hand were torn,
Long before you, or he was born.

Poor Vento's mind ſo much is croſt,
For part of his Petronius loſt;
That he can never take the pains
To underſtand what yet remains.
What toil did honeſt Curio take?
What ſtrict inquiries did he make,
To get one medal wanting yet,
And perfect all his Roman ſett?
'Tis found: and O his happy lot!
'Tis bought, lock'd up and lies forgot:
Of theſe no more you hear him ſpeak:
He now begins upon the Greek.
Theſe rang'd and ſhow'd, ſhall in their turns
Remain obſcure, as in their urns.
My copper-lamps at any rate,
For being true antique, I bought;
Yet wiſely melted down my plate,
On modern models to be wrought:
And trifles I alike purſue;
Becauſe they're old; becauſe they're new.
Dick, I have ſeen you with delight,
For Georgy make a paper-kite.
And ſimple odes too many ſhow ye:
My ſervile complaiſance to Cloe.
Parents and lovers are decreed
By nature fools——That's brave indeed!
Quoth Dick: ſuch truths are worth receiving:
Yet ſtill Dick look'd as not believing.
Now, Alma, to divines and proſe
I leave thy frauds, and crimes, and woes;

Nor think to-night of thy ill-nature,
But of thy follies, idle creature,
The turns of thy uncertain wing,
And not the malice of thy ſting:
Thy pride of being great and wiſe,
I do but mention, to deſpiſe.
I view with anger and diſdain,
How little gives thee joy or pain:
A print, a bronze, a flow'r, a root,
A ſhell, a butter-fly can do't.
Ev'n a romance, a tune, a rhime
Help thee to paſs the tedious time,
Which elſe would on thy hand remain:
Tho' flown it ne'er looks back again.
And cards are dealt, and cheſs-boards brought,
To eaſe the pain of coward-thought.
Happy reſult of human wit!
That Alma may her ſelf forget.
Dick, thus we act; and thus we are,
Or toſs'd by hope, or ſunk by care.
With endleſs pain this man purſues
What, if gain'd, he could not uſe:
And t'other fondly hopes to ſee
What never was, nor e'er ſhall be.
We err by uſe, go wrong by rules,
In geſture grave, in action fools:
We join hypocriſy to pride,
Doubling the faults, we ſtrive to hide.
Or grant, that with extreme ſurprize,
We find ourſelves at ſixty wiſe;

And twenty pretty things are known
Of which we can't accompliſh one;
Whilſt, as my ſyſtem ſays, the mind
Is to theſe upper rooms confin'd:
Should, I, my friend, at large repeat
Her borrow'd ſenſe, her fond conceit;
The bede-roll of her vicious tricks;
My poem would be too prolix.
For could I my remark ſuſtain,
Like Socrates, or Miles Montaign;
Who in theſe times would read my books
But Tom o'Stiles, or John o'Nokes?

As Brentford kings diſcreet and wiſe,
After long thought and grave advice,
Into Lardella's coffin peeping,
Saw nought to cauſe their mirth or weeping:
So Alma now to joy or grief
Superior, finds her late relief:
Weary'd of being high, or great,
And nodding in her chair of ſtate;
Stunn'd and worn out with endleſs chat;
Of Will did this, and Nan ſaid that;
She finds, poor thing, ſome little crack,
Which nature forc'd by time, muſt make;
Thro' which ſhe wings her deſtin'd way:
Upwards ſhe ſoars: and down drops clay:
While ſome ſurviving friend ſupplies
Hic jacet, and a hundred lies.

O Richard, 'till that day appears
Which muſt decide our hopes and fears,

Would Fortune calm her preſent rage,
And give us play-things for our age:
Would Clotho waſh her hands in milk,
And twiſt our thread with gold and ſilk:
Would ſhe in friendſhip, peace and plenty,
Spin out our years to four times twenty:
And ſhould we both in this condition,
Have conquer'd love, and worſe ambition;
(Elſe thoſe two paſſions by the way,
May chance to ſhow us ſcurvy play:)
Then Richard, then ſhould we ſit down,
Far from the tumult of the town:
I fond of my well choſen ſeat,
My pictures, medals, books compleat:
Or ſhould we mix our friendly talk,
O'er-ſhaded in that fav'rite walk;
Which thy own hand had whilom planted,
Both pleas'd with all we thought we wanted:
Yet then, ev'n then one croſs reflection
Would ſpoil thy grove, and my collection:
Thy ſon, and his, e'er that, may die;
And time ſome uncouth heir ſupply;
Who ſhall for nothing elſe be known,
But ſpoiling all, that thou haſt done.
Who ſet the twigs, ſhall he remember,
That is in haſte to ſell the timber?
And what ſhall of thy woods remain,
Except the box that threw the main?
Nay may not time and death remove
The near relations whom I love?

And my coz Tom, or his coz Mary
(Who hold the plough, or ſkim the dairy)
My fav'rite books and pictures ſell
To Smart, or Doiley by the ell?
Kindly throw in a little figure,
And ſet the price upon the bigger?
Thoſe who could never read the Grammar,
When my dear volumes touch the hammer,
May think books beſt, as richeſt bound.
My copper medals by the pound
May be with learned juſtice weigh'd:
To turn the balance, Otho's head
May be thrown in; and for the mettle,
The coin may mend a tinker's kettle——
Tir'd with theſe thoughts—Leſs tir'd than I,
Quoth Dick, with your philoſophy——
That people live and die, I knew
An hour ago, as well as you.
And if fate ſpins us longer years,
Or is in haſte to take the ſhears;
I know, we muſt both fortunes try,
And bear our evils wet, or dry.
Yet let the goddeſs ſmile or frown;
Bread we ſhall eat, or white, or brown:
And in a cottage, or a court,
Drink fine Champaigne, or muddl'd Port.
What need of books theſe truths to tell,
Which folks perceive, who cannot ſpell?
And muſt we ſpectacles apply,
To view what hurts our naked eye?

Sir, if it be your wiſdom's aim,
To make me merrier than I am;
I'll be all night at your devotion——
Come on, friend; broach the pleaſing notion;
But if you would depreſs my thought;
Your Syſtem is not worth a groat——
For Plato's fancies what care I?
I hope you would not have me die,
Like ſimple Cato in the play,
For any thing that he can ſay?
E'en let him of ideas ſpeak
To Heathens in his native Greek.
If to be ſad is to be wiſe;
I do moſt heartily deſpiſe
Whatever Socrates has ſaid,
Or Tully writ, or Wanley read.
Dear Drift, to ſet our matters right,
Remove theſe papers from my ſight;
Burn Mat's Des-Cart', and Ariſtotle:
Here, Jonathan, your maſter's bottle.

SOLOMON

ON THE

VANITY OF THE WORLD.

A

POEM

IN THREE BOOKS.

'Ο βιος γαρ ονομ' ἐχει, πονος δ' ἐργω πελει.

EURIP.

Si jam Deus mihi largiatur, ut ex hac aetate repuerescam, et in cunis vagiam, valde recusem. Cic. de Senect.

The *bewailing of man's miseries* hath been elegantly and copiously set forth by many, in the writings as well of philosophers, as divines. And it is both a pleasant and a profitable contemplation.

Lord Bacon's advancement of learning.

THE

PREFACE.

IT is hard for a man to ſpeak of himſelf with any tolerable ſatisfaction or ſucceſs: he can be no more pleaſed in blaming himſelf, than in reading a ſatyr made on him by another: and though he may juſtly deſire, that a friend ſhould praiſe him; yet if he makes his own panegyric, he will get very few to read it. It is harder for him to ſpeak of his own writings. An author is in the condition of a culprit: the public are his judges: by allowing too much, and condeſcending too far, he may injure his own cauſe, and become a kind of *felo de ſe*; and by pleading and aſſerting too boldly, he may diſpleaſe the court that ſits upon him: his apology may only heighten his accuſation. I would avoid theſe extremes: and though, I grant, it would not be very civil to trouble the reader with a long preface, before he enters upon an indifferent poem; I would ſay ſomething to perſuade him to take it as it is, or to excuſe it for not being better.

The noble images and reflections, the profound reaſonings upon human actions, and excellent precepts for the government of life, which are found in the Proverbs, Eccleſiaſtes, and other books commonly attributed to Solomon, afford ſubjects for finer poems in every kind, than have, I think, as yet appeared in the

Greek, Latin, or any modern language: how far they were verſe in their original, is a diſſertation not to be entered into at preſent.

Out of this great treaſure which lies heaped up together in a confuſed magnificence, above all order, I had a mind to collect and digeſt ſuch obſervations, and apophthegms, as moſt particularly tend to the proof of that great aſſertion, laid down in the beginning of the Eccleſiaſtes, ALL IS VANITY.

Upon the ſubject thus choſen, ſuch various images preſent themſelves to a writer's mind that he muſt find it eaſier to judge, what ſhould be rejected, than what ought to be received. The difficulty lies in drawing, and diſpoſing; or (as the painters term it) in grooping ſuch a multitude of different objects, preſerving ſtill the juſtice and conformity of ſtyle and colouring, the *ſimplex duntaxat et unum*, which Horace preſcribes, as requiſite to make the whole picture beautiful, and perfect.

As precept, however true in theory, or uſeful in practice, would be but dry and tedious in verſe, eſpecially if the recital be long; I found it neceſſary to form ſome ſtory and give a kind of body to the poem. Under what ſpecies it may be comprehended, whether didaſcalic, or heroic, I leave to the judgment of the critics; deſiring them to be favourable in their cenſure; and not ſollicitous what the poem is called, provided it may be accepted.

The chief perſonage or character in the epic, is always proportioned to the deſign of the work, to carry on the narration, and the moral. Homer intended to

ſhew us in his Iliad, that diſſentions amongſt great men obſtruct the execution of the nobleſt enterprizes, and tend to the ruin of a ſtate or kingdom. His Achilles therefore is haughty, and paſſionate, impatient of any reſtraint by laws, and arrogant in arms. In his Odyſſes the ſame poet endeavours to explain, that the hardeſt difficulties may be overcome by labour, and our fortune reſtored after the ſevereſt afflictions. Ulyſſes therefore is valiant, virtuous and patient. Virgil's deſign was to tell us, how from a ſmall colony eſtabliſhed by the Trojans in Italy, the Roman empire roſe, and from what ancient families Auguſtus (who was his prince and patron) deſcended. His hero therefore was to fight his way to the throne, ſtill diſtinguiſhed and protected by the favour of the gods. The poet to this end takes off from the vices of Achilles, and adds to the virtues of Ulyſſes; from both perfecting a character proper for his work in the perſon of Aeneas.

As Virgil copy'd after Homer, other epic poets have copy'd after them both. Taſſo's Gieruſalemme Liberata is directly Troy-town ſacked; with this difference only, that the two chief characters in Homer, which the Latin poet had joined in one, the Italian has ſeperated in his Godfrey and Rinaldo: but he makes them both carry on his work with very great ſucceſs. Ronſard's Franciade, (incomparably good ſo far as it goes) is again Virgil's Aeneis. His hero comes from a foreign country, ſettles a colony and lays the foundation of a future empire. I inſtance in theſe as the greateſt Italian and French poets in the epic, In our language Spencer has

not contented himſelf with this ſubmiſſive manner of imitation, he launches out into very flowery paths, which ſtill ſeem to conduct him into one great road. His Fairy Queen (had it been finiſhed) muſt have ended in the account, which every knight was to give of his adventures, and in the accumulated praiſes of his heroine Gloriana. The whole would have been an heroic poem, but in another caſt and figure, than any that ever had been written before. Yet it is obſervable that every hero (as far as we can judge by the books ſtill remaining) bears his deſtinguiſhed character, and repreſents ſome particular virtue conducive to the whole deſign.

To bring this to our preſent ſubject: The pleaſures of life do not compenſate the miſeries: age ſteals upon us unawares; and death, as the only cure of our ills, ought to be expected, but not feared. This inſtruction is to be illuſtrated by the action of ſome great perſon. Who therefore more proper for his buſineſs, than Solomon himſelf? and why may he not be ſuppoſed now to repeat what, we take it for granted, he acted almoſt three thouſand years ſince? if in the fair ſituation where this prince was placed, he was acquainted with ſorrow; if endowed with the greateſt perfections of nature, and poſſeſſed of all the advantages of external condition, he could not find happineſs; the reſt of mankind may ſafely take the monarch's word for the truth of what he aſſerts. And the author who would perſuade, that we ſhould bear the ills of life patiently, meerly becauſe Solomon felt the ſame, has a better argument, than Lucretius had; when in his imperious way, he at once

convinces and commands, that we ought to ſubmit to death without repining, becauſe Epicurus died.

The whole poem is a ſoliloquy: Solomon is the perſon that ſpeaks: he is at once the hero and the author; But he tells us very often what others ſay to him. Thoſe chiefly introduced are his rabbies and philoſophers in the firſt book, and his women and their attendants in the ſecond, with theſe the ſacred hiſtory mention him to have converſed; as likewiſe with the angel brought down in the third book, to help him out of his difficulties, or at leaſt to teach him how to overcome them.

Nec Deus interſit niſi dignus vindice nodus.

I preſume this poetical liberty may be very juſtly allowed me on ſo ſolemn an occaſion.

In my deſcription I have endeavoured to keep to the notions and manners of the Jewiſh nation, at the time when Solomon lived; and where I allude to the cuſtoms of the Greeks, I believe I may be juſtified by the ſtricteſt chronology; though a poet is not obliged to the rules that confine an hiſtorian. Virgil has anticipated two hundred years; or the Trojan hero and Carthaginian queen could not have been brought together; and without the ſame anachroniſm ſeveral of the fineſt parts of his Aeneis muſt have been omitted. Our countryman Milton goes yet further. He takes up many of his material images ſome thouſands of years after the fall of man: nor could he otherwiſe have written, or we read one of the ſublimeſt pieces of invention that was ever yet produced. This likewiſe takes off the objection, that ſome names of countries, terms of art, and no-

tions in natural philoſophy are otherwiſe expreſſed, than can be warranted by the geography or aſtronomy of Solomon's time. Poets are allowed the ſame liberty in their deſcriptions and compariſons, as painters in their draperies and ornaments: their perſonages may be dreſſed, not exactly in the ſame habits which they wore, but in ſuch as make them appear moſt graceful. In this caſe probability muſt atone for the want of truth. This liberty has indeed been abuſed by eminent maſters in either ſcience. Raphael and Taſſo have ſhewed their diſcretion, where Paul Veroneſe and Arioſto are to anſwer for their extravagancies. It is the exceſs, not the thing itſelf, that is blameable.

I would ſay one word of the meaſure, in which this, and moſt poems of the age are written. Heroic with continued rhime, as Donne and his contemporaries uſed it, carrying the ſenſe of one verſe moſt commonly into another, was found too diſſolute and wild, and came very often too near proſe. As Davenant and Waller corrected, and Dryden perfected; it is too confined: it cuts off the ſenſe at the end of every firſt line, which muſt always rhime to the next following; and conſequently produces too frequent an identity in the ſound, and brings every couplet to the point of an epigram. It is indeed too broken and weak, to convey the ſentiments and repreſent the images proper for epic. And as it tires the writer while he compoſes, it muſt do the ſame to the reader while he repeats; eſpecially in a poem of any conſiderable length.

If ſtriking out into blank verſe, as Milton did (and

in this kind Mr. Philips. had he lived, would have excelled) or running the thought into alternate and ſtanza, which allows a greater variety, and ſtill preſerves the dignity of the verſe; as Spencer and Fairfax have done, if either of theſe, I ſay, be a proper remedy for my poetical complaint, or if any other may be found, I dare not determine: I am only enquiring, in order to be better informed, without preſuming to direct the judgment of others. And while I am ſpeaking of the verſe itſelf, I give all juſt praiſe to many of my friends now living; who have in epic carried the harmony of their numbers as far, as the nature of this meaſure will permit. But once more; he that writes in rhimes, dances in fetters: and as his chain is more extended, he may certainly take larger ſteps.

I need make no apology for the ſhort digreſſive panegyric upon Great Britain, in the firſt book: I am glad to have it obſerved, that there appears throughout all my verſes a zeal for the honour of my country: and I had rather be thought a good Engliſh-man, than the beſt poet, or greateſt ſcholar that ever wrote.

And now as to the publiſhing of this piece, though I have in a literal ſenſe obſerved Horace's *nonum prematur in annum*; yet have I by no means obeyed our poetical lawgiver, according to the ſpirit of the precept. The poem has indeed been written and laid aſide much longer than the term preſcribed; but in the mean time I had little leiſure, and leſs inclination to reviſe or print it. The frequent interruptions I have met with in my

private ſtudies, and great variety of public life, in which I have been employed; my thoughts (ſuch as they are) having generally been expreſſed in foreign language, and even formed by an habitude very different from what the beauty and elegance of Engliſh poetry requires: all theſe, and ſome other circumſtances which we had as good paſs by at preſent, do juſtly contribute to make my excuſe in this behalf very plauſible. Far indeed from deſigning to print I had locked up theſe papers in my ſcrutoire, there to lie in peace 'till my executors might have taken them out. What altered this deſign; or how my ſcrutoire came to be unlocked before my coffin was nailed; is the queſtion. The true reaſon I take to be the beſt: many of my friends of the firſt quality, fineſt learning, and greateſt underſtanding have wreſted the key from my hands by a very kind and irreſiſtible violence: and the poem is publiſhed, not without my conſent indeed, but a little againſt my opinion; and with an implicit ſubmiſſion to the partialty of their judgment. As I give up here the fruits of many of my vacant hours to their amuſement and pleaſure; I ſhall always think myſelf happy, If I may dedicate my moſt ſerious endeavours to their intereſt and ſervice. And I am proud to finiſh this preface by ſaying, that the violence of many enemies, whom I never juſtly offended, is abundantly recompenſed by the goodneſs of more friends whom I can never ſufficiently oblige. And if I here aſſume the liberty of mentioning my Lord Harley and Lord Bathurſt as the authors of this amicable

confederacy, among all thoſe whoſe names do me great honour in the beginning of my book, in the folio edition: theſe two only ought to be angry with me; for I diſobey their poſitive order, whilſt I make even this ſmall acknowledgment of their particular kindneſs.

KNOWLEDGE:

THE

FIRST BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON ſeeking happineſs from knowledge, convenes the learned men of his kingdom; requires them to explain to him the various operations and effects of nature; diſcourſes of vegetables, animals, and man; propoſes ſome queſtions concerning the origin, and ſituation of the habitable earth; proceeds to examine the ſyſtem of the viſible heaven; doubts if there may not be a plurality of worlds; enquires into the nature of ſpirits and angels: and wiſhes to be more fully informed, as to the attributes of the ſupreme Being. He is imperfectly anſwered by the rabbins and doctors; blames his own curioſity; and concludes, that as to human ſcience, ALL IS VANITY.

TEXTS chiefly alluded to in this BOOK.

The words of the preacher, the ſon of David king of Jeruſalem. Eccleſiaſtes, chap. i. verſe 1.

Vanity of vanities, ſaith the preacher, vanity of vanities, all is vanity. ver 2.

I communed with mine own heart, ſaying, lo, I am come to great eſtate, and have gotten more wiſdom, than all they that have been before me in Jeruſalem: yea my heart had great experience of wiſdom and knowledge. ver. 16

He ſpake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyſſop that ſpringeth out of the wall: he ſpake alſo of beaſts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fiſhes. 1 Kings, chap. iv. ver. 33.

I know, that whatſoever God doth, it ſhall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and God doth it, that men ſhould fear before him. Eccleſiaſtes, chap. iii. ver. 14.

He hath made every thing beautiful in his time: alſo he hath ſet the world in their heart, ſo that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end. ver. 11.

For in much wiſdom is much grief: and he that increaſeth knowledge, increaſeth ſorrow. chap. i. ver. 18.

And further, by theſe, my ſon, be admoniſhed: of making many books there is no end: and much ſtudy is a wearineſs of the fleſh. chap. xii. ver. 12.

KNOWLEDGE:

THE

FIRST BOOK.

YE ſons of men, with juſt regard attend,
Obſerve the preacher, and believe the friend,
Whoſe ſerious muſe inſpires him to explain,
That all we act, and all we think, is vain.
That in this pilgrimage of ſeventy years,
O'er rocks of perils, and thro' vales of tears
Deſtin'd to march, our doubtful ſteps we tend,
Tir'd of the toil, yet fearful of its end.
That from the womb we take our fatal ſhares
Of follies, paſſions, labours, tumults, cares:
And at approach of death ſhall only know
The truths, which from theſe penſive numbers flow,
That we purſue falſe joy, and ſuffer real woe.
Happineſs, object of that waking dream,
Which we call life, miſtaking; fugitive theme
Of my purſuing verſe, ideal ſhade,
Notional good, by fancy only made,
And by tradition nurs'd, fallacious fire,
Whoſe dancing beams miſled our fond deſire,
Cauſe of our care, and error of our mind:
Oh! hadſt thou ever been by heav'n deſign'd

To Adam, and his mortal race, the boon
Entire had been reſerv'd for Solomon:
On me the partial lot had been beſtow'd;
And in my cup the golden draught had flow'd.
But O! ere yet original man was made;
Ere the foundations of this earth were laid;
It was opponent to our ſearch, ordain'd,
That joy, ſtill ſought, ſhould never be attain'd.
This ſad experience cites me to reveal;
And what I dictate, is from what I feel.
Born as I was, great David's fav'rite ſon,
Dear to my people, on the Hebrew throne,
Sublime my court with Ophir's treaſures bleſt,
My name extended to the fartheſt eaſt,
My body cloth'd with ev'ry outward grace,
Strength in my limbs, and beauty in my face,
My ſhining thought with fruitful notions crown'd,
Quick my invention, and my judgment ſound.
Ariſe (I commun'd with myſelf) ariſe;
Think, to be happy; to be great, be wiſe:
Content of ſpirit muſt from ſcience flow;
For 'tis a godlike attribute, to know.
I ſaid; and ſent my edict thro' the land:
Around my throne the letter'd rabbins ſtand:
Hiſtoric leaves revolve, long volumes ſpread,
The old diſcourſing, as the younger read:
Attent I heard, propos'd my doubts, and ſaid:
The vegetable world, each plant and tree,
Its ſeed, its name, its nature, its degree

I am allow'd, as fame reports, to know,
From the fair cedar, on the craggy brow
Of Lebanon nodding ſupremely tall,
To creeping moſs, and hyſſop on the wall:
Yet juſt and conſcious to myſelf, I find
A thouſand doubts oppoſe the ſearching mind.
I know not why the beech delights the glade
With boughs extended, and a rounder ſhade;
Whilſt tow'ring firs in conic forms ariſe,
And with a pointed ſpear divide the ſkies:
Nor why again the changing oak ſhould ſhed
The yearly honour of his ſtately head:
Whilſt the diſtinguiſh'd yew is ever ſeen,
Unchang'd his branch, and permanent his green.
Wanting the ſun why does the caltha fade?
Why does the cypreſs flouriſh in the ſhade?
The fig and date, why love they to remain
In middle ſtation, and in even plain;
While in the lower marſh the gourd is found;
And while the hill with olive-ſhade is crown'd?
Why does one climate, and one ſoil endue
The bluſhi g p ppy with a crimſon hue;
Yet leave t e lily pale, and tinge the violet blue?
Why does the fond carnation love to ſhoot
A various colour from one parent root;
While the fantaſtic tulip ſtrives to break
In two-fold beauty, and a parted ſtreak?
The twining jaſmine, and the bluſhing roſe,
With laviſh grace their morning ſcents diſcloſe:

The ſmelling tube-roſe and jonquille declare,
The ſtronger impulſe of an evening air.
Whence has the tree (reſolve me) or the flow'r
A various inſtinct, or a diff'rent pow'r? [breath
Why ſhould one earth, one clime, one ſtream, one
Raiſe this to ſtrength, and ſicken that to death?

Whence does it happen, that the plant which well
We name the ſenſitive ſhould move and feel?
Whence know her leaves to anſwer her command,
And with quick horror fly the neighb'ring hand?

Along the ſunny bank, or wat'ry mead,
Ten thouſand ſtalks their various bloſſoms ſpread:
Peaceful and lowly in their native ſoil,
They neither know to ſpin, nor care to toil;
Yet with confeſs'd magnificence deride
Our vile attire, and impotence of pride.
The cowſlip ſmiles, in brighter yellow dreſt,
Than that which veils the nubile virgin's breaſt.
A fairer red ſtands bluſhing in the roſe,
Than that which on the bridegroom's veſtment flows.
Take but the humbleſt lily of the field;
And if our pride will to our reaſon yield,
It muſt by ſure compariſon be ſhown
That on the regal ſeat great David's ſon,
Array'd in all his robes, and types of pow'r,
Shines with leſs glory, than that ſimple flow'r.

Of fiſhes, next, my friends, I would enquire,
How the mute race engender, or reſpire;
From the ſmall fry that glide on Jordan's ſtream
Unmark'd, a multitude without a name,

To that leviathan, who o'er the ſeas
Immenſe rolls onward his impetuous ways,
And mocks the wind, and in the tempeſt plays.
How they in warlike bands march greatly forth
From freezing waters, and the colder north,
To ſouthern climes directing their career,
Their ſtation changing with th' inverted year.
How all with careful knowledge are endu'd,
To chuſe their proper bed, and wave, and food:
To guard their ſpawn, and educate their brood.

Of birds, how each according to her kind
Proper materials for her neſt can find;
And build a frame, which deepeſt thought in man
Would or amend, or imitate in vain.
How in ſmall flights they know to try their young,
And teach the callow child her parent's ſong.
Why theſe frequent the plain, and thoſe the wood,
Why ev'ry land has her ſpecific brood.
Where the tall crane, or winding ſwallow goes,
Fearful of gathering winds, and falling ſnows:
If into rocks, or hollow trees they creep,
In temporary death confin'd to ſleep;
Or conſcious of the coming evil, fly
To milder regions, and a ſouthern ſky.

Of beaſts and creeping inſects ſhall we trace
The wond'rous nature, and the various race;
Or wild or tame, or friend to man or foe,
Of us what they, or what of them we know?

Tell me, ye ſtudious, who pretend to ſee
Far into nature's boſom, whence the bee

Was firſt inform'd her vent'rous flight to ſteer
Thro' trackleſs paths, and an abyſs of air.
Whence ſhe avoids the ſlimy marſh, and knows
The fertile hills, where ſweeter herbage grows,
And honey-making flow'rs their opening buds diſcloſe.
How from the thicken'd miſt, and ſetting ſun
Finds ſhe the labour of her day is done?
Who taught her againſt winds and rains to ſtrive,
To bring her burden to the certain hive,
And thro' the liquid fields again to paſs
Duteous, and heark'ning to the ſounding braſs?
And, O thou ſluggard, tell me why the ant,
'Midſt ſummer's plenty thinks of winter's want:
By conſtant journies careful to prepare
Her ſtores; and bringing home the corny ear,
By what inſtruction does ſhe bite the grain,
Leſt hid in earth, and taking root again,
It might elude the foreſight of her care?
Diſtinct in either inſect's deed appear
The marks of thought, contrivance, hope and fear.
Fix thy corporeal, and internal eye
On the young gnat, or new-engender'd fly;
On the vile worm, that yeſterday began
To crawl; thy fellow-creatures, abject man!
Like thee they breathe, they move, they taſte, they ſee,
They ſhow their paſſions by their acts, like thee:
Darting their ſtings, they previouſly declare
Deſign'd revenge, and fierce intent of war:

Laying their eggs. they evidently prove
The genial pow'r, and full effect of love.
Each then has organs to digeſt his food,
One to beget, and one receive the brood:
Has limbs and ſinews, blood, and heart, and brain,
Life and her proper functions to ſuſtain,
Tho' the whole fabric's ſmaller than a grain.
What more can our penurious reaſon grant
To the large whale, or caſtled elephant,
To thoſe enormous terrors of the Nile,
The creſted ſnake, and long-tail'd crocodi'e,
Than that all differ but in ſhape and name,
Each deſtin'd to a leſs or larger frame?
For potent nature loves a various act,
Prone to enlarge, or ſtudious to contract:
Now forms her work too ſmall, now too immenſe,
And ſcorns the meaſures of our feeble ſenſe.
The object ſpread too far, or rais'd too high,
Denies its real image to the eye:
Too little, it eludes the dazzl'd ſight;
Becomes mix'd blackneſs, or unparted light.
Water and air the varied form confound;
The ſtraight looks crooked, and the ſquare grows round.
Thus while with fruitleſs hope, and wearied pain,
We ſeek great nature's pow'r, but ſeek in vain;
Safe ſits the goddeſs in her dark retreat;
Around her, myriads of ideas wait,
And endleſs ſhapes, which the myſterious queen
Can take or quit, can alter or retain:

As from our loſt purſuit ſhe wills to hide
Her cloſe decrees, and chaſten human pride.
Untam'd and fierce the tiger ſtill remains:
He tires his life in biting on his chains:
For the kind gifts of water, and of food,
Ungrateful, and returning ill for good,
He ſeeks his keeper's fleſh, and thirſts his blood:
While the ſtrong camel, and the gen'rous horſe,
Reſtrain'd and aw'd by man's inferior force,
Do to the rider's will their rage ſubmit,
And anſwer to the ſpur, and own the bit;
Stretch the glad mouths to meet the feeder's hand,
Pleas'd with his weight, and proud of his command.
Again: the lonely fox roams far abroad,
On ſecret rapine bent, and midnight fraud;
Now haunts the cliff, now traverſes the lawn;
And flies the hated neighbourhood of man:
While the kind ſpaniel, and the faithful hound,
Likeſt that fox in ſhape and ſpecies found,
Refuſes thro' theſe cliffs and lawns to roam;
Purſues the noted path, and covets home;
Does with kind joy domeſtic faces meet;
Takes what the glutted child denies to eat;
And dying licks his long-lov'd maſter's feet
By what immediate cauſe they are inclin'd,
In many acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.
I ſee in others, or I think I ſee,
That ſtrict their principles, and ours agree.
Evil, like us, they ſhun, and covet good;
Abhor the poiſon, and receive the food.

Like us they love or hate: like us they know
To joy the field or grapple with the foe.
With ſeeming thought their action they intend,
And uſe the means proportion'd to the end.
Then vainly the philoſophers avers,
That reaſon guides our deed, and inſtinct theirs.
How can we juſtly diff'rent cauſes frame,
When the effects entirely are the ſame;
Inſtinct and reaſon how can we divide?
'Tis the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride.
With the ſame folly ſure, man vaunts his ſway;
If the brute beaſt refuſes to obey.
For tell me, when the empty boaſter's word
Proclaims himſelf the univerſal lord;
Does he not tremble, leſt the lion's paw
Should join his plea againſt the fancy'd law?
Would not the learned coward leave the chair;
If in the ſchools or porches ſhould appear
The fierce hyaena, or the foaming bear?
The combatant too late the field declines;
When now the ſword is girded to his loins.
When the ſwift veſſel flies before the wind;
Too late the ſailor views the land behind.
And 'tis too late now back again to bring
Enquiry, rais'd and tow'ring on the wing:
Forward ſhe ſtrives, averſe to be with-held
From nobler objects, and a larger field.
Conſider with me this etherial ſpace,
Yielding to earth and ſea the middle place.

Anxious I aſk ye how the penſile ball
Should never ſtrive to riſe, nor fear to fall.
When I reflect, how the revolving ſun
Does round our globe his crooked journies run;
I doubt of many lands, if they contain
Or herd of beaſt, or colony of man:
If any nations paſs their deſtin'd days
Beneath the neighb'ring ſun's directer rays;
If any ſuffer on the polar coaſt,
The rage of Arctos, and eternal froſt.
May not the pleaſure of omnipotence
To each of theſe ſome ſecret good diſpenſe?
Thoſe who amidſt the torrid regions live,
May they not gales unknown to us receive;
See daily ſhow'rs rejoice the thirſty earth,
And bleſs the flow'ry buds ſucceeding birth?
May they not pity us, condemn'd to bear
The various heav'n of an obliquer ſphere;
While by fix'd laws, and with a juſt return,
They feel twelve hours that ſhade, for twelve that burn,
And praiſe the neighb'ring ſun whoſe conſtant flame
Enlightens them with ſeaſons ſtill the ſame!
And may not thoſe, whoſe diſtant lot is caſt
North beyond Tartary's extended waſte;
Where thro' the plains of one continual day,
Six ſhining months purſue their even way;
And ſix ſucceeding urge their duſky flight,
Obſcur'd with vapours and o'erwhelm'd in night:
May not, I aſk the natives of theſe climes
(As annals may inform ſucceeding times)

To our quotidian change of heav'n prefer
Their one viciſſitude, and equal ſhare
Of day and night, diſparted thro the year?
May they not ſcorn our ſun's repeated race,
To narrow bounds preſcrib'd, and little ſpace,
Haſt'ning from morn, and headlong driv'n from noon,
Half of our daily toil yet ſcarcely done?
May they not juſtly to our climes upbraid
Shortneſs of night, and penury of ſhade:
That e'er our wearied limbs are juſtly bleſt
With wholeſome ſleep, and neceſſary reſt;
Another ſun demands return of care,
The remnant toil of yeſterday to bear?
Whilſt, when the ſolar beams ſalute their ſight,
Bold and ſecure in half a year of light,
Uninterrupted voyages they take
To the remoteſt wood, and fartheſt lake;
Manage the fiſhing, and purſue the courſe
With more extended nerves, and more continu'd force,
And when declining day forſakes the ſky;
When gath'ring clouds ſpeak gloomy winter nigh;
With plenty for the coming ſeaſon bleſt.
Six ſolid months (an age) they live, releas'd
From all the labour, proceſs, clamour, woe,
Which our ſad ſcenes of daily action know:
They light the ſhining lamp, prepare the feaſt,
And with full mirth receive the welcome gueſt:
Or tell their tender loves (the only care
Which now they ſuffer) to the liſt'ning fair;

And rais'd in pleaſure, or repos'd in eaſe
(Grateful alternates of ſubſtantial peace)
They bleſs the long nocturnal influence ſhed
On the crown'd goblet, and the genial bed.
In foreign iſles which our diſcov'rers find,
Far from this length of continent disjoin'd,
The rugged bears, or ſpotted lynx's brood,
Frighten the vallies, and infeſt the wood:
The hungry crocodile, and hiſſing ſnake
Lurk in the troubl'd ſtream and fenny brake:
And man untaught, and rav'nous as the beaſt,
Does valley, wood, and brake, and ſtream infeſt.
Deriv'd theſe men and animals their birth
From trunk of oak, or pregnant womb of earth?
Whence then the old belief that all began
In Eden's ſhade, and one created man?
Or grant, this progeny was wafted o'er
By coaſting boats from next adjacent ſhore:
Would thoſe, from whom we will ſuppoſe they ſpring,
Slaughter to harmleſs lands, and poiſon bring?
Would they on board or bears, or lynxes take,
Feed the ſhe-adder, and the brooding ſnake?
Or could they think the new diſcover'd iſle
Pleas'd to receive a pregnant crocodile?
And ſince the ſavage lineage we muſt trace
From Noah ſav'd, and his diſtinguiſh'd race;
How ſhould their fathers happen to forget
The arts which Noah taught, the rules he ſet,
To ſow the glebe, to plant the gen'rous vine,
And load with grateful flames the holy ſhrine?

While the great ſire's unhappy ſons are found,
Unpreſs'd their vintage, and untill'd their ground,
Straggling o'er dale and hill in queſt of food,
And rude of arts, of virtue, and of God.
How ſhall we next o'er earth and ſeas purſue
The vary'd forms of ev'ry thing we view;
That all is chang'd, tho' all is ſtill the ſame,
Fluid the parts, yet durable the frame?
Of thoſe materials, which have been confeſt
The priſtine ſprings, and parents of the reſt,
Each becomes other. Water ſtopp'd gives birth
To graſs and plants, and thickens into earth;
Diffus'd it riſes in a higher ſphere:
Dilates its drops, and ſoftens into air:
Thoſe finer parts of air again aſpire:
Move into warmth, and brighten into fire:
That fire once more by thicker air o'ercome,
And downward forc'd in earth's capacious womb
Alters its particles: is fire no more;
But lies reſplendent duſt, and ſhining oar;
Or running thro' the mighty mother's veins,
Changes its ſhape; puts off its old remains;
With wat'ry parts its leſſen'd force divides;
Flows into waves, and riſes into tides.

Diſparted ſtreams ſhall from their channels fly,
And deep ſurcharg'd by ſandy mountains lie,
Obſcurely ſepulcher'd. By eating rain,
And furious wind, down to the diſtant plain.
The hill that hides its head above the ſkies,
Shall fall: the plain by ſlow degrees ſhall riſe

Higher than erſt had ſtood the ſummit-hill:
For time muſt nature's great beheſts fulfill.
Thus by a length of years and change of fate,
All things are light or heavy ſmall or great:
Thus Jordan's waves ſhall future clouds appear;
And Egypt's pyramids refine to air.
Thus later ages ſhall aſk for piſon's flood:
And travellers enquire, where Babel ſtood.
Now where we ſee theſe changes often fall,
Sedate we paſs them by, as natural:
Where to our eye more rarely they appear,
The pompous name of prodigy they bear.
Let active thought theſe cloſe meanders trace:
Let human wit their dubious bound'ries place.
Are all things miracle; or nothing ſuch?
And prove we not too little, or too much?
For that a branch cut off, a wither'd rod
Should at a word pronounc'd revive and bud;
Is this more ſtrange, than that the mountain's brow,
Stripp'd by December's froſt, and white with ſnow,
Should puſh, in ſpring, ten thouſand thouſand buds;
And boaſt returning leaves, and blooming woods?
That each ſucceſſive night from opening heav'n
The food of angels ſhould to man be giv'n;
Is this more ſtrange, than that with common bread
Our fainting bodies every day are fed;
Than that each grain and ſeed conſum'd in earth,
Raiſes its ſtore and multiplies its birth;
And from the handful which the tiller ſows,
The labour'd fields rejoice, and future harveſt flows?

Then from whate'er we can to ſenſe produce
Common and plain, or wond'rous and abſtruſe,
From nature's conſtant or eccentric laws,
The thoughtful ſoul this general influence draws,
That an effect muſt preſuppoſe a cauſe.
And while ſhe does her upward flight ſuſtain
Touching each link of the continu'd chain,
At length ſhe is oblig'd and forc'd to ſee
A firſt, a ſource, a life, a Diety;
What has for ever been, and muſt for ever be.

This great exiſtence thus by reaſon found,
Bleſt by all pow'r, with all perfection crown'd:
How can we bind or limit his decree,
By what our ear has heard, or eye may ſee?
Say then: is all in heaps of water loſt,
Beyond the iſlands, and the mid-land coaſt?
Or has that God, who gave the world its birth,
Sever'd thoſe waters by ſome other earth,
Countries by future plow-ſhares to be torn,
And cities rais'd by nations yet unborn!
Ere the progreſſive courſe of reſtleſs age
Performs three thouſand times its annual ſtage;
May not our power and learning be ſuppreſt;
And arts and empire learn to travel weſt?

Where, by the ſtrength of this idea charm'd,
Lighten'd with glory, and with rapture warm'd,
Aſcends my ſoul? what ſees ſhe white and great
Amidſt ſubjected ſeas? an iſle the ſeat
Of pow'r and plenty; her imperial throne,
For juſtice and for mercy ſought and known;

Virtues ſublime, great attributes of heav'n,
From thence to this diſtinguiſh'd nation giv'n:
Yet farther weſt the weſtern iſle extends,
Her happy fame; her arm'd fleet ſhe ſends
To climates folded yet from human eye;
And lands, which we imagine wave and ſky.
From pole to pole ſhe hears her acts reſound,
And rules an empire by no ocean bound:
Knows her ſhips anchor'd, and her ſails unfurl'd
In other Indies, and a ſecond world.

Long ſhall Britannia, (that muſt be her name)
Be firſt in conqueſt, and preſide in fame:
Long ſhall her favour'd monarchy engage
The teeth of envy, and the force of age:
Rever'd and happy ſhe ſhall long remain,
Of human things leaſt changeable, leaſt vain.
Yet all muſt with the gen'ral doom comply;
And this great glorious pow'r, tho' laſt, muſt die.

Now let us leave this earth, and lift our eye
To the large convex of yon' azure ſky:
Behold it like an ample curtain ſpread,
Now ſtreak'd, and glowing with the morning red;
Anon at noon in flaming yellow bright,
And chuſing ſable for the peaceful night.
Aſk reaſon now, whence light and ſhade were giv'n,
And whence this great variety of heav'n:
Reaſon our guide, what can ſhe more reply,
Than that the ſun illuminates the ſky;
Than that night riſes from his abſent ray,
And his returning luſtre kindles day?

But we expect the morning red in vain;
'Tis hid in vapours, or obſcur'd by rain
The noon-tide yellow we in vain require:
'Tis black in ſtorm, or red in lightning fire.
Pitchy and dark the night ſometimes appears,
Friend to our woe, and parent of our fears:
Our joy and wonder ſometimes ſhe excites,
With ſtars unnumber'd, and eternal lights.
Send forth, ye wiſe, ſend forth your labouring thought:
Let it return with empty notions fraught,
Of airy columns every moment broke,
Of circling whirlpools, and of ſpheres of ſmoke:
Yet this ſolution but once more affords
New change of terms, and ſcaffolding of words:
In other garb my queſtion I receive;
And take the doubt the very ſame I gave.
Lo! as a giant ſtrong the luſty ſun
Multiply'd rounds in one great round does run,
Twofold his courſe yet conſtant his career,
Changing the day, and finiſhing the year.
Again when his deſcending orb retires,
And earth perceives the abſence of his fires;
The noon affords us her alternate ray,
And with kind beams diſtributes fainter day:
Yet keeps the ſtages of her monthly race,
Various her beams, and changeable her face.
Each planet ſhining in his proper ſphere,
Does with juſt ſpeed his radiant voyage ſteer:
Each ſees his lamp with diff'rent luſtre crown'd:
Each knows his courſe with diff'rent periods bound:

And in his paſſage thro' the liquid ſpace,
Nor haſtens, nor regards his neighbour's race.
Now ſhine theſe planets with ſubſtantial rays?
Does innate luſtre gild their meaſur'd days?
Or do they (as your ſchemes, I think, have ſhown)
Dart furtive beams, and glory not their own,
All ſervants to that ſource of light, the ſun?

Again I ſee ten thouſand thouſand ſtars,
Nor caſt in lines, in circles, nor in ſquares,
(Poor rules, with which our bounded mind is fill'd,
When we would plant, or cultivate, or build)
But ſhining with ſuch vaſt, ſuch various light
As ſpeaks the hand, that form'd them infinite:
How mean the order and perfection ſought
In the beſt product of the human thought,
Compar'd to the great harmony that reigns
In what the ſpirit of the world ordains!

Now if the ſun to earth tranſmits his ray,
Yet does not ſcorch us with too fierce a day;
How ſmall a portion of his pow'r is giv'n
To orbs more diſtant, and remoter heav'n?
And of thoſe ſtars, which our imperfect eye
Has doom'd and fix'd to one eternal ſky,
Each by a native ſtock of honour great,
May dart ſtrong influence, and diffuſe kind heat,
Itſelf a ſun; and with tranſmiſſive light
Enliven worlds deny'd to human ſight:
Around the circle of their ambient ſkies
New moons may grow or wane, may ſet to riſe;

And other ſtars may to thoſe ſuns be earths;
Give their own elements their proper births;
Divide their climes, or elevate their pole;
See their lands flouriſh, and their oceans roll;
Yet theſe great orbs thus radically bright,
Primitive founts, and origins of light,
May each to other (as their diff'rent ſphere
Makes or their diſtance, or their height appear)
Be ſeen a nobler, or inferior ſtar;
And in that ſpace, which we call air and ſky,
Myriads of earths, and moons and ſuns may lie
Unmeaſur'd, and unknown by human eye.
In vain we meaſure this amazing ſphere,
And find and fix its center here or there;
While its circumf'rence ſcorning to be brought
Ev'n into fancy'd ſpace, illudes our vaniſh'd thought.
Where then are all the radiant monſters driv'n,
With which yo r gueſſes fill'd the frighten'd heav'n?
Where will their fictious images remain?
In paper ſchemes, and the Chaldean's brain.
This problem yet, this offſpring of a gueſs,
Let us for once a child of truth confeſs;
That theſe fair ſtars, theſe objects of delight
And terror, to our ſearching dazzl'd ſight,
Are worlds immenſe, unnumber'd, infinite:
But do theſe worlds diſplay their beams, or guide
Their orbs, to ſerve thy uſe, to pleaſe thy pride?
Thyſelf but duſt; thy ſtature but a ſpan,
A moment thy duration; fooliſh man;

As well may the minuteſt emmet ſay,
That Caucaſus was rais'd to pave his way:
The ſnail, that Lebanon's extended wood
Was deſtin'd only for his walk, and food;
The vileſt cockle, gaping on the coaſt
That rounds the ample ſeas as well may boaſt,
The craggy rock projects above the ſky,
That he in ſafety at his foot may lie:
And the whole ocean's confluent waters ſwell,
Only to quench his thirſt, or move and blanch his ſhell.

A higher flight the vent'rous goddeſs tries,
Leaving material worlds, and local ſkies:
Enquires, what are the beings, where the ſpace,
That form'd and held the angels ancient race.
For rebel Lucifer with Michael fought
(I offer only what tradition taught.)
Embattl'd cherub againſt cherub roſe;
Did ſhield to ſhield, and pow'r to pow'r oppoſe:
Heav'n rung with triumph: hell was fill'd with woes
What were theſe forms of which our volumes tell,
How ſome fought great, and others recreant fell:
Theſe bound to bear an everlaſting load,
Durance of chain, and baniſhment of God;
By fatal turns their wretched ſtrength to tire
To ſwim in ſulph'rous lakes, or land on ſolid fire:
Whilſt thoſe exalted to primaeval light,
Exceſs of bleſſing, and ſupreme delight,
Only perceive ſome little pauſe of joys
In thoſe great moments, when their God employs

Their miniſtry, to pour his threaten'd hate
On the proud king, or the rebellious ſtate:
Or to reverſe Jehovah's high command,
And ſpeak the thunder falling from his hand,
When to his duty the proud king returns,
And the rebellious ſtate in aſhes mourns.
How can good angels be in heav'n confin'd:
Or view that preſence which no ſpace can bind?
Is God above, beneath, or yon', or here?
He who made all, is he not ev'ry where?
Oh how can wicked angels find a night
So dark, to hide em' from that piercing light
Which form'd the eye, and gave the pow'r of ſight.

What mean I now of angel, when I hear
Firm body, ſpirit pure, or fluid air?
Spirits to action ſpiritual confin'd,
Friends to our thought, and kindred to our mind,
Should only act and prompt us from within,
Nor by external eye be ever ſeen.
Was it not therefore to our fathers known,
That theſe had appetite, and limb, and bone?
Elſe how could Abram waſh their weary'd feet;
Or Sarah pleaſe their taſte with ſav'ry meat?
Whence ſhould they fear? or why did Lot engage
To ſave their bodies from abuſive rage?
And how could Jacob, in a real fight,
Feel or reſiſt the wreſtling angel's might?
How could a form its ſtrength with matter try?
Or how a ſpirit touch a mortal's thigh?

Now are they air condens'd, or gather'd rays?
How guide they then our pray'r, or keep our ways,
By ſtronger blaſts ſtill ſubject to be toſt,
By tempeſt ſcatter'd, and in whirlwinds loſt?
Have they again (as ſacred ſong proclaims)
Subſtances real, and exiſting frames?
How comes it ſince with them we jointly ſhare
The great effect of one Creator's care;
That whilſt our bodies ſicken, and decay,
Their's are for ever healthy young, and gay?
Why, whilſt we ſtruggle in this vale beneath,
With want and ſorrow, with diſeaſe and death,
Do they more bleſs'd perpetual life employ
On ſongs of pleaſure, and in ſcenes of joy?
Now when my mind has all this world ſurvey'd,
And found, that nothing by it ſelf was made;
When thought has rais'd itſelf by juſt degrees,
From vallies crown'd with flow'rs and hills with trees
From ſmoaking min'rals, and from riſing ſtreams;
From fatt'ning Nilus, or victorious Thames;
From all the living, that four-footed move
Along the ſhore, the meadow, or the grove;
From all that can with fins, or feathers fly
Thro' the aerial, or the wat'ry ſky;
From the poor reptile with a reas'ning ſoul,
That miſerable maſter of the whole;
From this great object of the body's eye,
This fair half round, this ample azure ſky,
Terribly large, and wonderfully bright
With ſtars unnumber'd, and unmeaſur'd light;

From eſſences unſeen, celeſtial names,
Enlight'ning ſpirits, and miniſt'rial flames,
Angels, dominions, potentates and thrones,
All that in each degree the name of creature owns:
Lift we our reaſon to our ſov'reign cauſe
Who bleſt the whole with life, and bounteous with
Who forth from nothing call'd this comely frame,
His will and act, his word and work the ſame,
To whom a thouſand years are but a day,
Who bade the light her genial beams display:
And ſet the moon and taught the ſun his way:
Who waking time, his creature from its birth,
Primæval, order'd his predeſtin'd courſe:
Himſelf, as in the hollow of his hand,
Holding, obedient to his high command,
The deep abyſs, the long continuance,
Where months, and days, and hours and moments
Their floating parts, and theſe forth are not,
This Alpha and Omega firſt and laſt,
Who like the potter in a mould his caſt
The world's great frame, commanding it to be
Such as the eyes of ſenſe and reaſon ſee:
Yet if he wills, may change or ſpoil the whole:
May take yon' beauteous, mythic ſtory roll,
And burn it, like a wicked parchment ſcroll:
May from its baſis in one moment pour
This melted earth - —
Like liquid metal, and like burning ore:
Who ſole in pow'r at the beginning ſtood,
Let ſea, and air, and earth, and heav'n be made:

And it was ſo——And when he ſhall ordain
In other ſort, has but to ſpeak again,
And they ſhall be no more: of this great theme,
This glorious, hallow'd everlaſting name,
This god, I would diſcourſe——
The learn'd elders ſat appal'd, amaz'd;
And each with mutual look on other gaz'd.
Nor ſpeech they meditate, nor anſwer frame:
Too plain, alas! their ſilence ſpake their ſhame:
'Till one, in whom an outward mien appear'd,
And turn ſuperior to the vulgar herd,
Began; that human learning's furtheſt reach
Was but to note the doctrines I could teach;
That mine to ſpeak, and theirs was to obey:
For I in knowledge more, than pow'r did ſway:
And the aſtoniſh'd world in me beheld
Moſes eclips'd, and Jeſſe's ſon excell'd.
Humble a ſecond bow'd, and took the word;
Foreſaw my name by future age ador'd.
O live, ſaid he, thou wiſeſt of the wiſe!
As none has equall'd, none ſhall ever riſe
Excelling thee——
Parent of wicked, bane of honeſt deeds
Pernicious flatt'ry: thy malignant ſeeds
In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand
Sadly diffus'd o'er virtue's gleby land
With riſing pride amidſt the corn appear,
And choak the hopes and harveſt of the year.
And now the whole perplex'd ignoble crowd
Mute to my queſtions, in my praiſes loud,

Echo'd the word: whence things aroſe, or how
They thus exiſt, the apteſt nothing know:
What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,
All veil of doubt apart, the dulleſt ſee.
My prophets, and my ſophiſts finiſh'd here
Their civil efforts of the verbal war:
Not ſo my Rabbins, and logicians yield;
Retiring ſtill they combat: from the field
Of open arms unwilling they depart,
And ſkulk behind the ſubterfuge of art.
To ſpeak one thing mix'd dialects they join;
Divide the ſimple, and the plain define;
Fix fancy'd laws, and form imagin'd rules,
Terms of their art, and jargon of their ſchools,
Ill-grounded maxims by falſe gloſs enlarg'd,
And captious ſcience againſt reaſon charg'd.
Soon their crude notions with each other fought;
The adverſe ſect deny'd, what this had taught;
And he at length the ampleſt triumph gain'd,
Who contradicted what the laſt maintain'd.
O wretched impotence of human mind!
We erring ſtill excuſe for error find;
And darkling grope, not knowing we are blind.
Vain man! ſince firſt the bluſhing ſire eſſay'd
His folly with connected leaves to ſhade;
How does the crime of thy reſembling race
With like attempt that priſtine error trace?
Too plain thy nakedneſs of ſoul eſpy'd,
Why doſt thou ſtrive the conſcious ſhame to hide
By marks of eloquence, and veils of pride?

With outward ſmiles their flatt'ry I receiv'd;
Own'd my ſick mind by their diſcourſe reliev'd;
But bent and inward to myſelf again
Perplex'd, theſe matters I revolv'd; in vain.
My ſearch ſtill tir'd, my labour ſtill renew'd,
At length I ignorance, and knowledge view'd,
Impartial; both in equal balance laid;
Light flew the knowing ſcale; the doubtful heavy weigh'd
Forc'd by reflective reaſon, I confeſs,
That human ſcience is uncertain gueſs.
Alas! we graſp at clouds, and beat the air,
Vexing that ſpirit we intend to clear.
Can thought beyond the bounds of matter climb?
Or who ſhall tell me, what is ſpace or time?
In vain we lift up our preſumptuous eyes
To what our maker to their ken denies:
The ſearchers follow faſt: the object faſter flies.
The little which imperfectly we find,
Seduces only the bewilder'd mind
To fruitleſs ſearch of ſomething yet behind.
Various diſcuſſions tear our heated brain:
Opinions often turn; ſtill doubts remain;
And who indulges thought, increaſes pain.
How narrow limits were to wiſdom giv'n?
Earth ſhe ſurveys; ſhe thence would meaſure heav'n:
Thro' miſts obſcure, now wings her tedious way;
Now wanders dazzl'd with too bright a day;
And from the ſummit of a pathleſs coaſt
Sees infinite, and in that ſight is loſt.

Remember, that the curſt deſire to know,
Off-ſpring of Adam, was thy ſource of woe.
Why wilt thou then renew the vain purſuit,
And raſhly catch at the forbidden fruit?
With empty labour and eluded ſtrife
Seeking, by knowledge, to attain to life;
For ever from that fatal tree debarr'd,
Which flaming ſwords and angry cherubs guard.

PLEASURE:

THE

SECOND BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON again ſeeking happineſs, enquires if wealth and greatneſs can produce it, begins with the magnificence of gardens and buildings, the luxury of muſic and feaſting; and proceeds to the hopes and deſires of love. In two epiſodes are ſhewn the follies and troubles of that paſſion. Solomon ſtill diſappointed, falls under the temptations of libertiniſm and idolatry; recovers his thought, reaſons aright, and concludes, that as to the purſuit of pleaſure, and ſenſual delight, ALL IS VANITY AND VEXATION OF SPIRIT.

TEXTS chiefly alluded to in this BOOK.

I ſaid in mine heart, go to now, I will prove thee with mirth therefore enjoy pleaſure. Eccleſiaſtes. Chap. II. ver. 1.

I made me great works, I builded me houſes, I planted me vineyards. ver. 4.

I made me gardens, and orchards: and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits. ver 5.

I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees ver 6.

Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: and behold, all was vanity and vexation of ſpirit; and there was no profit under the ſun.

I gat me men-ſingers and women-ſingers, and the delights of the ſons of men, as muſical inſtruments, and that of all ſorts. ver. 8.

I ſought in mine heart to give myſelf unto wine (yet acquainting mine heart with wiſdom) and to lay hold on folly, 'till I might ſee what was that good for the ſons of men, which they ſhould do under heaven, all the days of their life. ver 3.

Then I ſaid in my heart, as it happeneth unto the fool, ſo it happeneth even unto me, and why was I then more wiſe? then I ſaid in my heart, that this alſo is vanity ver. 15.

Therefore I hated life, becauſe the work that is wrought under the ſun is grievous unto me. Chap. II ver 17.

Dead flies cauſe the ointment to ſend forth a ſtinking ſavour: ſo doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wiſdom and honour Chap X ver 1.

The memory of the juſt is bleſſed, but the name of the wicked ſhall rot Proverbs, Chap. X. ver. 7.

PLEASURE:

THE

SECOND BOOK.

TRY then, O man, the moments to deceive,
That from the womb attend thee to the grave:
For weary'd nature find ſome apter ſcheme:
Health be thy hope; and pleaſure be thy theme:
From the perplexing and unequal ways,
Where ſtudy brings thee; from the endleſs maze,
Which doubt perſuades to run, forewarn'd recede,
To the gay field, and flow'ry path, that lead
To jocund mirth, ſoft joy, and careleſs eaſe:
Forſake what may inſtruct, for what may pleaſe;
Eſſay amuſing art, and proud expence:
And make thy reaſon ſubject to thy ſenſe.
I commun'd thus: the pow'r of wealth I try'd,
And all the various luxe of coſtly pride.
Artiſts and plans reliev'd my ſolemn hours:
I founded palaces, and planted bow'rs.
Birds, fiſhes, beaſts of each exotic kind
I to the limits of my court confin'd.
To trees transferr d I gave a ſecond birth;
And bid a foreign ſhade grace Juda's earth.
Fiſh ponds were made, where former foreſts grew;
And hills were levell'd to extend the view.

Rivers diverted from their native course,
And bound with chains of artificial force,
From large cascades in pleasing tumult roll'd;
Or rose thro' figur'd stone or breathing gold.
From furthest Africa's tormented womb
The marble brought, erects the spacious dome,
Or forms the pillar's long-extended rows,
On which the planted grove, and pensile garden grows.
The workmen here obey the master's call,
To gild the turret, and to paint the wall;
To mark the pavement there with various stone:
And on the jasper steps to rear the throne:
The spreading cedar, that an age had stood,
Supreme of trees, and mistress of the wood,
Cut down and carv'd, my shining roof adorns,
And Lebanon his ruin'd honour mourns.
A thousand artists shew their cunning pow'r,
To raise the wonders of the iv'ry tow'r
A thousand maidens ply the purple loom,
To weave the bed, and deck the regal room;
'Till Tyre confesses her exhausted store,
That on her coast the Murex is no more;
'Till from the Parian isle, and Libya's coast,
The mountains grieve their hopes of marble lost;
And India's woods return their just complaint,
Their brood decay'd, and want of elephant.
My full design with vast expence atchiev'd,
I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd.
I chid the folly of my thoughtless haste:
For, the work perfected, the joy was past.

To my new courts ſad thought did ſtill repair;
And round my gilded roofs hung hov'ring care.
In vain on ſilken beds I ſought repoſe;
And reſtleſs out from purple couches roſe:
Vexatious thought ſtill found my flying mind
Nor bound by limits, nor to place confin'd;
Haunted my nights, and terrify'd my days;
Stalk'd thro' my gardens, and purſu'd my ways,
Nor that from artful pow'r, nor loſt in winding maze.

Yet take thy bent, my ſoul; another ſenſe
Indulge; add muſic to magnificence:
Eſſay, if harmony my grief controul;
Or pow'r of ſound prevail upon the ſoul.
Often our ſeers and poets have confeſt,
That muſic's force can tame the furious beaſt;
Can make the wolf, or foaming boar reſtrain
His rage; the lion drop his creſted main,
Attentive to the ſong: the lynx forget
His wrath to man, and lick the minſtrel's feet.
Are we alas! leſs ſavage yet than theſe?
Elſe muſic ſure may human cares appeaſe.

I ſpake my purpoſe; and the chearful choir
Parted their ſhares of harmony: the lyre
Soften'd the timbrels noiſe: the trumpet's ſound
Provok'd the Dorian flute (both ſweeter found
When mix'd:) the fife the viol's notes refin'd,
And ev'ry ſtrength with ev'ry grace was join'd.
Each morn they wak'd me with a ſprightly lay:
Of opening heav'n they ſung, and gladſome day.

Each evening their repeated ſkill expreſs'd
Scenes of repoſe, and images of reſt:
Yet ſtill in vain: for muſic gather'd thought:
But how unequal the effects it brought?
The ſoft ideas of the chearful note,
Lightly receiv'd, were eaſily forgot:
The ſolemn violence of the graver ſound
Knew to ſtrike deep, and leave a laſting wound.
And now reflecting, I with grief deſcry
The fickly luſt of the fantaſtic eye;
How the weak organ is with ſeeing cloy'd,
Fly'ing ere night what it at noon enjoy'd.
And now (unhappy ſearch of thought!) I found
The fickle ear ſoon glutted with the ſound,
Condemn'd eternal changes to purſue,
Tir'd with the laſt, and eager of the new.
I bade the virgins and the youth advance,
To temper muſic with the ſprightly dance.
In vain! too low the mimic-motions ſeem:
What takes our heart, muſt merit our eſteem.
Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a part,
Forming the movements to the rules of art;
And vex'd I found, that the muſician's hand
Had o'er the dancer's mind too great command.
I drank; I lik'd it not: twas rage; 'twas noiſe;
An airy ſcene of tranſitory joys.
In vain I truſted, that the flowing bowl
Would baniſh ſorrow, and enlarge the ſoul.
To the late revel, and protracted feaſt
Wild dreams ſucceeded, and diſorder'd reſt;

And as at dawn of morn fair reaſon's light
Broke thro' the fumes and phantoms of the night;
What had been ſaid, I aſk'd my ſoul, what done;
How flow'd our mirth, and whence the ſource begun?
Perhaps the jeſt that charm'd this ſprightly croud,
And made the jovial table laugh ſo loud,
To ſome falſe notion ow'd its poor preſence,
To an ambiguous word's perverted ſenſe,
To a wild ſonnet, or a wanton air,
Offence and torture to the ſober ear.
Perhaps, alas! the pleaſing ſtream was brought
From this man's error, from another's fault;
From topics which good-nature would forget,
And prudence mention with the laſt regret.
Add yet unnumber'd ills, that lie unſeen
In the pernicious draught; the word obſcene,
Or harſh, which once clanc'd muſt ever fly
Irrevocable; the too prompt reply,
Seed of ſevere diſtruſt, and fierce debate;
What we ſhould ſhun, and what we ought to hate.
Add too the blood impoveriſh'd, and the courſe
Of health ſuppreſs'd, by wine's continu'd force.
Unhappy man! whom ſorrow thus and rage
To diff'rent ills alternately engage.
Who drinks, alas! but to forget: nor ſees,
That melancholy ſloth, ſevere diſeaſe,
Mem'ry confus'd, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught:
And in the flow'rs that wreath the ſparkling bowl,
Pell adders hiſs, and pois'nous ſerpents roll.

Remains there ought untry'd, that may remove
Sickneſs of mind, and heal the boſom ?——Love,
Love yet remains; indulge his genial fire,
Cheriſh fair hope, ſolicit young deſire,
And boldly bid thy anxious ſoul explore
This laſt great remedy s myſterious pow'r.
Why therefore heſitates my doubtful breaſt?
Why ceaſes it one moment to be bleſt?
Fly ſwift, my friends; my ſervants, fly; imploy
Your inſtant pains to bring your maſter joy.
Let all my wives and concubines be dreſs'd:
Let them to-night attend the royal feaſt;
All Iſrael's beauty, all the foreign fair;
The gifts of princes, or the ſpoils of war.
Before their monarch they ſhall ſingly paſs;
And the moſt worthy ſhall obtain the grace.
I ſaid: the feaſt was ſerv'd: the bowl was crown'd;
To the king's pleaſure went the mirthful round:
The women came; as cuſtom wills, they paſt:
On one, (O that diſtinguiſh'd one!) I caſt
The fav'rite glance: O! yet my mind retains
That fond beginning of my infant pains.
Mature the virgin was of Egypt's race:
Grace ſhap'd her limbs; and beauty deck'd her face:
Eaſy her motion ſeem'd, ſerene her air:
Full, though unzon'd, her boſom roſe; her hair
Unty'd, and ignorant of artful aid,
Adown her ſhoulders looſely lay diſplay'd;
And in the jetty curls ten thouſand Cupids play'd.

Fix'd on her charms, and pleas'd that I could love,
Aid me my friends, contribute to improve
Your monarch's bliſs, I ſaid; freſh roſes bring
To ſtrow my bed; 'till the impov'riſh'd ſpring
Confeſs her want; around my am'rous head
Be dropping myrrh, and liquid amber ſhed,
'Till Arab has no more. From the ſoft lyre,
Sweet flute, and ten-ſtring'd inſtrument, require
Sounds of delight: and thou, fair nymph, draw nigh;
Thou, in whoſe graceful form, and potent eye
Thy maſter's joy long ſought at length is found;
And as thy brow, let my deſires be crown'd;
O fav'rite virgin, that has warm'd the breaſt,
Whoſe ſov'reign dictates ſubjugate the eaſt!
I ſaid; and ſudden from the golden throne
With a ſubmiſſive ſtep I haſted down.
The glowing garland from my hair I took,
Love in my heart, obedience in my look;
Prepar'd to place it on her comely head:
O fav'rite virgin! (yet again I ſaid)
Receive the honours deſtin'd to thy brow;
And O above thy fellows happy thou!
Their duty muſt thy ſov'reign word obey.
Riſe up, my love; my fair one, come away.
What pang, alas! what extacy of ſmart
Tore up my ſenſes, and transfix'd my heart;
When ſhe with modeſt ſcorn the wreath return'd,
Reclin'd her beauteous neck, and inward mourn'd?
Forc'd by my pride, I my concern ſuppreſs'd,
Pretended drowſineſs, and wiſh of reſt;
And ſullen I forſook th'imperfect feaſt:

Ordering the eunuchs, to whoſe proper care
Our eaſtern grandeur gives th' impriſon'd fair,
To lead her forth to a diſtinguiſh'd bow'r,
And bid her dreſs the bed, and wait the hour.
Reſtleſs I follow'd this obdurate maid,
(Swift are the ſteps that love and anger tread)
Approach'd her perſon, courted her embrace,
Renew'd my flame, repeated my diſgrace:
By turns put on the ſuppliant, and the lord:
Threaten'd this moment, and the next implor'd;
Offer'd again the unaccepted wreath,
And choice of happy love, or inſtant death.
Averſe to all her am'rous king deſir'd,
Far as ſhe might, ſhe decently retir'd:
And darting ſcorn, and ſorrow from her eyes,
What means, ſaid ſhe, King Solomon the wiſe?
This wretched body trembles at your pow'r:
Thus far could fortune: but ſhe can no more.
Free to herſelf my potent mind remains;
Nor fears the victor's rage, nor feels his chains.
'Tis ſaid, that thou can'ſt plauſibly diſpute,
Supreme of ſeers, of angel, man, and brute;
Can'ſt plead with ſubtile wit and fair diſcourſe,
Of paſſion's folly, and of reaſon's force.
That to the tribes attentive thou canſt ſhow,
Whence their misfortunes, or their bleſſings flow,
That thou in ſcience, as in pow'r art great;
And truth and honour on thy edicts wait.
Where is that knowledge now, that regal thought,
With juſt advice, and timely counſel fraught?

Where now, O judge of Iſrael, does it rove?——
What in one moment doſt thou offer? love ——
Love? why 'tis joy or ſorrow, peace or ſtrife:
'Tis all the colour of remaining life:
And human miſ'ry muſt begin or end,
As he becomes a tyrant, or a friend.
Would David's ſon, religious, juſt and grave,
To the firſt bride-bed of the world receive
A foreigner, a heathen, and a ſlave?
Or grant, thy paſſion has theſe names deſtroy'd;
That love, like death, makes all diſtinction void;
Yet in his empire o'er thy abject breaſt,
His flames and torments only are expreſt:
His rage can in my ſmiles alone relent:
And all his joys ſolicit my conſent.
Soft love ſpontaneous tree, its parted root
Muſt from two hearts with equal vigour ſhoot;
Whilſt each delighted, and delighting gives
The pleaſing extacy, which each receives:
Cheriſh'd with hope, and fed with joy it grows:
Its chearful buds their op'ning bloom diſcloſe;
And round the happy ſoil diffuſive odour flows.
If angry fate that mutual care denies;
The fading plant bewails its due ſupplies:
Wild with deſpair, or ſick with grief, it dies.
By force beaſts act, and are by force reſtrain'd
The human mind by gentle means is gain'd.
Thy uſeleſs ſtrength, miſtaken king, employ:
Sated with rage, and ignorant of joy,

Thou ſhalt not gain what I deny to yield;
Nor reap the harveſt, tho' thou ſpoil'ſt the field.
Know Solomon, thy poor extent of ſway;
Contract thy brow, and Iſrael ſhall obey:
But wilful love thou muſt with ſmiles appeaſe;
Approach his awful throne by juſt degrees
And if thou would'ſt be happy, learn to pleaſe.
Not that thoſe arts can here ſucceſsful prove:
For I am deſtin'd to another's love.
Beyond the cruel bounds of thy command,
To my dear equal in my native land,
My plighted vow I gave: I his receiv'd:
Each ſwore with truth: with pleaſure each believ'd.
The mutual contract was to heav'n convey'd:
In equal ſcales and buſy angels weigh'd
Its ſolemn force, and clap'd their wings, and ſpread
The laſting roll, recording what we ſaid.
Now in my heart behold thy poniard ſtain'd:
Take the ſad life which I have long diſdain'd:
End, in a dying virgin's wretched fate,
Thy ill ſtarr'd paſſion, and my ſtedfaſt hate.
For long as blood informs theſe circling veins;
Or fleeting breath its lateſt pow'r retains:
Hear me to Egypt's vengeful gods declare,
Hate is my part: be thine, O king, deſpair.
Now ſtrike, ſhe ſaid, and open'd bare her breaſt;
Stand it in Juda's chronicles confeſt,
That David's ſon, by impious paſſion mov'd,
Smote a ſhe-ſlave, and murder'd what he lov'd.

Aſham'd, confus'd, I ſtarted from the bed;
And to my ſoul yet uncollected ſaid:
Into thy ſelf, fond Solomon, return;
Reflect again, and thou again ſhalt mourn.
When I through number'd years have pleaſure ſought;
And in vain hope the wanton phantom caught;
To mock my ſenſe, and mortify my pride,
'Tis in another's pow'r, and is deny'd.
Am I a king, great heav'n! does life or death
Hang on the wrath, or mercy of my breath;
While kneeling I my ſervant's ſmiles implore;
And one mad dam'ſel dares diſpute my pow'r?
To raviſh her? that thought was ſoon depreſs'd,
Which muſt debaſe the monarch to the beaſt.
To ſend her back? O whither, and to whom?
To lands where Solomon muſt never come;
To that inſulting rival's happy arms,
For whom, diſdaining me, ſhe keeps her charms.
Fantaſtic tyrant of the am'rous heart:
How hard thy yoke! how cruel is thy dart!
Thoſe 'ſcape thy anger, who refuſe thy ſway;
And thoſe are puniſh'd moſt, who moſt obey.
See Juda's king revere thy greater pow'r:
What canſt thou covet or how triumph more?
Why then, O Love, with an obdurate ear
Does this proud nymph reject a monarch's pray'r?
Why to ſome ſimple ſhepherd does ſhe run,
From the fond arms of David's fav'rite ſon?
Why flies ſhe from the glories of a court,
Where wealth and pleaſure may thy reign ſupport,

To ſome poor cottage on the mountain's brow,
Now bleak with winds, and cover'd now with ſnow:
Where pinching want muſt curb her warm deſires,
And houſhold cares ſuppreſs thy genial fires?
Too aptly the afflicted heathens prove
The force, while they erect the ſhrines of love.
His myſtic form the artizans of Greece
In wounded ſtone or molten gold expreſs:
And Cyprus to his godhead pays her vow;
Faſt in his hand the idol holds his bow:
A quiver by his ſide ſuſtains a ſtore
Of pointed darts; ſad emblems of his pow'r:
A pair of wings he has, which he extends
Now to be gone; which now again he bends
Prone to return, as beſt may ſerve his wanton ends.
Entirely thus I find the friend pourtray'd,
Since firſt alas! I ſaw the beauteous maid:
I felt him ſtrike; and now I ſee him fly:
Curs'd daemon! O! for ever broken lie
Thoſe fatal ſhafts, by which I inward bleed!
O! can my wiſhes yet o'ertake thy ſpeed!
Tir'd may'ſt thou pant, and hang thy flagging wing:
Except thou turn'ſt thy courſe, reſolv'd to bring
The damſel back, and ſave the love-ſick king.
My ſoul thus ſtruggling in the fatal net,
Unable to enjoy, or to forget:
I reaſon'd much, alas! but more I lov'd;
Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and diſapprov'd:

Till hopeleſs plung'd in an abyſs of grief,
I from neceſſity receiv'd relief:
Time gently aided to aſſuage my pain;
And wiſdom took once more the ſlacken'd rein.
But O how ſhort my interval of woe!
Our griefs how ſwift; our remedies how ſlow!
Another nymph (for ſo did heav'n ordain,
To change the manner, but renew the pain)
Another nymph, amongſt the many fair,
That made my ſofter hours their ſolemn care,
Before the reſt affected ſtill to ſtand;
And watch'd my eye, preventing my command.
Abra, ſhe ſo was call'd, did ſooneſt haſte
To grace my preſence; Abra went the laſt:
Abra was ready e'er I call'd her name;
And tho' I call'd another, Abra came.
Her equals firſt obſerv'd her growing zeal;
And laughing gloſs'd, that Abra ſerv'd ſo well.
To me her actions did unheeded die,
Or were remark'd but with a common eye;
'Till more appriz'd of what the rumour ſaid,
More I obſerv'd peculiar in the maid.
The ſun declin'd had ſhot his weſtern ray;
When tir'd with buſineſs of the ſolemn day,
I purpos'd to unbend the ev'ning hours,
And banquet private in the women's bow'rs.
I call'd before I ſat to waſh my hands:
For ſo the precept of the law commands.
Love had ordain'd, that it was Abra's turn
To mix the ſweets, and miniſter the urn.

With awful homage, and ſubmiſſive dread
The maid approach'd, on my declining head
To pour the oils: ſhe trembled as ſhe pour'd;
With an unguarded look ſhe now devour'd
My nearer face: and now recall'd her eye,
And heav'd and ſtrove to hide a ſudden ſigh.
And whence, ſaid I, canſt thou have dread, or pain?
What can thy imag'ry of ſorrow mean?
Secluded from the world, and all its care,
Haſt thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?
For ſure, I added, ſure thy little heart
Ne'er felt Love's anger, or receiv'd his dart.
Abaſh'd ſhe bluſh'd, and with diſorder ſpoke:
Her riſing ſhame adorn'd the words it broke.
If the great maſter will deſcend to hear
The humble ſcries of his hand-maid's care;
O! while ſhe tells it, let him not put on
The look, that awes the nations from the throne:
O! let not death ſevere in glory lie
In the king's frown, and terror of his eye.
Mine to obey: thy part is to ordain:
And tho' to mention, be to ſuffer pain;
If the king ſmiles whilſt I my woe recite;
If weeping I find favour in his ſight;
Flow faſt my tears, full riſing his delight.
O! witneſs earth beneath, and heav'n above;
For can I hide it? I am ſick of love:
If madneſs may the name of paſſion bear;
Or love be call'd, what is indeed deſpair.

Thou ſov'reign Pow'r, whoſe ſecret will controuls
The inward bent and motion of our ſouls!
Why haſt thou plac'd ſuch infinite degrees
Between the cauſe and cure of my diſeaſe?
The mighty object of that raging fire,
In which unpity'd Abra muſt expire,
Had he been born ſome ſimple ſhepherd's heir,
The lowing herd, or fleecy ſheep his care;
At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,
Scornful of winter's froſt, and ſummer's ſun,
Still aiking, where he made his flock to reſt at noon.
For him at night, the dear expected gueſt,
I had with hafty joy prepar'd the feaſt;
And from the cottage, o'er the diſtant plain,
Sent forth my longing eye to meet the ſwain;
Wav'ring, impatient, toſs'd by hope and fear;
'Till he and joy together ſhould appear;
And the lov'd dog declare his maſter near.
On my declining neck, and open breaſt,
I ſhould have lull'd the lovely youth to reſt;
And from beneath his head, at dawning day,
With ſofteſt care have ſtoln my arm away;
To riſe, and from the fold releaſe the ſheep,
Fond of his flock, indulgent to his ſleep.

Or if kind heav'n propitious to my flame
(For ſure from heav'n the faithful ardor came)
Had bleſt my life, and deck'd my natal hour
With height of title, and extent of pow'r:
Without a crime my paſſion had aſpir'd,
Found the lov'd prince, and told what I deſir'd.

Then I had come, preventing Sheba's queen,
To ſee the comelieſt of the ſons of men;
To hear the charming poet's am'rous ſong,
And gather honey falling from his tongue;
To take the fragrant kiſſes of his mouth,
Sweeter than breezes of her native ſouth;
Likening his grace, his perſon, and his mien
To all that great and beauteous I had ſeen.
Serene and bright his eyes, as ſolar beams
Reflecting temper'd light from cryſtal ſtreams;
Ruddy as gold his cheek; his boſom fair
As ſilver; the curl'd ringlets of his hair
Black as the raven's wing; his lip more red,
Than eaſtern coral, or the ſcarlet thread;
Even his teeth, and white like a young flock
Coeval, newly ſhorn, from the clear brook
Recent, and blanching on the ſunny rock.
Iv'ry with ſapphires interſpers'd, explains
How white his hands, how blue the manly veins.
Columns of poliſh'd marble firmly ſet
On golden baſes, are his legs and feet.
His ſtature all majeſtic, all divine,
Straight as the palm-tree, ſtrong as is the pine.
Saffron and myrrh are on his garments ſhed:
And everlaſting ſweets bloom round his head.
What utter I? where am I? wretched maid!
Die, Abra, die: too plainly haſt thou ſaid
Thy ſoul's deſire to meet his high embrace,
And bleſſings ſtamp'd upon thy future race;

To bid attentive nations bleſs thy womb,
With unborn monarchs charg'd, and Solomons to come.
Here o'er her ſpeech her flowing eyes prevail.
O fooliſh maid! and O unhappy tale!
My ſuff'ring heart for ever ſhall defy
New wounds, and danger from a future eye.
O! yet my tortur'd ſenſes deep retain
The wretched mem'ry of my former pain,
The dire affront, and my Egyptian chain.
As time, I ſaid, may happily efface
That cruel image of the king's diſgrace;
Imperial reaſon ſhall reſume her ſeat;
And Solomon once fall'n, again be great.
Betray'd by paſſion, as ſubdu'd in war,
We wiſely ſhould exert a double care,
Nor ever ought a ſecond time to err.
This Abra then ——
I ſaw her; 'twas humanity; it gave
Some reſpite to the ſorrows of my ſlave.
Her fond exceſs proclaim'd her paſſion true;
And generous pity to that truth was due.
Well I intreated her, who well deſerv'd;
I call'd her often; for ſhe always ſerv'd.
Uſe made her perſon eaſy to my ſight;
And eaſe inſenſibly produc'd delight.
Whene'er I revell'd in the women's bow'rs
(For firſt I ſought her but at looſer hours)
The apples ſhe had gather'd ſmelt moſt ſweet:
The cake ſhe kneaded was the ſav'ry meat:

But fruits their odour loſt, and meats their taſte;
If gentle Abra had not deck'd the feaſt.
Diſhonour'd did the ſparkling goblet ſtand:
Unleſs receiv'd from gentle Abra's hand:
And when the virgins form'd the ev'ning choir,
Raiſing their voices to the maſter lyre;
Too flat I thought this voice, and that too ſhrill;
One ſhow'd too much, and one too little ſkill:
Nor could my ſoul approve the muſic's tone;
'Till all was huſh'd, and Abra ſung alone.
Fairer ſhe ſeem'd, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt;
And better mien diſclos'd, as better dreſt.
A bright tiara round her forehead ty'd,
To juſter bounds confin'd its riſing pride:
The bluſhing ruby on her ſnowy breaſt,
Render'd its panting whiteneſs more confeſt:
Bracelets of pearl gave roundneſs to her arm;
And ev'ry gem augmented ev'ry charm.
Her ſenſes pleas'd, her beauty ſtill improv'd;
And ſhe more lovely grew, as more belov'd.

And now I cold behold, avow, and blame
The ſeveral follies of my former flame;
Willing my heart for recompence to prove
The certain joys that lie in proſp'rous love.
For what, ſaid I, from Abra can I fear,
Too humble to inſult, too ſoft to be ſevere?
The damſel's ſole ambition is to pleaſe:
With freedom I may like, and quit with eaſe:
She ſooths, but never can enthral my mind:
Why may not peace and love for once be join'd?

Great heav'n! how frail thy creature man is made!
How by himſelf inſenſibly betray'd!
In our own ſtrength unhappily ſecure,
Too little cautious of the adverſe pow'r;
And by the blaſt of ſelf-opinion mov'd,
We wiſh to charm, and ſeek to be belov'd.
On pleaſure's flowing brink we idly ſtray,
Maſters as yet of our returning way:
Seeing no danger, we diſarm our mind;
And give our conduct to the waves and wind:
Then in the flow'ry mead, or verdant ſhade
To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl;
And ſmiling ſee the nearer waters roll;
'Till the ſtrong guſts of raging paſſion riſe;
'Till the dire tempeſt mingles earth and ſkies;
And ſwift into the boundleſs ocean born,
Our fooliſh confidence too late we mourn:
Round our devoted heads the billows beat;
And from our troubl'd view the leſſen'd lands retreat.
O mighty love! from thy unbounded pow'r
How ſhall the human boſom reſt ſecure?
How ſhall our thought avoid the various ſnare?
Or wiſdom to our caution'd ſoul declare
The diff'rent ſhapes, thou pleaſeſt to imploy,
When bent to hurt, and certain to deſtroy?
The haughty nymph in open beauty dreſt,
To-day encounters our unguarded breaſt:
She looks with majeſty, and moves with ſtate:
Unbent her ſoul, and in misfortune great,
She ſcorns the world, and dares the rage of fate.

Here whilſt we take ſtern manhood for our guide,
And guard our conduct with becoming pride;
Charm'd with the courage in her action ſhown,
We praiſe her mind, the image of our own.
She that can pleaſe, is certain to perſuade:
To-day belov'd, to morrow is obey'd.
We think we ſee thro' reaſon's optic right;
Nor find, how beauty's rays elude our ſight:
Struck with her eye, whilſt we applaud her mind:
And when we ſpeak her great, we wiſh her kind.

To-morrow, cruel pow'r, thou arm'ſt the fair
With flowing ſorrow, and diſhevel'd hair;
Sad her complaint, and humble is her tale,
Her ſighs explaining where her accents fail.
Here gen'rous ſoftneſs warms the honeſt breaſt:
We raiſe the ſad, and ſuccour the diſtreſs'd:
And whilſt our wiſh prepares the kind relief;
Whilſt pity mitigates her riſing grief:
We ſicken ſoon from her contagious care;
Grieve for her ſorrows, groan for her deſpair;
And againſt love too late thoſe boſoms arm,
Which tears can ſoften, and which ſighs can warm.

Againſt this neareſt cruelleſt of foes,
What ſhall wit meditate, or force oppoſe?
Whence, feeble nature, ſhall we ſummon aid;
If by our pity, and our pride betray'd?
External remedy ſhall we hope to find,
When the cloſe fiend has gain'd our treach'rous mind;
Inſulting there does reaſon's pow'r deride;
And blind himſelf, conducts the dazzl'd guide?

My conqueror, now, my lovely Abra held
My freedom in her chains; my heart was fill'd
With her, with her alone: in her alone
It ſought its peace and joy, while ſhe was gone,
It ſigh'd, and griev'd impatient of her ſtay;
Return'd, ſhe chas'd thoſe ſighs, that grief away:
Her abſence made the night: her preſence brought the day.

The ball, the play, the maſk by turns ſucceed,
For her I make the ſong, the dance with her I lead.
I court her various in each ſhape and dreſs,
That luxury may form, or thought expreſs.

To-day beneath the palm-tree on the plains
In Deborah's arms and habit Abra reigns:
The wreath denoting conqueſt guides her brow:
And low, like Barak, at her feet I bow.
The mimic chorus ſings her proſp'rous hand;
As ſhe had ſlain the foe, and ſav'd the land.

To-morrow ſhe approves a ſofter air;
Forſakes the pomp and pageantry of war;
The form of peaceful Abigail aſſumes;
And from the village with the preſent comes:
The youthful band depoſe their glittering arms;
Receive her bounties and recite her charms;
Whilſt I aſſume my father's ſtep and mien,
To meet with due regard my future queen.

If hap'ly Abra's will be now inclin'd
To range the woods, or chace the flying hind:
Soon as the ſun awakes, the ſprightly court
Leave their repoſe, and haſten to the ſport.

In leſſen'd royalty, and humble ſtate,
Thy king Jeruſalem, deſcends to wait
'Till Abra comes, ſhe comes, a milk white ſteed,
Mixture of Perſia's, and Arabia's breed,
Suſtains the nymph: her garments flying looſe,
(As the Sidonian maids or Thracian uſe)
And half her knee, and half her breaſt appear,
By art, like negligence, diſclos'd, and bare.
Her left hand guides the hunting courſer's flight:
A ſilver bow ſhe carries in her right:
And from the golden quiver at her ſide,
Ruſtles the ebon arrow's feather'd pride.
Sapphires and diamonds on her front diſplay
An artificial moon's increaſing ray.

Diana, huntreſs, miſtreſs of the groves,
The fav'rite Abra ſpeaks, and looks and moves.
Her, as the preſent goddeſs, I obey:
Beneath her feet the captive game I lay.
The mingl'd chorus ſings Diana's fame:
Clarions and horns in louder peals proclaim
Her myſtic praiſe: the vocal triumphs bound
Againſt the hills: the hills reflect the ſound.
If tir'd this evening with the hunted woods,
To the large fiſh-pools, or the glaſſy floods
Her mind to morrow points: a thouſand hands
To night employ'd, obey the king's commands.
Upon the wat'ry beach an artful pile
Of Planks is join'd, and forms a moving iſle.
A golden chariot in the midſt is ſet;
And ſilver cygnets ſeem to feel its weight.

Abra, bright queen, aſcends her gaudy throne,
In reſemblance of the Grecian Venus known:
Tritons and ſea green Naiads round her move;
And ſing in moving ſtrains the force of love:
Whilſt as th' approaching pageant does appear;
And echoing crouds ſpeak mighty Venus near;
I, her adorer, too devoutly ſtand
Faſt on the outmoſt margin of the land,
With arms and hopes extended, to receive
The fancy'd goddeſs riſing from the wave.
O ſubject reaſon! O imperious love!
Whither yet further would my folly rove?
Is it enough, that Abra ſhould be great
In the wall'd palace, or the rural ſeat?
That maſking habits, and a borrowed name
Contrive to hide my plenitude of ſhame?
No, no: Jeruſalem combin'd muſt ſee
My open fault, and regal infamy,
Solemn a month is deſtin'd for the feaſt:
Abra invites the nation is the gueſt.
To have the honour of each day ſuſtain'd,
The woods are travers'd, and the lakes are drain'd;
Arabia's wilds, and Egypt's, are explor'd:
The edible creation decks the board:
Hardly the phenix 'ſcapes.——
The men their lyres the maids their voices raiſe,
To ſing my happineſs, and Abra's praiſe;
And ſlaviſh bards our mutual love debaſe
In lying ſtrains, and ignominious verſe:

While from the banquet leading forth the bride,
Whom prudent love from public eyes ſhould hide;
I ſhow her to the world, confeſs'd and known
Queen of my heart, and partner of my throne.
And now her friends and flatt'rers fill the court:
From Dan, and from Beerſheba they reſort:
They barter places, and diſpoſe of grants,
Whole provinces unequal to their wants.
They teach her to recede, or to debate;
With toys of love to mix affairs of ſtate;
By practis'd rules her empire to ſecure;
And in my pleaſure make my ruin ſure.
They gave, and ſhe transfer'd the curs'd advice
That monarchs ſhould their inward ſoul diſguiſe,
Diſſemble and command, be falſe and wiſe;
By ignominious arts for ſervile ends
Should compliment their foes, and ſhun their friends.
And now I leave the true and juſt ſupports
Of legal princes, and of honeſt courts,
Barzillai's, and the fierce Benaiah's heirs;
Whoſe ſires, great partners in my father's cares,
Saluted their young king at Hebron crown'd,
Great by their toil, and glorious by their wound.
And now, unhappy council, I prefer
Thoſe whom my follies only made me fear,
Old Corah's brood and taunting Shemei's race;
Miſcreants who ow'd their lives to David's grace:
Tho' they had ſpurn'd his rule, and curs'd him to his face.

Still Abra's pow'r, my ſcandal ſtill encreas'd;
Juſtice ſubmitted to what Abra pleas'd:
Her will alone could ſettle or revoke;
And law was fix'd by what ſhe lateſt ſpoke.
Iſrael neglected, Abra was my care:
I only acted, thought, and liv'd for her.
I durſt not reaſon with my wounded heart.
Abra poſſeſs'd; ſhe was its better part.
O! had I now review'd the famous cauſe,
Which gave my righteous youth ſo juſt applauſe;
In vain on the diſſembl'd mother's tongue
Had cunning art, and ſly perſuaſion hung;
And real care in vain, and native love
In the true parent's panting breaſt had ſtrove;
While both deceiv'd had ſeen the deſtin'd child
Or ſlain, or ſav'd, as Abra frown'd, or ſmil'd.
Unknowing to command, proud to obey,
A life-leſs king, a royal ſhade I lay.
Unhear'd the injur'd orphans now complain:
The widow's cries addreſs the throne in vain.
Cauſes unjudg'd diſgrace the loaded file;
And ſleeping laws the king's neglect revile.
No more the elders throng'd around my throne,
To hear my maxims, and reform their own.
No more the young nobility were taught,
How Moſes govern'd, and how David fought.
Looſe and undiſciplin'd the ſoldier lay;
Or loſt in drink and game the ſolid day:
Porches and ſchools, deſign'd for public good,
Uncover'd and with ſcaffolds cumber'd ſtood,

Or nodded, threatning ruin——
Half pillars wanted their expected height;
And roofs imperfect prejudic'd the ſight.
The artiſts grieve; the lab'ring people droop:
My father's legacy, my country's hope,
God's temple lies unfiniſh'd——

The wiſe and grave deplor'd their monarch's fate,
And future miſchiefs of a ſinking ſtate.
Is this the ſerious ſaid, is this the man,
Whoſe active ſoul thro' ev'ry ſcience ran?
Who by juſt rule and elevated ſkill
Preſcrib'd the dubious bounds of good and ill?
Whoſe golden ſayings, and immortal wit,
On large Phylacteries expreſſive writ,
Were to the forehead of the Rabbins ty'd,
Our youth's inſtruction, and our age's pride?
Could not the wiſe his wild deſires reſtrain?
Then was our hearing, and his preaching vain!
What from his life and letters were we taught,
But that his knowledge aggravates his fault?

In lighter mood the humorous and the gay
(As crown'd with roſes at their feaſts they lay)
Sent the full goblet, charg'd with Abra's name,
And charms ſuperior to their maſter's fame:
Laughing ſome praiſe the king, who let 'em ſee,
How aptly luxe, and empire might agree:
Some gloſs'd, how love and wiſdom were at ſtrife;
And brought my proverbs to confront my life.
However, friend, here's to the king, one cries:
To him who was the king, the friend replies.

The king, for Judah's, and for wiſdom's curſe,
To Abra yielded: could I, or thou do worſe?
Our looſer lives let chance or folly ſteer:
If thus the prudent and determin'd err.
Let Dinah bind with flow'rs her flowing hair:
And touch the lute, and ſound the wanton air:
Let us the bliſs without the ſting receive,
Free, as we will, or to enjoy, or leave.
Pleaſures on levity's ſmooth ſurface flow:
Thought brings the weight, that ſinks the ſoul to woe.
Now be this maxim to the king convey'd,
And added to the thouſand he has made.
Sadly, O reaſon, is thy pow'r expreſs'd,
Thou gloomy tyrant of the frighted breaſt!
And harſh the rules, which we from thee receive;
If for our wiſdom we our pleaſure give;
And more to think be only more to grieve.
If Judah's king at thy tribunal try'd,
Forſakes his joy, to vindicate his pride;
And changing ſorrows, I am only found [bound.
Loos'd from the chains of love, in thine more ſtrictly
But do I call thee Tyrant, or complain,
How hard thy laws, how abſolute thy reign?
While thou, alas! art but an empty name,
To no two men, who e'er diſcours'd, the ſame;
The idle product of a troubled thought,
In borrow'd ſhapes, and airy colours wrought;
A fancy'd line, and a reflected ſhade;
A chain which man to fetter man has made,
By artifice impos'd, by fear obey'd.

Yet, wretched name, or arbitrary thing,
Whence ever I thy cruel eſſence bring,
I own thy influence; for I feel thy ſting.
Reluctant I perceive thee in my ſoul,
Form'd to command, and deſtin'd to controul.
Yes; thy inſulting dictates ſhall be heard:
Virtue for once ſhall be her own reward:
Yes; rebel Iſrael, this unhappy maid
Shall be diſmiſs'd: the crowd ſhall be obey'd:
The king his paſſion, and his rule ſhall leave,
No longer Abra's, but the people's ſlave.
My coward ſoul ſhall bear its wayward fate:
I will, alas! be wretched, to be great,
And ſigh in royalty, and grieve in ſtate.
I ſaid: reſolv'd to plunge into my grief
At once ſo far, as to expect relief
From my deſpair alone——
I choſe to write the thing I durſt not ſpeak,
To her I lov'd, to her I muſt forſake,
The harſh epiſtle labour'd much to prove,
How inconſiſtent majeſty, and love.
I always ſhould, it ſaid, eſteem her well;
But never ſee her more: it bid her feel
No future pain for me; but inſtant wed
A lover more proportion'd to her bed;
And quiet dedicate her remnant life
To the juſt duties of an humble wife.
She read; and forth to me ſhe wildly ran,
To me, the eaſe of all her former pain.

She kneel'd, intreated, ſtruggl d, threaten'd, cry'd,
And with alternate paſſion liv'd, and dy'd:
'Till now deny'd the liberty to mourn,
And by rude fury from my preſence torn,
This only object of my real care,
Cut off from hope, abandon'd to deſpair,
In ſome few poſting fatal hours is hurl'd
From wealth, from pow'r, from love, and from the world.
Here tell me, if thou dar'ſt, my conſcious ſoul,
What diff'rent ſorrows did within me roll?
What pangs, what fires, what racks didſt thou ſuſtain?
What ſad viciſſitudes of ſmarting pain?
How oft from pomp and ſtate did I remove,
To feed deſpair, and cheriſh hopeleſs love?
How oft, all day, recall'd I Abra's charms,
Her beauties preſs'd, and panting in my arms?
How oft, with ſighs, view'd ev'ry female face,
Where mimic fancy might her likeneſs trace?
How oft deſir'd to fly from Iſrael's throne,
And live in ſhades with her and love alone?
How oft, all night, purſu'd her in my dreams,
O'er flow'ry vallies, and thro' cryſtal ſtreams;
And waking, view'd with grief the riſing ſun,
And fondly mourn'd the dear deluſion gone?

When thus the gather'd ſtorms of wretched love,
In my ſwoln boſom, with long war had ſtrove;
At length they broke their bounds: at length their force
Bore down whatever met its ſtronger courſe:
Laid all the civil bonds of manhood waſte:
And ſcatter'd ruin, as the torrent paſt.

So from the hills, whoſe hollow caves contain
The congregated ſnow, and ſwelling rain;
'Till the full ſtores their ancient bounds diſdain;
Precipitate the furious torrent flows:
In vain would ſpeed avoid, or ſtrength oppoſe:
Towns, foreſts, herds, and men promiſcuous drown'd,
With one great death deform the dreary ground:
The echo'd woes from diſtant rocks reſound.
And now, what impious ways my wiſhes took;
How they the monarch, and the man forſook;
And how I follow'd an abandon'd will,
Thro' crooked paths, and ſad retreats of ill;
How Judah's daughter's now, now foreign ſlaves,
By turns my proſtituted bed receives:
Thro' tribes of women how I looſely rang'd
Impatient; lik'd to-night, to-morrow chang'd;
And by the inſtinct of capricious luſt,
Enjoy'd, diſdain'd, was grateful, or unjuſt:
O, be theſe ſcenes from human eyes conceal'd,
In clouds of decent ſilence juſtly veil'd!
O, be the wanton images convey'd
To black oblivion, and eternal ſhade!
Or let their ſad epitome alone,
And outward lines to future age be known,
Enough to propagate the ſure belief,
That vice engenders ſhame; and folly broods o'er grief.
Bury'd in ſloth, and loſt in eaſe I lay:
The night I revell'd; and I ſlept the day.

Now heaps of fewel damp'd my kindling fires;
And daily change extinguiſh'd young deſires,
By its own force deſtory'd, fruition ceas'd;
And always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.
No longer now does my neglected mind
Its wonted ſtores, and old ideas find.
Fix'd judgment there no longer does abide,
To take the true, to ſet the falſe aſide,
No longer does ſwift mem'ry trace the cells,
Where ſpringing wit, or young invention dwells.
Frequent debauch to habitude prevails:
Patience of toil, and love of virtue fails.
By ſad degrees impair'd my vigor dies;
'Till I command no longer ev'n in vice.

The women on my dotage built their ſway:
They aſk; I grant: they threaten; I obey.
In regal garments now I gravely ſtride,
Aw'd by the Perſian damſel's haughty pride.
Now with the looſer Syrian dance, and ſing,
In robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the king.

Charm'd by their eyes, their manners I acquire,
And ſhape my fooliſhneſs to their deſire.
Seduc'd and aw'd by the Philiſtine dame,
At Dagon's ſhrine I kindle impious flame.
With the Chaldean's charms her rites prevail;
And curling frankincenſe aſcends to Baal.
To each new harlot I new altars dreſs;
And ſerve her god, whoſe perſon I careſs.

Where, my deluded ſenſe, was reaſon flown?
Where the high majeſty of David's throne?

Where all the maxims of eternal truth,
With which the living God inform'd my youth?
When with the lewd Egyptian I adore
Vain idols, deities that ne'er before
In Iſrael's land had fix'd their dire abodes,
Beaſtly divinities, and droves of gods:
Oſiris, Apis, pow'rs that chew the cud,
And dog Anubis, flatt'rer for his food:
When in the woody hill's forbidden ſhade
I carv'd the marble, and invok'd its aid:
When in the fens to ſnakes and flies, with zeal
Unworthy human thought, I proſtrate fell;
To ſhrubs and plants my vile devotion paid;
And ſet the bearded leek, to which I pray'd
When to all beings ſacred rites were giv'n;
Forgot the Arbiter of earth and heav'n.

Thro' theſe ſad ſhades, this chaos in my ſoul,
Some ſeeds of light at length began to roll.
The riſing motion of an infant ray
Shot glimm'ring thro' the cloud, and promis'd day.
And now one moment able to reflect,
I found the king abandon'd to neglect,
Seen without awe, and ſerv'd without reſpect,
I found my ſubjects amicably join,
To leſſen their defects by citing mine.
The prieſt with pity pray'd for David's race;
And left his text, to dwell on my diſgrace.
The father, whilſt he warn'd his erring ſon,
The ſad examples which he ought to ſhun,
Deſcrib'd, and only nam'd not Solomon.

Each bard, each ſire did to his pupil ſing,
A wiſe child better than a fooliſh king.
Into myſelf my reaſons eye I turn'd:
And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.
A mighty king I am, an earthly god;
Nations obey my word, and wait my nod,
I raiſe or ſink, impriſon or ſet free;
And life or death depends on my decree.
Fond the idea, and the thought is vain:
O'er Judah's king ten thouſand tyrants reign,
Legions of luſt, and various pow'rs of ill
Inſult the maſter's tributary will:
And he, from whom the nations ſhould receive
Juſtice and freedom, lies himſelf a ſlave,
Tortur'd by cruel change of wild deſires,
Laſh'd by mad rage, and ſcorch'd by brutal fires.
O reaſon! once again to thee I call:
Accept my ſorrow, and retrieve my fall.
Wiſdom, thou ſay'ſt, from heaven receiv'd her birth;
Her beams tranſmitted to the ſubject earth.
Yet this great empreſs of the human ſoul
Does only with imagin'd pow'r controul;
If reſtleſs paſſion by rebellious ſway
Compels the weak uſurper to obey.
O troubled, weak, and coward as thou art!
Without thy poor advice the lab'ring heart
To worſe extremes with ſwifter ſteps would run,
Not ſav'd by virtue, yet by vice undone.
Oft have I ſaid; the praiſe of doing well
Is to the ear, as ointment to the ſmell.

Now if ſome flies perchance, however ſmall,
Into the alabaſter urn ſhould fall;
The odours of the ſweets incloſ'd, would die;
And ſtench corrupt (ſad change!) their place ſupply.
So the leaſt faults if mix'd with faireſt deed,
Of future ill become the fatal ſeed:
Into the balm of pureſt virtue caſt,
Annoy all life with one contagious blaſt.

Loſt Solomon! purſue this thought no more:
Of thy paſt errors recollect the ſtore:
And ſilent weep, that while the deathleſs muſe
Shall ſing the juſt, ſhall o'er their head diffuſe
Perfumes with laviſh hand: ſhe ſhall proclaim
Thy crimes alone; and to thy evil fame
Impartial ſcatter damps and poiſons on thy name.

Awaking therefore, as who long had dream'd,
Much of my women, and their gods aſham'd,
From this abyſs of exemplary vice
Reſolv'd, as time might aid my thought, to riſe;
Again I bid the mournful goddeſs write
The fond purſuit of fugitive delight:
Bid her exalt her melancholy wing,
And rais'd from earth, and ſav'd from paſſion ſing
Of human hope by croſs event deſtroy'd,
Of uſeleſs wealth, and greatneſs unenjoy'd,
Of luſt and love, with their fantaſtic train,
Their wiſhes, ſmiles, and looks deceitful, all in vain.

POWER:

THE

THIRD BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON conſiders man through the ſeveral ſtages and conditions of life; and concludes in general that we are all miſerable. He reflects more particularly upon the trouble and uncertainty of greatneſs and power; gives ſome inſtances thereof from Adam down to himſelf; and ſtill concludes that all is VANITY. He reaſons again upon life, death, and a future being; finds human wiſdom too imperfect to reſolve his doubts; has recourſe to religion: is informed by an angel what ſhall happen to himſelf, his family, and his kingdom, 'till the redemption of Iſrael: and, upon the whole, reſolves to ſubmit his enquiries and anxieties to the will of his Creator.

TEXTS chiefly alluded to in this BOOK.

Or ever the ſilver cord be looſed or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the ciſtern. Eccleſiaſtes chap. XII. ver. 6.

The ſun ariſeth, and the ſun goeth down, and haſteth to his place where he aroſe. Eccleſiaſtes, chap I. ver. 5.

The wind goeth toward the ſouth, and turneth about unto the north It whirleth about continnally; and the wind returneth again, according to his circuits. ver. 6.

All the rivers run into the ſea, yet the ſea is not full. Unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again ver 7.

Then ſhall the duſt return to the earth, as it was: and the ſpirit ſhall return unto God who gave it. Eccleſiaſtes, chap XII. ver. 7.

Now when Solomon had made an end of praying, the fire came down from heaven, and conſumed the burnt-offering and the ſacrifices; and the glory of the Lord filled the houſe. II Chronicles, chap VII. ver 1.

By the rivers of Babylon, there we ſat down; yea we wept, when we remembered Sion, &c. Pſalm CXXXVII ver 1.

I ſaid of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what doeth it? Eccleſiaſtes, chap. II. ver. 2.

No man can find out the work that God maketh, from the beginning to the end. Eccleſiaſtes, chap. III. ver. 11

Whatſoever God doeth, it ſhall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and God doeth it, that men ſhould fear before him. ver 14.

Let us hear the concluſion of the whole matter; fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man. Eccleſiaſtes, chap. XII. ver. 13.

POWER:

THE

THIRD BOOK.

COME then, my ſoul: I call thee by that name,
Thou buſy thing, from whence I know I am:
For knowing that I am, I know thou art;
Since that muſt needs exiſt, which can impart.
But how thou cam'ſt to be, or whence thy ſpring:
For various of thee prieſts and poets ſing.
Hear'ſt thou ſubmiſſive, but a lowly birth,
Some ſep'rate particles of finer earth,
A plain effect which nature muſt beget,
As motion orders, and as atoms meet;
Companion of the body's good or ill;
From force of inſtinct more than choice of will;
Conſcious of fear or valour, joy or pain,
As the wild courſes of the blood ordain;
Who as degrees of heat and cold prevail,
In youth doſt flouriſh and with age ſhalt fail;
'Till mingled with thy part'ner's lateſt breath
Thou fly'ſt diſſolv'd in air, and loſt in death.
Or if thy great exiſtence would aſpire
To cauſes more ſublime: of heav'nly fire
Wer't thou a ſpark ſtruck off, a ſep'rate ray,
Ordain'd to mingle with terreſtrial clay;

With it condemn'd for certain years to dwell,
To grieve its frailties, and its pains to feel;
To teach it good and ill, diſgrace or fame;
Pale it with rage, or redden it with ſhame:
To guide its actions with informing care,
In peace to judge, to conquer in the war;
Render it agile, witty, valiant, ſage,
As fits the various courſe of human age;
'Till as the earthly part decays and falls,
The captive breaks her priſon's mould'ring walls;
Hovers a while upon the ſad remains,
Which now the pile, or ſepulchre contains;
And thence with liberty unbounded flies,
Impatient to regain her native ſkies.

Whate'er thou art, where'er ordain'd to go
(Points which we rather may diſpute, than know)
Come on, thou little inmate of this breaſt,
Which for thy ſake from paſſions I diveſt:
For theſe, thou ſay'ſt, raiſe all the ſtormy ſtrife,
Which hinder thy repoſe, and trouble life.
Be the fair level of thy actions laid,
As temp'rance wills, and prudence may perſuade:
Be thy affections undiſturb'd and clear,
Guided to what may great or good appear;
And try if life be worth the liver's care.
Amaſs'd in man there juſtly is beheld
What thro' the whole creation has excell'd:
The life and growth of plants, of beaſts the ſenſe,
The angels forecaſt and intelligence:

Say from theſe glorious ſeeds, what harveſt flows:
Recount our bleſſings, and compare our woes.
In its true light let cleareſt reaſon ſee
The man dragg'd out to act, and forc'd to be;
Helpleſs and naked on a woman's knees
To be expos'd or rear'd as ſhe may pleaſe;
Feel her neglect, and pine from her diſeaſe.
His tender eye by too direct a ray
Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd day;
His heart aſſaulted by invading air,
And beating fervent to the vital war;
To his young ſenſe how various forms appear;
That ſtrike his wonder, and excite his fear?
By his diſtortions he reveals his pains;
He by his tears, and by his ſighs complains;
'Till time and uſe aſſiſt the infant wretch,
By broken words, and rudiments of ſpeech,
His wants in plainer characters to ſhow,
And paint more perfect figures of his woe,
Condemn'd to ſacrifice his childiſh years
To babbling ignorance, and to empty fears;
To paſs the riper period of his age,
Acting his part upon a crouded ſtage;
To laſting toils expos'd, and endleſs cares,
To open dangers, and to ſecret ſnares;
To malice which the vengeful foe intends,
And the more dangerous love of ſeeming friends.
His deeds examin'd by the people's will
Prone to forget the good, and blame the ill:

Or ſadly cenſur'd in their curs'd debate,
Who in the ſcorner's, or the judge's ſeat
Dare to condemn the virtue which they hate.
Or would he rather leave this frantic ſcene;
And trees and beaſts prefer to courts and men?
In the remoteſt wood and lonely grott
Certain to meet that worſt of evils, thought;
Diff'rent ideas to his mem'ry brought:
Some intricate, as are the pathleſs woods;
Impetuous ſome, as the deſcending floods:
With anxious doubts, with raging paſſions torn,
No ſweet companions near, with whom to mourn;
He hears the echoing rock return his ſighs;
And from himſelf the frighted hermit flies.

Thus, thro' what path ſoe'er of life we rove,
Rage companies our hate, and grief our love:
Vex'd with the preſent moment's heavy gloom,
Why ſeek we brightneſs from the years to come?
Diſturb'd and broken like a ſick man's ſleep,
Our troubled thoughts to diſtant proſpects leap:
Deſirous ſtill what flies us to o'ertake:
For hope is but the dream of thoſe that wake:
But looking back, we ſee the dreadful train
Of woes, anew which were we to ſuſtain,
We ſhould refuſe to tread the path again.
Still adding grief, ſtill counting from the firſt;
Judging the lateſt evils ſtill the worſt;
And ſadly finding each progreſſive hour
Heighten their number, and augment their pow'r:

'Till by one countleſs ſum of woes oppreſt,
Hoary with cares, and ignorant of reſt,
We find the vital ſprings relax'd and worn:
Compell'd our common impotence to mourn,
Thus, thro the round of age, to childhood we return;
Reflecting find, that naked from the womb
We yeſterday came forth, that in the tomb
Naked again we muſt to-morrow lie,
Born to lament, to labour, and to die
Paſs we the ills, which each man feels or dreads,
The weight or fall'n, or hanging o'er our heads;
The bear, the lion, terrors of the plain,
The ſheepfold ſcatter'd, and the ſhepherd ſlain;
The frequent errors of the pathleſs wood,
The giddy precipice, and the dang'rous flood:
The noiſome peſt'lence, that in open war
Terrible, marches thro the mid-day air,
And ſcatters death; the arrow that by night
Cuts the dank miſt, and fatal wings its flight;
The billowing ſnow, and violence of the ſhow'r,
That from the hills diſperſe their dreadful ſtore,
And o'er the vales collected ruin pour;
The worm that gnaws the ripening fruit, ſad gueſt,
Canker or locuſt hurtful to infeſt
The blade; while hunks elude the tiller's care;
And eminence of want diſtinguiſhes the year.
Paſs we the ſlow diſeaſe, and ſubtile pain,
Which our weak frame is deſtin'd to ſuſtain:

The cruel ſtone, with congregated war
Tearing his bloody way; the cold catarrh,
With frequent impulſe, and continu'd ſtriſe,
Weak'ning the waſted ſeats of irkſome life;
The gout's fierce rack, the burning fever's rage,
The ſad experience of decay; and age,
Herſelf the ſoreſt ill; while death, and eaſe,
Oft and in vain invok'd, or to appeaſe,
Or end the grief, with haſty wings recede
From the vext patient, and the ſickly bed.

Nought ſhall it profit, that the charming fair
Angelic, ſofteſt work of heav'n, draws near
To the cold ſhaking paralytic hand,
Senſeleſs of beauty's touch, or love's command,
Nor longer apt, or able to fulfill
The dictates of its feeble maſter's will.

Nought ſhall the pſaltry, and the harp avail,
The pleaſing ſong, or well-repeated tale;
When the quick ſpirits their warm march forbear;
And numbing coldneſs has unbrac'd the ear.

The verdant riſing of the flow'ry hill,
The vale enamell'd, and the cryſtal rill,
The ocean rolling, and the ſhelly ſhore,
Beautiful objects, ſhall delight no more;
When the lax'd ſinews of the weakn'd eye
In wat'ry damps, or dim ſuffuſion lie.
Day follows night; the clouds return again
After the falling of the latter rain:
But to the aged blind ſhall ne'er return
Grateful viciſſitude; he ſtill muſt mourn

The ſun, and moon, and ev'ry ſtarry light
Eclips'd to him, and loſt in everlaſting night.
Behold where age's wretched victim lies:
See his head trembling, and his half-cloſs'd eyes:
Frequent for breath his panting boſom heaves:
To broken ſleeps his remnant ſenſe he gives:
And only by his pains, awaking finds he lives.
Loos'd by devouring time the ſilver cord
Diſſever'd lies: unhonour'd from the board
The cryſtal urn, when broken, is thrown by;
And after utenſils their place ſupply.
Theſe things and thou muſt ſhare one equal lot;
Die, and be loſt, corrupt and be forgot;
While ſtill another, and another race
Shall now ſupply, and now give up the place.
From earth all came, to earth muſt all return;
Frail as the cord and brittle as the urn.
But be the terror of theſe ills ſuppreſs'd:
And view we man with health and vigour bleſt.
Home he returns with the declining ſun,
His deſtin'd taſk of labour hardly done;
Goes forth again with the aſcending ray,
Again his travel for his bread to pay,
And find the ill ſufficient to the day.
Hap'ly at night he does with horror ſhun
A widow'd daughter, or a dying ſon:
His neigbour's offspring he to morrow ſees;
And doubly feels his want in their increaſe;
The next day, and the next he muſt attend
His foe triumphant, or his buried friend.

In every act and and turn of life he feels
Public calamities, or houſhold ills:
The due reward to juſt deſert refus'd:
The truſt betray'd, the nuptial bed abus'd:
The judge corrupt, the long depending cauſe,
And doubtful iſſue of miſconſtru'd laws.
The crafty turns of a diſhoneſt ſtate.
And violent will of the wrong doing great;
The venom'd tongue injurious to his fame.
Which nor can wiſdom ſhun, nor fair advice reclaim.

Eſteem we theſe, my friends event and chance,
Produc'd as atoms from their flutt'ring dance?
Or higher yet their eſſence may we draw
From deſtin'd order, and eternal law?
Again, my muſe, the cruel doubt repeat:
Spring they, I ſay, from accident, or fate?
Yet ſuch, we find, they are, as can controul
The ſervile actions of our wav'ring ſoul;
Can fright, can alter, or can chain the will
Their ills all built on life, that fundamental ill.

O fatal ſearch! in which the lab'ring mind,
Still preſs'd with weight of woe, ſtill hopes to find
A ſhadow of delight, a dream of peace,
From years of pain, one moment of releaſe;
Hoping at leaſt ſhe may herſelf deceive,
Againſt experience willing to believe,
Deſirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve.

Happy the mortal man, who now at laſt
Has thro' this doleful vale of mis'ry paſt;

Who to his deſtin'd ſtage has carry'd on
The tedious load, and laid his burden down;
Whom the cut braſs, or wounded marble ſhows
Victor o'er life, and all her train of woes.
He happier yet, who priviledg'd by fate
To ſhorter labour, and a lighter weight,
Receiv'd but yeſterday the gift of breath,
Order'd to-morrow to return to death.
But O! beyond deſcription happieſt he,
Who ne'er muſt roll on life's tumultuous ſea;
Who with bleſt freedom from the gen'ral doom
Exempt, muſt never force the teeming womb,
Nor ſee the ſun, nor ſink into the tomb.
Who breathes, muſt ſuffer; and who thinks, muſt mourn;
And he alone was bleſſed, who ne'er was born.
" Yet in thy turn, thou frowning preacher, hear:
" Are not theſe general maxims too ſevere?
" Say: cannot pow'r ſecure its owner's bliſs?
" And is not wealth the potent fire of peace?
" Are victors bleſs'd with fame, or kings with eaſe?
I tell thee, life is but one common care;
And man was born to ſuffer, and to fear.
" But is no rank, no ſtation, no degree
" From this contagious taint of ſorrow free?"
None, mortal, none: yet in a bolder ſtrain
Let me this melancholy truth maintain:
But hence, ye worldly, and prophane, retire:
For I adapt my voice, and raiſe my lyre

To notions not by vulgar ear receiv'd:
Yet ſtill muſt covet life, and be deceiv'd;
Your very fear of death ſhall make ye try
To catch the ſhade of immortality;
Wiſhing on earth to linger, and to ſave
Part of its prey from the devouring grave;
To thoſe who may ſurvive ye, to bequeath
Something entire, in ſpite of time and death;
A fancy'd kind of being to retrieve,
And in a book, or from a building live.
Falſe hope! vain labour! let ſome ages fly:
The dome ſhall moulder, and the volume die:
Wretches, ſtill taught, ſtill will you think it ſtrange,
That all the parts of this great fabric change;
Quit their old ſtation, and primaeval frame;
And loſe their ſhape, their eſſence, and their name!
Reduce the ſong: our hopes, our joys are vain:
Our lot is ſorrow; and our portion pain
What pauſe from woe, what hopes of comfort bring
The name of wiſe or great, of judge or king?
What is a king, a man condemn'd to bear
The public burden of the nation's care;
Now crown'd ſome angry faction to appeaſe;
Now falls a victim to the people's eaſe:
From the firſt blooming of his ill-taught youth,
Nouriſh'd in flatt'ry, and eſtrang'd from truth:
At home ſurrounded by a ſervile croud,
Prompt to abuſe, and in detraction loud:
Abroad begirt with men, and ſwords, and ſpears;
His very ſtate acknowledging his fears;

Marching amidſt a thouſand guards, he ſhows
His ſecret terror of a thouſand foes;
In war however prudent, great, or brave,
To blind events, and fickle chance, a ſlave:
Seeking to ſettle what for ever flies;
Sure of the toil, uncertain of the prize.
But he returns with conqueſt on his brow;
Brings up the triumph, and abſolves the vow:
The captive generals to his carr are ty'd:
The joyful citizens tumultuous tide
Echoing his glory, gratify his pride.
What is this triumph? madneſs, ſhouts, and noiſe,
One great collection of the people's voice.
The wretches he brings back, in chains relate,
What may to morrow be the victor's fate.
The ſpoils and trophies born before him, ſhow
National loſs, and epidemic woe,
Various diſtreſs, which he and his may know.
Does he not mourn the valiant thouſands ſlain;
The heroes, once the glory of the plain,
Left in the conflict of the fatal day,
Or the wolves portion, or the vulture's prey?
Does he not weep the laurel, which he wears,
Wet with the ſoldier's blood, and widow's tears?
See, where he comes, the darling of the war!
See millions crouding round the gilded carr!
In the vaſt joys of this ecſtatic hour,
And full fruition of ſucceſsful pow'r,
One moment and one thought might let him ſcan
The various turns of life, the fickle ſtate of man.

Are the dire images of ſad diſtruſt,
And popular change, obſcur'd a mid the duſt,
That riſes from the victor's rapid wheel?
Can the loud clarion, or ſhrill fife repel
The inward cries of care? can nature's voice
Plaintive be drown'd, or leſſen'd in the noiſe;
Tho' ſhouts as thunder loud afflict the air,
Stun the birds now releas'd, and ſhake the iv'ry chair?
Yon' croud (he might reflect) yon' joyful croud,
Pleas'd with my honours in my praiſes loud
(Should fleeting victory to the vanquiſh'd go;
Should ſhe depreſs my arms, and raiſe the foe)
Would for that foe with equal ardor wait
At the high palace, or the crouded gate;
With reſtleſs rage would pull my ſtatues down;
And caſt the braſs a new to his renown.
O impotent deſire of wordly ſway!
That I, who make the triumph of to-day;
May of to-morrow's pomp one part appear,
Ghaſtly with wounds, and lifeleſs on the bier!
Then (vileneſs of mankind!) then of all theſe,
Whom my dilated eye with labour ſees,
Would one, alas! repeat me good, or great,
Waſh my pale body, or bewail my fate?
Or, march'd I chain'd behind the hoſtile carr,
The victor's paſtime, and the ſport of war;
Would one, would one his pitying ſorrow lend,
Or be ſo poor, to own he was my friend?
Avails it then, O reaſon, to be wiſe?
To ſee this cruel ſcene with quicker eyes?

To know with more diſtinction to complain,
And have ſuperior ſenſe in feeling pain?
Let us revolve that roll with ſtricteſt eye,
Where ſafe from time diſtinguiſh'd actions lie;
And judge if greatneſs be exempt from pain,
Or pleaſure ever may with pow'r remain.
Adam, great type for whom the world was made,
The faireſt bleſſing to his arms convey'd,
A charming wife; and air, and ſea, and land,
And all that mov'd therein to his command
Render'd obedient: ſay, my penſive muſe,
What did theſe golden promiſes produce?
Scarce taſting life, he was of joy bereav'd:
One day, I think, in Paradiſe he liv'd;
Deſtin'd the next his journey to purſue,
Where wounding thorns, and curſed thiſtles grew.
Ere yet he earns his bread, adown his brow,
Inclin'd to earth, his lab'ring ſweat muſt flow:
His limbs muſt ache, with daily toils oppreſs'd;
Ere long-wiſh'd night brings neceſſary reſt:
Still viewing with regret his darling Eve,
He for her follies, and his own muſt grieve.
Bewailing ſtill a-freſh their hapleſs choice;
His ear oft frighted with the imag'd voice
Of heaven, when firſt it thunder'd; oft his view
Aghaſt, as when the infant-lightning flew;
And the ſtern cherub ſtop'd the fatal road,
Arm'd with the flames of an avenging God.
His younger ſon on the polluted ground,
Firſt fruit of death, lies plaintiff of a wound

Giv'n by a brother's hand: his eldeſt birth
Flies, mark'd by Heav'n, a fugitive o'er earth.
Yet why theſe ſorrows heap'd upon the ſire,
Becomes nor man, nor angel to enquire.
Each age ſinn'd on; and guilt advanc'd with time:
The ſon ſtill added to the father's crime;
'Till God aroſe, and great in anger ſaid:
Lo! it repenteth me, that man was made.
Withdraw thy light, thou ſun! be dark, ye ſkies!
And from your deep abyſs, ye waters, riſe!
The frighted angels hear th' almighty Lord;
And o'er the earth from wrathful vials pour'd
Tempeſt and ſtorm, obedient to his word.
Mean time, his providence to Noah gave
The guard of all, that he deſign'd to ſave.
Exempt from gen'ral doom the patriarch ſtood;
Contemn'd the waves, and trrumph'd o'er the flood.
The winds fall ſilent; and the waves decreaſe:
The dove brings quiet, and the olive peace:
Yet ſtill his heart does inward ſorrow feel,
Which faith alone forbids him to reveal.
If on the backward world views are caſt;
'Tis death diffus'd, and univerſal waſte,
Preſent (ſad proſpect!) can he ought deſcry,
But (what affects his melancholy eye)
The beauties of the antient fabric loſt,
In chains of craggy hill, or lengths of dreary coaſt?
While to high heav'n his pious breathings turn'd,
Weeping he hop'd, and ſacrificing mourn'd;

When of God's [illegible] only eight he found
Snatch'd from the watry grave, and sav'd from nations drown'd:
And of three sons, the future hopes of earth,
The fruitful whence empires must receive their birth,
One the fruitless excluded heavn'ly grace,
And mark'd with curses, fatal to his race.
Abraham potent prince, the friend of God,
Of human ills must bear the destin'd load;
Blood and battles must his pow'r maintain,
And slay the monarchs, ere he rules the plain:
Must deal just portions of a servile life
To a proud handmaid, and a peevish wife;
Must with the mother leave the weeping son,
In want to wander, and in wilds to groan;
Must take this other child, his age's hope,
To trembling Moriam's melancholy top,
Order'd to drench his knife in filial blood;
Destroy his heir, or disobey his God.
Moses beheld that God; but how beheld
The Deity in radiant beams conceal'd,
And clouded in a deep abyss of light;
While present, too severe for human sight,
Nor staying longer than one swift-wing'd night.
The following days, and months, and years decreed
To fierce encounter, and to toilsome deed.
His youth with wants and hardships must engage:
Plots and rebellions must disturb his age.
Some Corah still arose, some rebel slave,
Prompter to sink the state, than he to save:

And Iſrael did his rage ſo far provoke,
That what the Godhead wrote, the prophet broke.
His voice ſcarce heard, his dictates ſcarce believ'd,
In camps, in arms, in pilgrimage, he liv'd:
And dy'd obedient to ſevereſt law,
Forbid to tread the promis'd land, he ſaw.
My father's life was one long line of care
A ſcene of danger, and a ſtate of war.
Alarm'd, expos'd, his childhood muſt engage
The bear's rough gripe, and foaming lion's rage.
By various turns his threaten'd youth muſt fear
Goliah's lifted ſword, and Saul's emitted ſpear.
Forlorn he muſt, and perſecuted fly;
Climb the ſteep mountain, in the cavern lie;
And often aſk, and be refus'd to die.
For ever, from his manly toils, are known
The weight of pow'r, and anguiſh of a crown.
What tongue can ſpeak the reſtleſs monarch's woes;
When God, and Nathan were declar'd his foes?
When ev'ry object his offence revil'd,
The huſband murder'd, and the wife defil'd,
The parent's ſins impreſs'd upon the dying child?
What heart can think the grief which he ſuſtain'd;
When the king's crime brought vengeance on the land
And the inexorable prophet's voice
Gave famine, plague or war; and bid him fix his choice!
He dy'd; and oh! may no reflection ſhed,
Its pois'nous venom on the royal dead;
Yet the unwilling truth muſt be expreſt;
Which long has labour'd in this penſive breaſt:

Dying he added to my weight of care:
He made me to his crime undoubted heir?
Left his unfiniſh'd murder to his ſon,
And Joab's blood intail'd on Judah's crown.
Young as I was, I haſted to fulfill
The cruel dictates of my parent's will.
Of his fair deeds a diſtant view I took;
But turn'd the tube upon his faults to look;
Forgot his youth, ſpent in his country's cauſe,
His care of right, his rev'rence to the laws:
But could with joy his years of folly trace
Broken and old in Bathſheba's embrace;
Could follow him, where-e'er he ſtray'd from good,
And cite his ſad example; whilſt I trod
Paths open to deceit, and track'd with blood
Soon docile to the ſecret acts of ill,
With ſmiles I could betray, with temper kill:
Soon in a brother could a rival view;
Watch all his acts, and all his ways purſue.
In vain for life he to the altar fled:
Ambition and revenge have certain ſpeed.
Ev'n there, my ſoul, even there he ſhould have fell;
But that my intereſt did my rage conceal.
Doubling my crime, I promiſe, and deceive:
Purpoſe to ſlay, whilſt ſwearing to forgive.
Treaties, perſuaſions, ſighs, and tears are vain:
With a mean lie curs'd vengeance I ſuſtain;
Join fraud to force, and policy to pow'r;
'Till of the deſtin'd fugitive ſecure,

In ſolemn ſtate to parricide I riſe;
And as God lives, this day my brother dies.
Be witneſs to my tears, celeſtial muſe!
In vain I would forget, in vain excuſe
Fraternal blood by my direction ſpilt;
In vain on Joab's head transfer the guilt:
The deed was acted by the ſubject's hand;
The ſword was pointed by the king's command.
Mine was the murder: it was mine alone;
Years of contrition muſt the crime atone:
Nor can my guilty ſoul expect relief,
But from a long ſincerity of grief.
With an imperfect hand, and trembling heart,
Her love of truth ſuperior to her art,
Already the reflecting muſe has trac'd
The mournful figures of my action paſt.
The penſive goddeſs has already taught,
How vain is hope, and how vexatious thought;
From growing childhood to declining age,
How tedious ev'ry ſtep, how gloomy ev'ry ſtage.
This courſe of vanity almoſt complete,
Tir'd in the field of life, I hope retreat
In the ſtill ſhades of death: for dread and pain,
And grief will find their ſhafts elanc'd in vain,
And their points broke, retorted from the head,
Safe in the grave, and free among the dead.
Yet tell me, frighted reaſon! what is death?
Blood only ſtopp'd, and interrupted breath?
The utmoſt limit of a narrow ſpan,
And end of motion which with life began?

As ſmoke that riſes from the kindling fires
Is ſeen this moment, and the next expires:
As empty clouds by riſing winds are toſt,
Their fleeting forms ſcarce ſooner found than loſt:
So vaniſhes our ſtate, ſo paſs our days:
So life but opens now, and now decays:
The craddle and the tomb, alas! ſo nigh;
To live is ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd from to die.

Cure of the miſer's wiſh, and coward's fear,
Death only ſhews us, what we knew was near.
With courage therefore view the pointed hour;
Dread not death's anger; but expect his pow'r;
Nor nature's laws with fruitleſs ſorrow mourn;
But die, O mortal man! for thou waſt born.

Cautious thro' doubt; by want of courage, wiſe,
To ſuch advice the reas'ner ſtill replies.

Yet meaſuring all the long continu'd ſpace,
Ev'ry ſucceſſive day's repeated race,
Since time firſt ſtarted from his priſtine goal,
'Till he had reach'd that hour, wherein my ſoul
Join'd to my body ſwell'd the womb; I was,
(At leaſt I think ſo) nothing: muſt I paſs
Again to nothing, when this vital breath
Ceaſing, conſigns me o'er to reſt, and death?
Muſt the whole man, amazing thought! return
To the cold marble, or contracted urn?
And never ſhall thoſe particles agree,
That were in life this individual He?
But ſever'd, muſt they join the general maſs,
Thro' other forms, and ſhapes ordain'd to paſs;
Nor thought nor image kept of what he was?

Does the great Word that gave him ſenſe, ordain,
That life ſhall never wake that ſenſe again?
And will no pow'r his ſinking ſpirit ſave [grave?
From the dark caves of death, and chambers of the

Each evening I behold the ſetting ſun
With down-ward ſpeed into the ocean run:
Yet the ſame light (paſs but ſome fleeting hours)
Exerts his vigor, and renews his pow'rs;
Starts the bright race again: his conſtant flame
Riſes and ſets, returning ſtill the ſame.
I mark the various fury of the winds:
Theſe neither ſeaſons guide, nor order binds:
They now dilate, and now contract their force:
Various their ſpeed, but endleſs is their courſe.
From his firſt fountain and beginning ooze,
Down to the ſea each brook and torrent flows:
Tho' ſundry drops or leave, or ſwell the ſtream;
The whole ſtill runs, with equal pace, the ſame.
Still other waves ſupply the riſing urns;
And the eternal flood no want of water mourns.

Why then muſt man obey the ſad decree,
Which ſubjects neither ſun, nor wind, nor ſea?

A flower, that does with op'ning morn ariſe,
And flouriſhing the day, at ev'ning dies;
A winged eaſtern blaſt, juſt ſkimming o'er
The ocean's brow, and ſinking on the ſhore;
A fire, whoſe flames thro' crackling ſtubble fly;
A meteor ſhouting from the ſummer ſky;
A bowl a-down the bending mountain roll'd;
A bubble breaking, and a fable told;

A noon-tide ſhadow, and a midnight dream
Are emblems, which with ſemblance apt proclaim
Our earthly courſe: But, O my ſoul! ſo faſt
Muſt life run off; and death for ever laſt?

This dark opinion, ſure, is too confin'd;
Elſe whence this hope, and terror of the mind?
Does ſomething ſtill, and ſomewhere yet remain,
Reward or puniſhment, delight or pain;
Say: ſhall our relics ſecond birth receive?
Sleep we to wake, and only die to live?
When the ſad wife has clos'd her huſband's eyes,
And pierc'd the echoing vault with doleful cries;
Lies the pale corpſe not yet entirely dead?
The ſpirit only from the body fled,
The groſſer part of heat and motion void,
To be by fire, or worm, or time deſtroy'd;
The ſoul, immortal ſubſtance, to remain,
Conſcious of joy, and capable of pain?
And if her acts have been directed well,
While with her friendly clay ſhe deign'd to dwell;
Shall ſhe with ſafety reach her priſtine ſeat?
Find her reſt endleſs, and her bleſs compleat?
And while the bury'd man we idly mourn;
Do angels joy to ſee his better half return?
But if ſhe has deform'd this earthly life
With murd'rous rapine, and ſeditious ſtrife;
Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by thoſe angels driv'n
From the aetherial ſeat, and bliſsful heav'n,
In everlaſting darkneſs muſt ſhe lie,
Still more unhappy, that ſhe cannot die?

Amid two ſeas on one ſmall point of land
Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd we ſtand:
On either ſide our thoughts inceſſant turn:
Forward we dread: and looking back we mourn.
Loſing the preſent in this dubious haſte;
And loſt ourſelves betwixt the future, and the paſt.

Theſe cruel doubts contending in my breaſt,
My reaſon flaggering, and my hopes oppreſt,
Once more I ſaid: once more I will enquire,
What is this little, agile, pervious fire,
This flutt'ring motion, which we call the mind?
How does ſhe act? and where is ſhe confin'd?
Have we the pow'r to guide her, as we pleaſe?
Whence then thoſe evils, that obſtruct our eaſe?
We happineſs purſue; we fly from pain;
Yet the purſuit, and yet the flight is vain:
And, while poor nature labours to be bleſt,
By day with pleaſure, and by night with reſt;
Some ſtronger pow'r eludes our fickly will;
Daſhes our riſing hope with certain ill;
And makes us with reflective trouble ſee,
That ail is deſtin'd, which we fancy free.

That Pow'r ſuperior then, which rules our mind,
Is his decree by human pray'r inclin'd?
Will he for ſacrifice our ſorrows eaſe?
And can our tears reverſe his firm decrees?
Then let religion aid, where reaſon fails:
Throw loads of incenſe in, to turn the ſcales;
And let the ſilent ſanctuary ſhow,
What from the babbling ſchools we may not know.
How man may ſhun, or bear his deſtin'd part of woe.

What ſhall amend, or what abſolve our fate?
Anxious we hover in a mediate ſtate,
Betwixt infinity and nothing; bounds,
Or boundleſs terms, whoſe doubtful ſenſe confounds.
Unequal thought; whilſt all we apprehend,
Is, that our hopes muſt riſe, our ſorrows end;
As our Creator deigns to be our friend.
I ſaid, ——and inſtant bade the prieſts prepare
The ritual ſacrifice, and ſolemn pray'r.
Select from vulgar herds, with garlands gay,
A hundred bulls aſcend the ſacred way.
The artful youth proceed to form the choir;
They breathe the flute, or ſtrike the vocal wire.
The maids in comely order next advance;
They beat the timbrel, and inſtruct the dance.
Follows the choſen tribe from Levi ſprung,
Chanting by juſt returns the holy ſong.
Along the choir in ſolemn ſtate they paſt,
——The anxious king came laſt.
The ſacred hymn perform'd, my promis'd vow
I paid; and bowing at the altar low,
Father of heav'n! I ſaid, and judge of earth!
Whoſe word call'd out this univerſe to birth;
By whoſe kind pow'r and influencing care
The various creatures move, and live, and are;
But, ceaſing once that care, withdrawn that pow'r,
They move (alas!) and live, and are no more:
Omni-ſcient Maſter, omni-preſent King,
To thee, to thee, my laſt diſtreſs I bring.

Thou, that can'ſt ſtill the raging of the ſeas,
Chain up the winds, and bid the tempeſts ceaſe;
Redeem my ſhipwreck'd ſoul from raging guſts
Of cruel paſſion, and deceitful luſts:
From ſtorms of rage, and dang'rous rocks of pride,
Let thy ſtrong hand this little veſſel guide
(It was thy hand that made it) thro' the tide
Impetuous of this life: let thy command
Direct my courſe, and bring me ſafe to land.
If, while this weary'd fleſh draws fleeting breath,
Not ſatisfy'd with life, afraid of death,
It hap'ly be thy will, that I ſhould know
Glimpſe of delight, or pauſe from anxious woe;
From now, from inſtant now, great Sire, diſpel
The clouds that preſs my ſoul; from now reveal
A gracious beam of light; from now inſpire
My tongue to ſing, my hand to touch the lyre:
My open thought to joyous proſpects raiſe;
And, for thy mercy, let me ſing thy praiſe.
Or, if thy will ordains, I ſtill ſhall wait
Some new Here-after, and a future ſtate;
Permit me ſtrength, my weight of woe to bear;
And raiſe my mind ſuperior to my care.
Let me, howe'er unable to explain
The ſecret lab'rinths of thy ways to man,
With humble zeal confeſs thy awful pow'r;
Still weeping hope, and wond'ring ſtill adore.
So in my conqueſt be thy might declar'd:
And, for thy juſtice, be thy name rever'd.

My pray'r ſcarce ended, a ſtupendous gloom
Darkens the air; loud thunder ſhakes the dome:
To the beginning miracle ſucceed
An awful ſilence, and religious dread.
Sudden breaks forth a more than common day:
The ſacred wood, which on the altar lay,
Untouch'd, unlighted glows——
Ambroſial odor, ſuch as never flows
From Arab's gum, or the Sabean roſe,
Does round the air evolving ſcents diffuſe:
The holy ground is wet with heav'nly dews:
Celeſtial muſic (ſuch Jeſſides' lyre,
Such Miriam's Timbrel would in vain require)
Strikes to my thought thro' my admiring ear,
With ecſtaſy too fine, and pleaſure hard to bear:
And lo! what ſees my raviſh'd eye? what feels
My wond'ring ſoul? an opening cloud reveals
An heav'nly form embody'd, and array'd
With robes of light. I heard: the angel ſaid:
Ceaſe, man of woman born, to hope relief
From daily trouble, and continu'd grief.
Thy hope of joy deliver to the wind:
Suppreſs thy paſſions; and prepare thy mind.
Free and familiar with misfortune grow:
Be us'd to ſorrow, and inur'd to woe.
By weak'ning toil, and hoary age o'ercome,
See thy decreaſe; and haſten to thy tomb.
Leave to thy children tumult, ſtrife, and war,
Portions of toil, and legacies of care.
Send the ſucceſſive ills thro' ages down;

And let each weeping father tell his ſon,
That deeper ſtruck, and more diſtinctly griev'd,
He muſt augment the ſorrows he receiv'd.
The child to whoſe ſucceſs thy hope is bound,
Ere thou art ſcarce interr'd, or he is crown'd;
To luſt of arbitrary ſway inclin'd
(That curſed poiſon to the prince's mind!)
Shall from thy dictates and his duty rove,
And loſe his great defence, his people's love.
Ill counſell'd, vanquiſh'd, fugitive, diſgrac'd,
Shall mourn the fame of Jacob's ſtrength effac'd.
Shall ſigh, the king diminiſh'd, and the crown
With leſſen'd rays deſcending to his ſon.
Shall ſee the wreaths, his grandſire knew to reap
By active toil, and military ſweat,
Pining incline their ſickly leaves, and ſhed
Their falling honours from his giddy head.
By arms, or pray'r unable to aſſwage
Domeſtic horror, and inteſtine rage,
Shall from the victor and the vanquiſh'd fear,
From Iſrael's arrow, and from Judah's ſpear:
Shall caſt his weary'd limbs on Jordan's flood, [blood.
By brother's arms diſturb'd, and ſtain'd with kindred
Hence lab'ring years ſhall weep their deſtin'd race
Charg'd with ill omens, ſully'd with diſgrace.
Time by neceſſity compell'd, ſhall go
Thro ſcenes of war, and epocha's of woe.
The empire leſſen'd in a parted ſtream,
Shall loſe its courſe——
Indulge thy tears: the heathen ſhall blaſpheme:

Judah ſhall fall, oppreſs'd by grief and ſhame;
And men ſhall from her ruins know her fame.
New Egypts yet, and ſecond bonds remain,
A harſher Pharaoh, and a heavier chain.
Again obedient to a dire command,
Thy captive ſons ſhall leave the promis'd land.
Their name more low, their ſervitude more vile,
Shall on Euphrates' bank, renew the grief of Nile.
Theſe pointed ſpires that wound the ambient ſky,
Inglorious change! ſhall in deſtruction lie
Low, levell'd with the duſt: their heights unknown,
Or meaſur'd by their ruin. Yonder throne,
For laſting glory built, deſign'd the ſeat
Of kings for ever bleſt, for ever great,
Remov'd by the invader's barb'rous hand,
Shall grace his triumph in a foreign land.
The tyrant ſhall demand yon' ſacred load
Of gold and veſſels ſet apart to God,
Then by vile hands to common uſe debas'd;
Shall ſend them flowing round his drunken feaſt,
With ſacrilegious taunt, and impious jeſt.
Twice fourteen ages ſhall their way complete:
Empires by various turns ſhall riſe and ſet:
While thy abandon'd tribes ſhall only know
A diff'rent maſter, and a change of woe:
With down-caſt eye-lids, and with looks a-ghaſt,
Shall dread the future, or bewail the paſt.
Afflicted Iſrael ſhall ſit weeping down,
Faſt by the ſtreams, where Babel's waters run:

Their harps upon the neighb'ring willows hung,
Nor joyous hymn encouraging their tongue,
Nor chearful dance their feet, with toil oppreſs'd,
Their weary'd limbs aſpiring but to reſt.
In the reflective ſtream the ſighing bride,
Viewing her charms impair'd, abaſh'd ſhall hide
Her penſive head; and in her languid face
The bridegroom ſhall foreſee his ſickly race:
While pond'rous fetters vex their cloſe embrace.
With irkſome anguiſh then your prieſts ſhall mourn
Their long-neglected feaſts deſpair'd return,
And ſad oblivion of their ſolemn days.
Thenceforth their voices they ſhall only raiſe,
Louder to weep. By day your frighted ſeers
Shall call for fountains to expreſs their tears;
And wiſh their eyes were floods: by night from dreams
Of opening gulphs, black ſtorms, and raging flames,
Starting amaz'd, ſhall to the people ſhow
Emblems of heav'nly wrath, and myſtic types of woe.
The captives, as their tyrant ſhall require,
That they ſhould breathe the ſong, and touch the lyre,
Shall ſay: can Jacob's ſervile race rejoice,
Untun'd the muſic, and diſus'd the voice?
What can we play (they ſhall diſcourſe) how ſing
In foreign lands, and to a barb'rous king?
We and our fathers from our childhood bred
To watch the cruel victor's eye, to dread
The arbitrary laſh, to bend, to grieve
(Out-caſt of mortal race!) can we conceive

Image of ought delightful, ſoft, or gay?
Alas! when we have toil'd the longſome day;
The fulleſt bliſs our hearts aſpire to know,
Is but ſome interval from active woe;
In broken reſt, and ſtartling ſleep to mourn,
'Till morn, the tyrant, and the ſcourge return.
Bred up in grief, can pleaſure be our theme?
Our endleſs anguiſh does not nature claim?
Reaſon, and ſorrow are to us the ſame.
Alas! with wild amazement we require,
If idle folly was not pleaſure's ſire:
Madneſs, we fancy, gave an ill-tim'd birth
To grinning laughter, and to frantic mirth.
This is the ſeries of perpetual woe,
Which thou, alas! and thine are born to know.
Illuſtrious wretch! repine not, nor reply:
View not, what heav'n ordains, with reaſon's eye;
Too bright the object is: the diſtance is too high.
The man who would reſolve the work of fate,
May limit number, and make crooked ſtraight:
Stop thy enquiry then; and curb thy ſenſe;
Nor let duſt argue with Omnipotence.
'Tis God who muſt diſpoſe, and man ſuſtain,
Born to endure, forbidden to complain.
Thy ſum of life muſt his decrees fulfil;
What derogates from his command, is ill;
And that alone is good, which centers in his will.
Yet that thy lab'ring ſenſes may not droop,
Loſt to delight, and deſtitute of hope;

Remark what I, God's meſſenger, aver
From him, who neither can deceive, nor err.
The land at length redeem'd, ſhall ceaſe to mourn;
Shall from her ſad captivity return.
Sion ſhall raiſe her long-dejected head;
And in her courts the law again be read.
Again the glorious temple ſhall ariſe,
And with new luſtre pierce the neighb'ring ſkies.
The promis'd ſeat of empire ſhall again
Cover the mountain, and command the plain;
And from thy race diſtinguiſh'd, One ſhall ſpring,
Greater in act than victor, more than king
In dignity and pow'r, ſent down from heav'n,
To ſuccour earth. To Him, to Him, 'tis giv'n,
Paſſion, and care, and anguiſh to deſtroy.
Thro' Him ſoft peace, and plenitude of joy
Perpetual o'er the world redeem'd ſhall flow,
No more may man enquire, nor angel know.
Now, Solomon, rememb'ring who thou art,
Act thro' thy remnant life the decent part.
Go forth: be ſtrong: with patience, and with care
Perform, and ſuffer: to thy ſelf ſevere,
Gracious to others, thy deſires ſuppreſs'd,
Diffus'd thy virtues, firſt of men, be beſt.
Thy ſum of duty let two words contain;
O may they graven in thy heart remain!
Be humble, and be juſt. The angel ſaid;
With upward ſpeed his agile wings he ſpread;
Whilſt on the holy ground I proſtrate lay,
By various doubts impell'd, or to obey,

Or to object: at length (my mournful look
Heav'n-ward erect) determin'd, thus I ſpoke:
Supreme, all-wiſe, Eternal Potentate!
Sole Author, ſole Diſpoſer of our fate!
Enthron'd in light, and immortality,
Whom no man fully ſees, and none can ſee!
Original of beings! Pow'r Divine!
Since that I live, and that I think, is thine;
Benign Creator, let thy plaſtic hand
Diſpoſe its own effect. Let thy command
Reſtore, great Father, thy inſtructed ſon;
And in my act may "thy great will be done."

CARMEN SECULARE, Latine redditum per Tho. Dibben, e Trin. Col. Cant.

——Ego dis amicum,
Seculo feſtas referente luces,
Reddidi carmen —— HOR.

JANE bifrons, priſcos a tergo reſpice lapſi
Annales aevi, felicesque ordine longo
Evolvas faſtos, quos caetera tempora ſupra
Conſpicuos albo, ſec'lis monumenta futuris
Urbis fundatae, et parti poſuere triumphi.
Aggredere inſignes ſpoliis, lauroque decoros
Enumerare duces, quos nobilis ira gementem
Impulit ulciſci populum, qui ſacra cruore
Jura patrum ſanxere ſuo; ſceptriſve potiti
Miſerunt laetum placidis ſub legibus orbem.
Agmine perpetuo ſeries ornata laborum
Procedat; ſuus omnis honos, ſua debita quemque
Laus inſcripta notet: tum noſtra ad tempora caſus
Inſignes ducas, famamque et fata parentum
Mirac'lis oppone novis, regique Britanno.
Dumque fide, curaque pari per ſingula curris:
Dum varios recolis populos, varioſque labores;
Et ſtudia, et leges, pugnataque proelia ſeris
Temporibus mandas; tute ipſe fatebere, Jane,
Omnium in Auriaco cumulari nomine famam:
Et dices orbi attonito; nil ſecula tale
Prima tulere hominum, nil majus poſtera reddent.
Vertici ſublimi ſurgat, tua maxima cura,

Bello et pace potens Latium : fortiſſimo corda,
Egregios rerum dominos dabat Italia tellus,
Felix prole virûm; foecundam hanc aſpice gentem,
Romanosque tuos; huc vertere, et altius omnem
Naſcentis prima repetens ab origine regni
Expedias famam ; pulchro in certamine pubem
Oppone Auſoniam : et cedat ſua palma merenti.
Si potuit ferro Latii turbare colonos
Palantes Mavorte ſatus, ſi ruſtica late
Regna domare armis : raptae ſine more Sabinae,
Surgenti famae, coeptiſque ingentibus obſtant.
Sacra Deûm, ſanctaſque aras, et templa tueri
Cura Numam ſubiit : ſed frigida dextera bello,
Non haſtam torquere ſciens, enſemque rotare
Fulmineum, juvenumque manus armare frementum.
Conſiliis, eſto, Fabii Romana vigebant
Arma: at res omnes gelide tardeque miniſtrans,
Dilator nimium ſapiens ingrata trahebat
Bella. Quid immani patrem pietate cruentum
Ultorem Brutum referam, forteſque ſub armis
Aemilium, Decium, Curium ? tot magna animorum
Nos exempla monent, qua poſſit lege libido
Fraenari, et quantum cedat virtutibus aurum :
Hos quoque ſed nimium, gaudens popularibus auris,
Hos rapit ambitio, tumidoque ſuperbia faſtu
Oſtentans humileſque caſas, parvoſque penates.
Sit quanquam illuſtris, primos inglorius annos
Scipiades egit : nec mens invicta Catonis
Semper erat, tunc faſſa metum, vel viſa fateri,
Cum ceſſit fato, et lucem indignata refugit.

Julius externos fruſtra domat, omnia Romae
Subjiciens, Romamque ſibi ſurgitque triumphans
Afflictos cives ſuper, oppreſſumque ſenatum.
Imperium lene Auguſtus, patriamque ſubactam
Mollia vincla pati juſſit: ſed vincula paſſa eſt,
Purpureum cultu inſolito venerata tyrannum.
Fas veterum laudes juſtis celebrare triumphis:
Fas etiam errores, atque omnia ferre ſub auras.
Stare loco impatiens magna ſeſe impete verſat
Vivida vis animi, patrii ceu Tybridis unda,
Cui nunc lene fluens rigat agros dulcis aquae fons;
Vortice nunc rapido volvit ſe turbidus amnis;
Et limo caſtes obſcoeno polluit undas:
Diis quanquam geniti, atqui invicti viribus eſſent,
Mortalem infecto faſſi ſunt ſanguine matrem.
Decolor ex illo vitiis dominantibus aetas
Degenerare auſa eſt: rumpit vincla omnia miles
Acer, acerba fremens; majeſtatemque verendam
Effraenis violat rabies: jam ſegnior annis
Deficit illa olim rerum pulcherrima Roma;
Heu! vix agnoſces veteris veſtigia formae:
Donec gens divûm, nati venientibus annis,
Heroum novus ordo datur, nova lumina ſurgunt;
Heſperioque dies melior procedit Olympo.
Aſpice ut inſignis ſpoliis Pharamondus opimis
Ingreditur, magnuſque aquilis qui lilia junxit
Carolus; inde alii, quos Gallica terra triumphis
Dives alit, genus acre virûm, ſpectataque bello
Pectora. Sed major nunc rerum apparet imago:
Sanguineae en! lauri, victriciaque arma Wilhelmi

Normanni: viden' externis quanta intonet oris
Tudorum manus armipotens, et nomina magna,
Plantagenûm metuenda domus! quid plurima virtus
Amborum potuit, te, victrix Anglia, teſtor,
Quam labor heroum imperio maria omnia circum
Aſſeruit, fundanſque armis et legibus ornans:
Felix, ſi nunquam regnandi dira cupido
Cognatas acies paribus concurrere telis
Egiſſet, patriaeque in viſcera vertere vires:
Illa afflicta ſedet, variis incerta triumphis,
Cui det colla jugo, quem ſit paſſura tyrannum.
Quo deſideri ſoboles, quo Caeſar Adolphus,
Naſſoviique alii rapiunt, celeberrima proles?
Omnes illuſtres, omnes in utrumque parati,
Aut patriam tutari, aut certae occumbere morti.
Hos juxta Auriacus pleno fluit agmine ſanguis,
Immortale genus: primuſque en! Martius auctor
Corniger: inde heros qui bello a corpore nomen
Obtinuit; noſco crines, frontemque venuſtam
Francigenae, juvenis; domus hinc Chalonia mixta eſt
Naſſoviis; ſedeſque novas, Rhenumque bicornem
Inde petit, linquens Rhodanum, ripamque ſonantem.
Jamque Stuartiadum ſeries longiſſima regum
Emicat. Illa diu magna ditione tenebat
Effraenem populum, et duris regna horrida glebis:
Donec fata deûm, et luſtris labentibus aetas
Scotorum manibus tranſcribi ſceptra jubebant
Anglica; feceruntque omnes uno ore Britannos.
Atque hic, magne Deus, cum res ſcrutabere noſtras,
Sis bonus O! paſſimque oculos per cuncta ferenti

Si quid forte tibi occurrat de gente Stuartûm
Infelix; (utcunque ferent ea fata minores)
Pro patria, obteſtor, pro majeſtate Britanni
Imperii, nihil ingratum, nihil acre dolores
Obductos vulgare ſinas: preme, Jane, tenebris,
Quae laudare nequis; teque ad meliora reſerves.
Utque erit ad * NOMEN ventum, quod flebile ſemper,
Semper honoratum (ſic, dii, voluiſtis) habemus;
Supprime ſingultus, ſubmiſſa et voce dolores
Hos compeſce, tuo ne docta Britannia luctu
Ire iterum in lachrymas, iterum gemebunda querelam
Integret infandam; ſtilletque cruore recenti
Aeternum crudele patens ſub pectore vulnus.
Quo jam raptus abis? Naſſovi, Jane, labores
Aggredere O! magnos, atque amplum claude volumen.
En! infans victor, nutu dum temperat iras
Turbati populi; jacet en Tirynthius alter;
Ardentesque hoſtes, et ſibila colla tumentes
Sternit; et in cunis infans ſe vindicat heros.
En! quantis tollit ſe rebus firmior aetas?
Quales primitiae juvenis, bellique ferocis
Dura rudimenta et primis nova gloria in armis?
Sublimis marte adverſo, mitisque ſecundo,
Eventus omnes, et ineluctabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus: non mens elata triumphis,
Non depreſſa malis; ſed in omnia pectus honeſtum
Fertur idem, fatis contraria fata rependens
Dum curas hominum, dum ſpes contemnit inanes.

* MARIAE.

Fortunaeque vices caecas; quocunque cadat res,
Hoc animo fixum ſedet, aeternumque ſedebit,
" Parcere ſubjectis, et debellare ſuperbos."
En! totum heroem, maturum, et ſceptra tenentem
Contemplare virum: en! ut juſta fulminet ira
Terrarum egregius vindex; placidusque volentes
Per populos det jura; infeſto et leniat hoſti
Pectora flexanimus victor; mitisque jacentum
Dat vitam lachrymis! quo pectora fida ſuorum
Amplecti ſtudio properat? quam totus in illis?
Quam curas pater indulgens deſcendit in omnes?
Nec regem pudet officio certare priorem.
Hac arte, O bellis ingens, ingentior alma
Morum temperie, devincis corda benignis
Aſſueta imperiis: longos hac arte triumphos,
Maxime victor, agis, cum teque, animosque tuorum,
Pacatumque regas aequis virtutibus orbem.
Per varias vitaeque vices, operumque colores
Idem cautus honos, metuens et gratia culpae,
Puraque ſimplicitas tota deſcripta tabella
Effulget: conſtansque ſibi ſervatur ad imum.
Victoris caſtra, ingrederis? certamina nulla
Cum victis belli nulla horrida ſigna cruenti
Apparent infixa agris: non militis ardor
Turbavit pectus; nec purpura picta ſuperbos
Induxit regum faſtus: ſed fama peric'lo
Explorata (velut fulvum fornacibus aurum)
Emicat innocuo: fruſtra Vulcania peſtis
Circum immane fremit: coutemptorique minatur
Flamma ſuo: caeco contra dominata furori

Ardens ſpectator virtus, pondusque nitoremque
Illaeſum ſervans; et amico vivit in igne.

Unum, Jane, oro (quando nos noſtraque morti
Debemur) magni ſaltem mirac'la Wilhelmi
Exſuperare, virûnique ſinas volitare per ora;
Ut nati natorum, et qui naſcentur ab illis
Virtutem ex illo moniti, pulchrumque laborem
Cognoſcant, et ſancta procul veſtigia adorent.
Exoriare aliquis, regis qui geſta Britanni,
Fataque fortunasque docens, moresque manusque
(Argumentum ingens!) vivis committere chartis
Auſis, et ſerum producere nomen in aevum:
Cnm ſtatuae, multo cum victum tempore marmor,
Aeraque labentur; cum bello ſaevior omni
Invidioſa dies famae monumenta Britannae
Delebit; tardis cum Sabis flexibus ibit
Per terras mutata novas; ſerique nepotes
Quaerent quâ ſtabant immania ſaxa Namurcae.

En! urbem, dicent, quae quondam condidit aſtris
Ambitioſa caput; toties quae pertulit omnem
Irriſi nubem belli; ſed non ita ſenſit
Armatos Britonas; non irrita tela Wilhelmi
Experta eſt; vaſtis dum victor turribus inſtans,
Cum populo, et ſignis victricibus, et magnis diis,
Fundamenta quatit; mortaliaque agmina fruſtra
Contra Naſſovium atque Jovem, contraque Minervam
Tela tenent: medio diſcrimine caedis et ignis
Ceu Perſeus per aperta volans, ipſe arduus arces
Oppoſitas ſcandit; fruſtraque objecta retardant
Flumina, flammarumque globi, ſcopulique minaces;

Ecce tandem ſummis inſultans arcibus heros,
Atque Angli juxta, fulgentia ſigna, leones.
Et jam finis erat; cum victor vertice ab alto
Deſpexit Gallum attonitum, et tum libera vinc'lo
Littora, et latos populos; pacemque ſilenti
Laetitiâ ſenſit felicem orbi: longe audiit aether,
Et terrae, et fluvii: jamque ibat mollior undis
Moſa; ferusque ſuas Rhenus compeſcuit iras.
Continuo leges aeternaque foedera certis
Impoſuit manus aequa locis: quam ſingula metam,
Et quem quaeque ferat dominum, quem quaeque recuſet
Gens, ſemel edixit: mirantemque admonet orbem,
Quantus amor populi, quanta et reverentia mitem
Proſequitur regem; comes indiviſus amico.
Ad latus Honos lateri: ſupra caput explicat alas
Libertas firmata novas: pulchraeque ſorores,
Et Virtus et Fama, pari diſcrimine certant,
Utrum ornare magis regemne, virumne deceret.

Quid loquor? aut ubi ſum? quis me per opaca viarum,
Ire furor ſuadet? quos muſa aſſurgit in auſus?
Dum vatis furias Thebani concipit (ignes
O ſi conciperet ſimiles!) te, Jane, relinquit,
Teque, arasque tuas, ut coelum et ſidera tentet;
Demens! quae nimbos et non imitabile fulmen
Pindaricum ſimulare auſa eſt. Da, Jane, furenti,
Da veniam Muſae, ſua quam rapit ampla volantem
Materia; et tollit volvens ſub naribus ignem
Pegaſus ardua in aſtra; neque audit anhelus habenas.
Cum latos campos, immenſumque aſpicit aequor,

Expatiatur equus; vix haeret muſa frementi;
Nec ſcit, qua ſit iter; nec ſi ſciat, imperet illi.
Saxa per, et ſcopulos, et depreſſas convalles
Inſequitur regem; tellusque ſub ungue tonanti
Icta gemit; reboant ſylvaeque, et magnus Olympus.
Nunc caſus Muſa antiquos, annosque reducit
Praeteritos, patriisque virum meditatur in arvis.
Hic Britonum motus cura, lachrymisque ſuorum,
Conſilium vultu tegit; et ſecum ante peractum
Belli et regnorum volvit ſub pectore fatum:
Et mox armatas hyberno ſidere claſſes
Molitur: contraque iras coelique, marisque
Impavidus grande urget iter: tum ſanguine multo
Tutandas Anglorum arces, oblataque regna
Occupat; amiſſo fluitantem errare magiſtro
Senſit; et ipſe ratem turbatis rexit in undis.
Jamque alias hinc in lachrymas, alia horrida bella,
Per deſolatae regna infelicia Iernes
Diva virum ſequitur; fluctusque irrumpit in altos
Bovindae bello undantis; tum Naiadas ad ſe
Impatiens trepidas vocat; hortaturque ſorores
Maturare fugam, quantusque emerſerat heros,
Oceano narrare patri: vanum ille timorem
Ridet; eamque manum victis agnoſcit in undis,
Imperio dignam pelagi, ſaevoque tridente.
Hinc pleno Britonum victor ſubit oſtia velo
Stans celſa in puppi: pueri, innuptaeque puellae,
Effuſique patres reſonantia littora circum
Sacra canunt reduci; ſed repulit ille moleſtum
Officium; poſcitque animos, laudeſque recuſat.

Mox charos iterum Belgas, ſedeſque ſuorum,
Et patriam, et toties raptos ex hoſte penates
Hoſpes adit: varii populi, diverſaque ſigna,
Externique duces omnes ſocia arma ferentes
Communem celebrare ducem; quam tardus ad iram,
Quam placidus victor, fortunatuſque laborum
Securus palmae, dum praedam rejicit heros!
Nunc verſae ſcenae diſcedunt: altera rerum
Nunc ſurgit facies: alia ſub luce videri
Heros grandis amat; ſucceſſuque altior ipſo
Innumeris belli ſpoliis, partisque trophaeis
Pacem laetus emit; jam Virgo reddita terras
Pacatas viſit; jamque aurea tempora circum
Felices ſecura quatit Concordia pennas.
Mox ad Danubium, raucaeque Propontidis undam,
Eoaſque plagas alis audacibus ardens
Muſa volat; lethi qua jam diſcrimine parvo
Stant acies, utrinque necem lugubrè minantes:
Hi motus animorum, irae, infandique paratus,
Compreſſa belli rabie, ſuſpenſa tenentur;
Donec conſilia ingentis ſpectata Wilhelmi
Oſtendant, pacemne colant, an in arma ferantur.
Quae regio in terris, ubi regis foedera ſancta,
Aut leges placidae ignotae? quae regna per orbem
(Qualemcunque fidem, dominum quemcunque fatentur)
Communem Auriaco dubitent ſubmittere cauſam?
Hinc ad Hyperboream glaciem, monteſque nivales
Urget diva viam; qua Moſcoviticus altum
Fulminat ad Tanaim Caeſar; nutuque tremendo
Jura quaterdenis juvenis dat gentibus unus:

Hic tamen, hic Caeſar ꝑculſus nomine regis
Majoris, non legatis, neque dulce miniſtris
Officium impatiens ceſſit; ſe, ſe ipſe, ſuumque
Objecit caput, infidi maris omnia vincens
Taedia, dimidiumque orbis poſt terga relinquens,
Tangeret ut ſanctam, per quam ſtetit Anglia, dextram.
Hujus in imperio tumidum, magnumque fluentem
Cernere erat Volgam; multa cui ſpumeus unda,
Saxosumque ſonans, obſtantia pondera torrens
Aut ſecum rapit, aut immiti gurgite mergit.
Sed noſtrum, ſed Muſa ſuum tibi, Tame, tuisque
Rivis aſſimulat regem: non amnis abundans,
Sed plenus per opima virûm fortem absque furore
Fundit aquam, tardoque procul languore ſerenam:
Quoſcunque O! Britonum lambis pulcherrimus agros,
Omnia ibi ridere facis: tibi candida Naïs
Purpureas inter violas, et ſuave rubentes
Vota facit reſoluta roſas: te lentus in umbra
Labentem expectat paſtor: te mollia prata,
Te ſitiunt croceis halantes floribus horti.
Quo feror? unde abii? tuque, audaciſſima Muſa,
Quo peritura ruis? ſi formidabile littus,
Si Lycios temnas ſaltus, fataliaque arva,
Bellerophontaei quae ſignavere furores:
I, ſequere infidos ventos, nova nomina lapſu
Subjectis poſitura undis: ea ſurda monenti
Ardet in aſtra magis: perque inconceſſa Diei
Luxuriens ſpatia aeterni, petit intima divûm
Sacra, Jovem ſimilemque Jovis, dictura Whilhelmum:
Indefeſſa illi maturos poſcit honores;

Illi ut Olympiacae referantur praemia palmae,
Quam velox Theron, quam vaſtis viribus ingens
Sperabat nunquam Chromius: Muſam illius ergo
Per nitidos orbes lucis, camposque patentes,
Dulcis raptat amor: juvat explorare priorum
Curae iter ignotum: ſed inextricabilis error,
Et caecae ambages, quas una reſolvere virtus
Naſſovii novit, ſecuram et vana tumentem
Exſuperant longe divam; jamque aethere toto
Praecipitata agitur; jam torti fulminis inſtar
Fertur; et horrificis tonat exanimata ruinis.
O coeptum ſublime! infelix exitus auſi
Nobilis! O Muſa, et vires pro nomine tanto
Exiguae! ſed ſic potius cecidiſſe juvabit
Audentem, quam vena humili inferiora ſecutam
Radere iter medium, tutasque extendere pennas.
Nunc ad te, et tua ſacra, pater, turbamque ſonantem
(Matres atque viros) quae circum plurima clauſas
Fuſa fores, pacem Britonum, vitamque Wilhelmi
Ardens implorat, nunc ambitioſa vagantes
Muſa modos revocet: tuque O! qua ſecula fronte
Jane vides ventura, Rheae genetricis in alvum
Deſcendas, partus ubi ſemina prima futuri,
Et tenerae ſpecies, ſimulachraque carcere clauſo
Mixta jacent; donec magnum per inane coacta
Mox durare jubes, et rerum ſumere formas.
Tum tua vox, divine autor, tua caeca relaxat
Spiramenta manus; juſtis emiſſa figuris
Dum veſtit junctura decens et amabilis ordo.
Sed nimium brevis hora fugam meditata perennem

Tranſit: et aeternam repetunt naſcentia noctem.
Non de navali ſurgentes aere triumphi,
Captivi currus ereptaque ab hoſte trophaea;
Non civilis honos quercus, non umbra coronae
Muralis, laurique novum decus addere regi
Angliaco poſſunt; ſatis illum conſcia virtus,
Geſtaque ſublimem tollunt: ad ſidera raptim
Vi propria nituntur, opisque haud indiga noſtrae.
Nunc ergo, ut populus felix cum regi potenti
Fortunis paribus ſurgat; compagibus arctis
Claudantur belli portae: et jam, myſtice cuſtos,
Mitior O! jam, dive, precor, melioribus orbis
Auſpiciis, aliosque dies, aliumque tenorem
Tandem habeat, jubeas: hic ferrea deſinat aetas
(Magna, eſto, ſed ferrea erat) faſſusque metallum
Pulchrius, annorum ſe gratior explicet ordo.
Haud iterum pavidos bellum turbabit agreſtes;
At ſecura quies, at mollis ſomnus, amores
Jucundi, ſuavesque joci cum dulcibus horis
Perpetuum ducant orbem: hoc a cardine rerum
Paulatim incipiant magni procedere menſes:
Atque his flava Ceres, his formoſiſſima Flora
Aſpiret; ſurgatque novo gens aurea ſec'lo.
Immunis belli, dextraeque innixa Wilhelmi
Terra Britanna ſui ſedeat; ſpectetque ruinas,
Et cladem, et lachrymas, quarum pars nulla futura eſt,
Externas; iraeque hominum miſeretur inanis.
Illa inter motas fatum immutabile gentes
Diſpenſet; vincantque illae quas vincere mavult:
Sic noto celſos tuti ſub matribus agni

Balatu implebunt colles : ſic vallibus imis,
Irriguos amnes inter, ſeges aurea in altum
Surget; et ipſa ſuas mirabitur Anglia meſſes :
Delicias diva aeternas dum pectore pleno
Fundet ; et ambroſios ſpirabit vertice odores.
Aulaii antiquae caecis exorta ruinis
(Qua *Turres Albas*, veterum penetralia regum
Wolſei fabricata manu, Henricique labores,
Cernere erat) juvenile caput Phoenicis ad inſtar
Regia ſublimis tollat, melioribus, oro,
Auſpiciis, et quae fuerit minus obvia flammis.
Alta, auguſta, ingens, dominoque ſimillima magno,
Pandat ſe veneranda domus : captiva columnae
Arma ferant ſacrae, belli monumenta cruenti,
Spiculaque, clypeoſque, atque horrida ſanguine ſignat
Stabunt et Parii lapides, mediusque Wilhemus
En ſpirans; humerusque recens a vulnere vivis
Rorabit guttis : metuens pro vindice mundi
A tergo apparet Genius, capitique minacem
Avertit mortem : jacet illa innoxia, inermis
(Nam ſic conſuluit Jovis indulgentia terris)
Intrepidi ante pedes herois. Tu quoque magnam
Partem opere in tanto, viridi Bovinda reclinans
Lecto, habeas, imo ſenior de gurgite viſus
Lauriferum quaſſare caput : ſaxum evomit undas;
Aeternique cadunt caeſo de marmore rivi.
Tuque O! quae famae ſervas monumenta Britannae,
Regis opus, regumque decus, cape dona tuorum
Inclyta Winſoriae turris. Tu ſtellifer aether,
Signa geris, quibus ipſe ſuum et delecta ſuorum

Pectora distinguit, divisque accedere jussit
Nassovius, proprioque pater decoravit honore.
Tu circum Ormondi robustum mystica nectens
Vincla genu, potuisti equitem focium addere regi:
Redditus his victor terris spoliisque potitus,
Suppliciter venerans divi sub Militis aram
Vota facit: veterum juxta decora alta parentum,
Botleros inter, victriciaque arma Bohuni,
Ipse suum clypeum, suaque aemula signa superbis
Postibus aptavit, tanti non immemor haeres
Nominis aut prosavûm dubitans extendere famam;
Utcunque illa novi secum grave pondus honoris
Attulit Ossoridae mater Nassovia genti.
Sacvilli tu, diva, latus, tu lumine pectus
Sanctum ornas, ubi dulcis honos, ubi mille placendi
Conjurant artes: labor unus et una voluptas,
Tollere depressos, et sustentare jacentes.
Hos brevis informet fragilis dum spiritus artus,
Indictus nunquam nostris Sacvillus abibit
Carminibus; nunquam labetur pectore chari
Officium capitis: munus quia maximus ille
Confert; collatique olim meminisse recusat.
Jura fidemque patrum, libertatemque Cavendos
Asserere audentes, tuus amplo vestit honore,
Diva, favor: stabit longum fortuna per aevum
Alta domus: patrioque nitebunt sidere nati.
Per te Sanctmauri per te Talbotia proles,
Felices ambo, vestigia magna parentum
Ambo lustrantes, saxum hoc immobile dum tu
Serves, nomina erunt. Tuque, O pars maxima musae,

O decus, O noſtrum, cui pulchro in corpore virtus
Emicat, et ſincera fides et gratia morum,
Has Jerſace, (preces valeant ſi vatis amici,
Si deus hoc carmen, deus hoc inſpiret Apollo)
Has tanges aras; hinc cingula ſacra decoro
Aptabis lateri, veterisque inſignia famae
Villeriis ſueta, et tibi non indebita ſumes.
Artibus intentum melior tum cura vocabit
Heroa Angliacum, mirantem Annalibus orbem
Exornare ſuis, ſerosque docere nepotes
Imperii arcana, et magna exemplaria belli.
Hinc, ut virtutem dociles, verumque laborem
Cognoſcant, laudisque animi accendantur amore;
Regis ad exemplum portis ſe prima juventus
Effundens, dum mane novum, dum gramina canent;
Per ſaltus, gelidumque remus, praeruptaque ſaxa,
Nunc cervos turbabit agens; nunc ardua inarmis,
Et vigil ad vocem, qua fictum buccina ſignum
Bellica dat, grave martis opus, ſub imagine luſûs.
Paulatim ex tanto aſſueſcat tolerare magiſtro:
Et nunc altus eques ſpatiis magna atria circum
Curvatis fertur; luctantia nunc premit ora
Bellatoris equi; nunc torto verbere pronus
Dat lora et medio fervens in pulvere, ſtrictum
Aut enſem quatit, aut certam jacit impiger haſtam.
Pacis amans, ſtudiisque favens, ſocia agmina jungant
Sancta corona ſenum, exemplis monitura minores,
Qui virtutis honos, et quid ſapientia poſſit.
Hos rerum juvet obſcuros penetrare receſſus,
Et varias cauſas, naturae arcana moderſtae,

Indiciis aperire novis clarisque repertis.
Illos degeneri audentes ſuccurrere ſec'lo,
Cura gravis maneat morum, et labor Hercule dignus,
Exonerare repletum immunda ſorde theatrum.
Sermones alii patrios, incertaque verba
Ad leges fixas revocent, veneresque decoras;
Ut late Angliacis, inſtructa annalibus orbis
Gaudeat, et noſtram reſonet gens ſingula linguam,
Vindicis ante pedes quaecunque effuſa Britanni,
Miſerat aut oppreſſa preces, aut libera grates.
Neglectum in primis carmen, Muſamque jacentem
Tollat amica manus: nam reſpondere labori
Muſa pio novit, regisque rependere amores.
Illa patrum cineres ſanctos, verandaque buſta
Vulgari ſecernit humo, famamque ſilenti
Vindicat a tumulo: per Muſam notus Ulyſſes
Spirat adhuc; coramque virum jam cernere fas eſt:
Muſae Agamemnonias palmas, ſemperque recentes
Conſervare datur lauros: eadem illa Wilhelmi
(Cum ſtatuae, ſolidoque arcus de marmore fiſti
Deficient) longo nomen ſacrum aſſeret aevo.
Haud vero par officium, partesque premamus
Ingrati alternas; cum nil ſine Caeſare pulchrum,
Nil altum Muſae labor inchoat: altera junctam
Alterius ſic poſcit opem, et conjurat amice.
Igneus hinc numeris vigor, et coeleſtis origo;
Hinc effulgentes aeterna luce Camoenae,
Informi cedente ſitu, tenebrisque fugatis,
Invida ſquallentis vincent oblivia noctis.

Securos Britonum Commercia libera portus

Omni ex parte petent; totum demiſſa per orbem
Pulchrior hinc Argo, meliori et vellere dives
Annua dona feret; ſpoliisque redibit onuſta,
Indiam in Europam portans, gazamque nitentem,
Quae diffuſa jacet, qua ſol utrumque recurrens
Aſpicit oceanum. Quaſcunque Britannica pinus
Ingreditur ſublimis aquas, ſubmittat honores
Navita quisque ſuos: puppesque inſigne ſuperbum
Inclinent, faſſae, quem Tethys omnibus undis
Elegit, dominum; quem vaſto immobile fatum
Deſtinat imperio, terraque marique potentem.
Audivere preces divi: jamque Anglica claſſis,
Qua dabit aura viam, tutum per aperta profundi
Curret iter, nova regna petens, nova littora viſens,
Ignotumque ſuis mittens ſub legibus orbem.
Alter tum Ganges, atque altera quae feret aurum
India Naſſovio cedet: populique feroces
Arma, artes, moresque ſcient, nomenque Wilhelmi.
Suppliciter venerans, demiſſo lumine ſtabit
Agmen agreſte virûm; miramque loquentis ab ore
Hiſtoriam eripiens, nunc fama et fata Wilhelmi,
Vulnera, ſudorem, palmasque, peric'laque diſcet,
Quae quibus anteferat dubitans; nunc quantus in armis,
Qualis in hoſte fuit, quos bello et pace triumphos
Erexit: matres, ut coelo decidit heros,
Tum natis referent: et vox, quam proferet infans
Prima, Wilhelmus erit: tenebris inhoneſta tyranni
Indecores capita abſcondent, tum dira ſuorum
Supplicia, indignos gemitus, juſtasque querelas
Ferre indignantes; cum conſcia fama, pudorque

Provocat ad meliora animos, cum bella Wilhelmi
Bella quaterdenos laesis pro gentibus annos
Confecta audierint, tandemque silentibus armis,
(Majus opus) partos felici pace triumphos.
Non dehinc hos miseros mysteria dira docebit
Barbara religio: nulla horrida numina finget
Vana superstitio, divûmque immania monstra;
Nassovii virtus cum se mirantibus offert,
Praesentem confessa deum; cum signa decoris
Divini, aeternaeque patent vestigia mentis
Herois descripta animis, et vindice dextra.
Scilicet horrendi justa sine lege cometae
Incertam lucem quatiunt, et crine minaces
Sanguineo lugubre rubent, tristesque trementi
Indicunt iras orbi; nisi publica vota
Avertant laevum miseris mortalibus omen.
At vero justis mundum qui temperat horis,
Vera Jovis proles, coelo purissimus ignis,
Non errore vago, caecaque libidine fertur;
Certus iter fixum peragit: cursusque diurnos
Observant homines, et sanctum sidus adorant.
O Jane, O! divûm si flectere fata liceret;
Si parcae Anglorum precibus mitescere scirent;
Sol iste ante suum cessaret currere coelum,
Quam Rex Nassovius terrae se subtrahet orbae
Addendus superis: sed inexorabile numen
Omne premit mortale: aderit, volventibus annis,
Dira futura dies, et ineluctabile tempus,
Cum pars semidei moesto materna sepulchro
Condetur; dominisque suis plorabitur absens.

At vos, O divi, si quid pia vota valebunt,
Vos precor, aeterni, quorum haec sub numine tellus,
Tuque, O sancte, tuis, bifrons, coelestia firma
Pectora consiliis; sociique per aethera divi,
Dic, in amicitiam coeant, tecumque Britannam
Conjurent servare domum: communibus omnium
Orati precibus, magno procul omine tristem,
Dii, removete diem; multosque benignius annos
Accumulate sacro capiti: da, Jane, senectam
Immunem curis, placidaque quiete potitam:
Sat bello Europaeque datum est: satis arma juventus
Sensit: et ingentes tellatur terra triumphos.
Canitiem novus ornet honos; dum tempora circum
Victrices inter lauros assurgat oliva.

En! hujus, Jane, auspiciis nascentia longum
Ec'la habeant omen pacis; laetique nepotes
Cros jucundis agitent sub legibus annos:
Ante ferat quam coelo animam Jovis armiger alto,
Nobile onus, patrioque heros poscatur Olympo;
Ambo ubi Ledaci, ceu qui pedes ibat in hostem,
Ceu luctantis equi spumantia qui regit ora;
Magnus ubi Alcides fato, et Junonis iniquae
Saevis ereptus jussis; ubi grande Maronis
Argumentum, auctor Latii, regnique Britanni,
Otia agunt; ubi tot radiantia nomina toto
Aethere nota satis, quos omnes aequus amavit
Jupiter, et meritis homines donavimus aris:
Sero, Jane pater, coelo decus adde patenti
Nassovium sidus, quod amica luce coruscum
Fulgeat, et dubiis ostendat littora nautis

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